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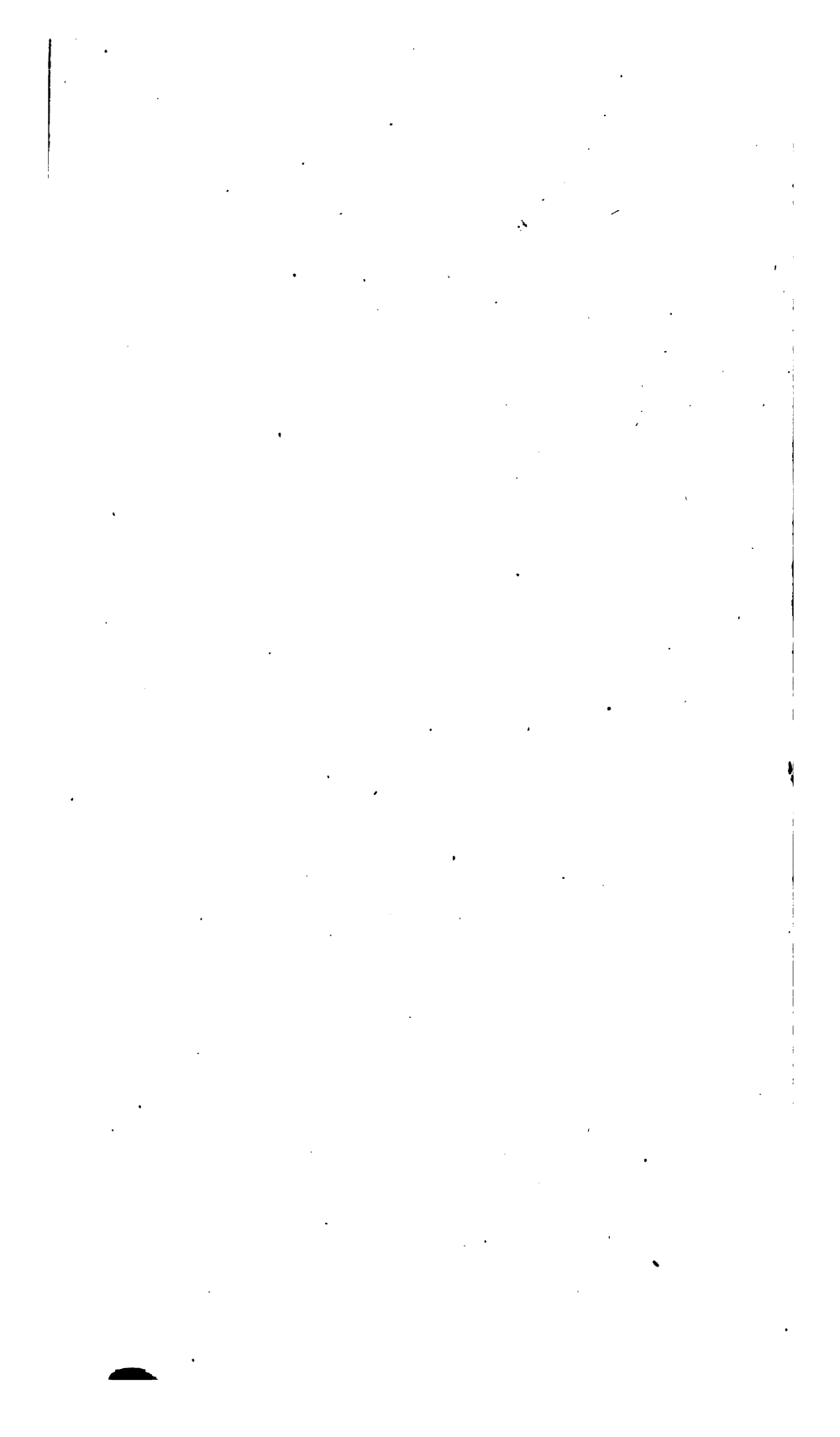
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His Messiah,

169

priests, because
with heavy wing
left his couch,
and Judah.

Let rest

260

with sorrow fill'd,
his faded cheek
heaviness.

was not the slave

of the breast

265

his dole,

and beheld

the priest,

to propose:

Pharisee: Wert thou

270

his are public;

earth, the God

say,

Tell me thyself,

who are thy disciples?

275

of Moses? didst

adhere?

was not the same? —

did much to see

thy, stood

dignity,

pride.

answer deign'd:

temple,

light;

285

so heard my lore.

answer'd, Philo burst

in moment,

in rose:

290

crime so base

must die

in mortal heart.

his voice,

hence,

295

He was obey'd.

the pow'r

overwhelm'd:

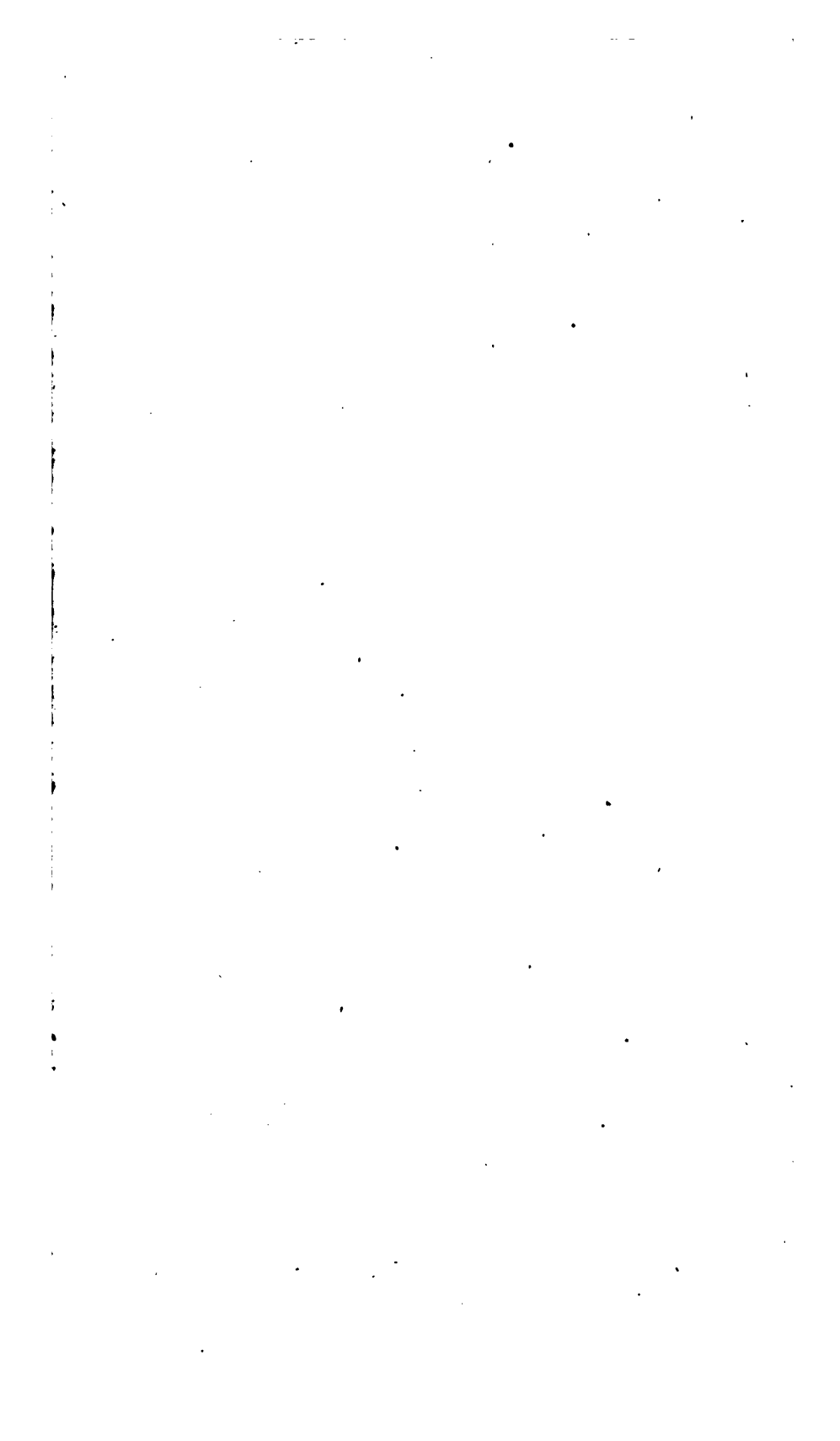
and, his eyes

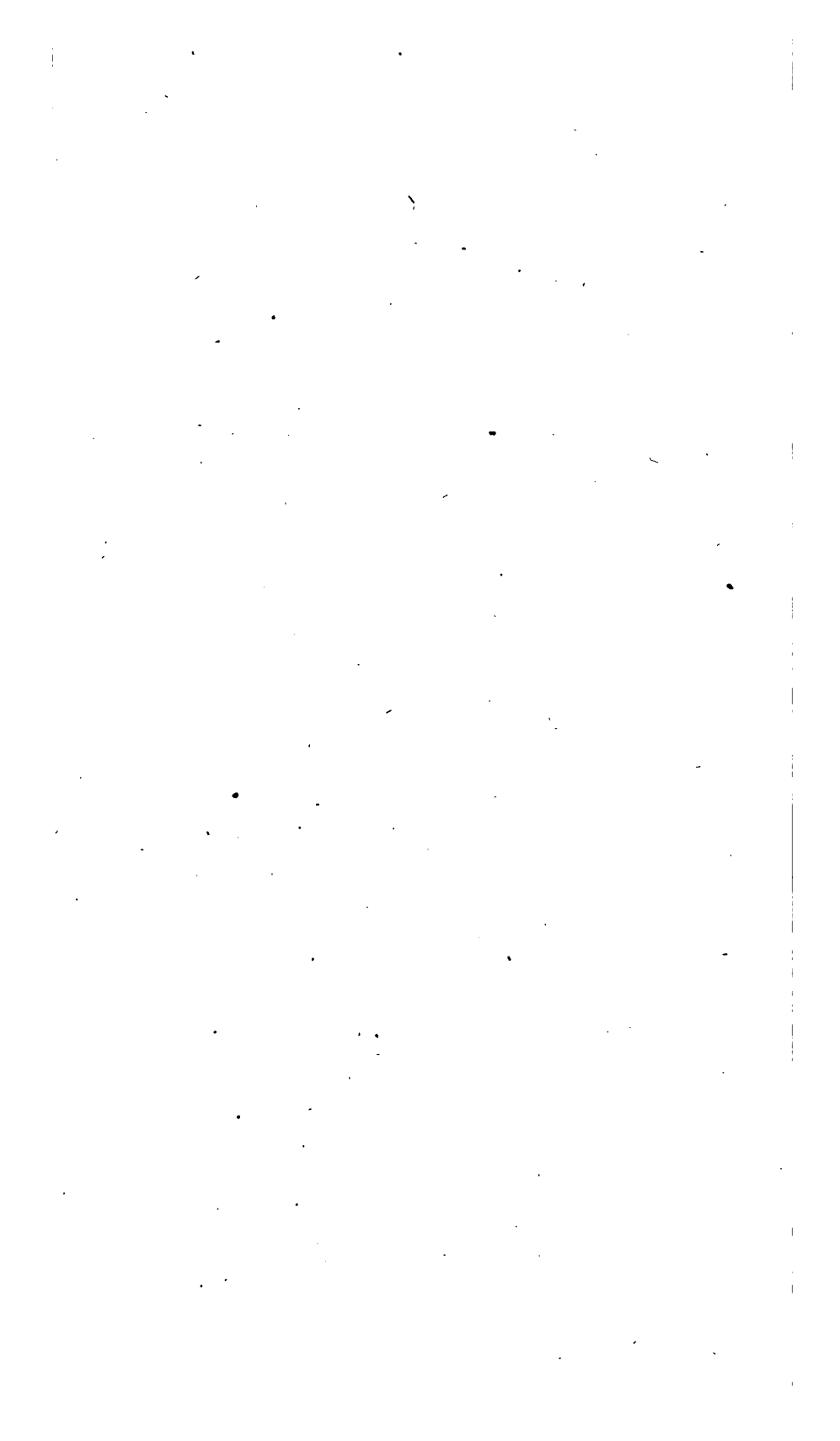
in terror shook.

300

and, he left







March^d 1827

Klopstock's Messiah,

BY

G. H. C. EGESTORFF,

ENGLISH LECTOR AT THE PUBLIC COLLEGE,

THE JOHANNEUM, AT HAMBURGH.

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536.



FRIEDRICH GOTTLOB KLOPSTOCK

was born, at Quedlinburgh, 2^d July 1724,

died at Hamburg, 14th March 1803,

and is buried at Ottensen, near Altona,

at the side of his wife and son.

A beautiful lime-tree, planted by himself,

marks the sacred spot.

„It is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like
those on the Written Mountain, last for ever.“ —

MOORE'S LALLA ROOKEH.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

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FOR THE YEAR ENDING 1890

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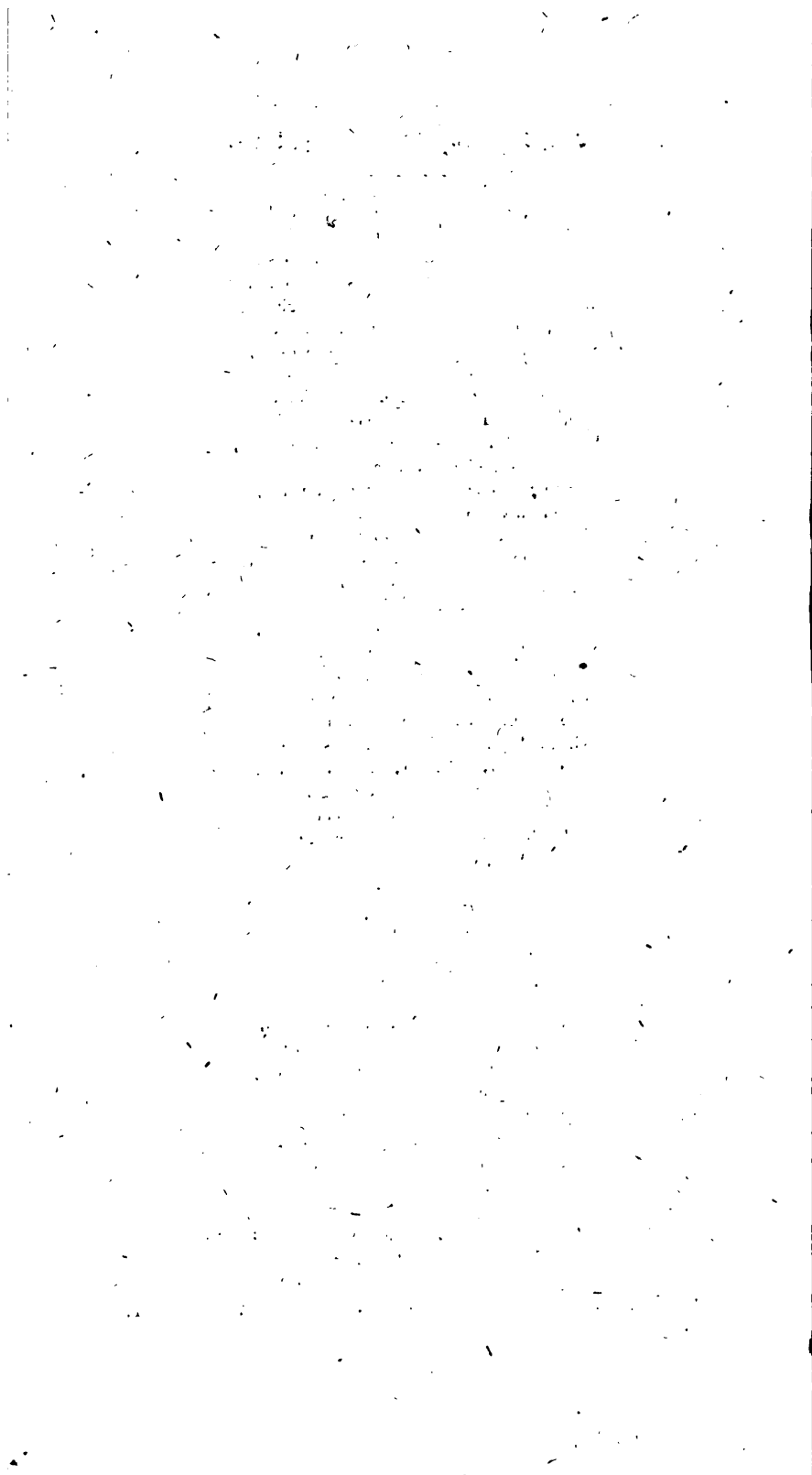
To the Manes of Klopstock.

Lone, silent, and in pensive mood,
Celestial Klopstock, I have stood
and viewed the place of thy long rest,
where the cool earth now decks thy breast, —
that breast that oft with transport glow'd,
when thine immortal numbers show'd,
how from destruction man was wrested,
how again with life invested, —
showed what justice dread requir'd,
and how The Son of God expir'd:
but Him the grave could not contain,
victorious he rose again,
with mighty arm it's strength despoil'd,
and all the powers of darkness foil'd;
th' earth saw him then to heaven ascend,
to throne in glory at God's Right hand! —
I pensive stood, for I thy song
attempted in another tongue,
would sing thy song on British shore,
the land where lofty song of yore
resounded, when her Milton's Lyre
rung with the strain of heavenly Choir:
where nature's chosen Shakespeare, Young,
Gray, Dryden, Collins, Thomson sung:
where Campbell, Milman, Scott, and Moore
maintain the blaze kindled before:
in Albion I would introduce
the bold song of Teutonean Muse.
But though, without the aid of man,
I did complete what I began;
though difficulties unrecounted
persevering I surmounted;
all my toil was vain and bootless,
every exertion fruitless, —
to the wave and to the wind
my work with me unknown consign'd,
it had remained so, but the wave
and wind propitious to thy grave,
Celestial Klopstock, brought me safe
And here where, on the Second July,
oak and flowerets from the valley,
twinning, greet thy natal morn,
and still the hallowed spot adorn,
that now in sacred trust contains,
O heavenly Bard, thy cold remains:
I here deposit now thy song,
attempted in another tongue.

HAMBURGH.

8th. Nov. 1822.

EGESTORFF.



Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO I.

My Soul, degenerate man's redemption sing,
Which the Messiah in his human state
On earth accomplished, by which, suffering, slain
And glorify'd, unto the Love of God
The progeny of Adam he restor'd. 5
Such was the everlasting Will divine.
Th' infernal Fiend opposed him, Judah stood
In opposition proud; but vain their rage:
He did the deed, he wrought out man's salvation.

Yet, Wondrous Deed, which th' all-compassionate 10
Jehovah alone completely comprehends,
May Poesy presume from her remote
Obscurity to venture on thy theme? —
Creative Spirit, in whose presence here
I humbly' adore, her efforts consecrate, 15
Conduct her steps and lead her, me to meet,
Of transport full, with glorious charms endow'd
And power immortal, imitating Thee.
Invest her with thy fire, Thou who the depth
Of deity discernst, and dost erect 20
Thy sanctuary in the breast of mortal man!
Pure be the heart, devoid of all offence,
Then I, though with a mortal's feeble voice,
May venture the Incarnate Son to sing, —
May venture on the awful path, forgiv'n 25
If ever with unsteady pace I move.

Ye Sons of earth, can ye the dignity
Appreciate to which ye were exalted,
When the Creator of the universe
Your state assumed, the Saviour to become 30

Of his apostate creatures? Listen then,
 And heed my song, but more especially ye,
 Ye noble few, ye dear unfeigned friends
 Of the Messiah, who with pious hope
 And confidence dare the tremendous day 35
 Of awful retribution humbly meet;
 Regard it and e'er by a life devout
 Sing grateful praises to th' Eternal Son.

Not from the holy city far remote,
 That now through blindness ignorantly spurn'd 40
 The crown of high election, rendering thus
 Herself unhallowed; wont to be the place
 Of the Eternal's Glory, of the prophets
 The succouring abode, an altar now
 Of blood, by hands of heinous murderers shed; 45
 There the divine Messiah now withdrew,
 And separated from a people who
 External honours oft on him conferr'd,
 But these of that pure feeling were devoid,
 Which faultless in the sight of God remains. 50
 The Son divine concealed himself from them.

They strewed his path with palm, they filled the air
 With shouts and loud hosannas; but the loud
 Acclaims of their unholy joy were vain,
 They knew not him whom they saluted — King! 55
 Their eyes discerned not the Lord's Anointed.
 God from the heavens came down. The powerful voice:
 Behold, I glorified mine only Son,
 And I will glorify him yet again! —
 The presence of the deity proclaim'd. 60
 But they had been by aggravated crime.

Too much debased, his words to comprehend.
 Jesus mean while, yet once more solemnly
 The purport of the covenant to avow,
 That he would rescue man from death and sin; 65
 Approach'd the awful presence of the Father,
 Who had in anger turned his countenance
 From th' earth, and reascended to the heav'ns,
 Because man, obdurate, regarded not
 The gracious call in the propitious hour. 70

East of Jerusalem a mountain rears
 It's hoary brow, whose lofty summit oft
 E'en as the sanctuary of the Most High,
 The Saviour in it's lonely haunts receiv'd,
 When he devoted nights to close communion 75

With his Eternal Father. Thither now
 The Son retired. His faithful follower John
 Attended him to the sepulchral vaults,
 Near them to pass the silent night in pray'r
 And meditation like his heavenly Friend, 90
 But Jesus thence e'en to the mountain's brow
 Ascended. On Moriah's awful hights
 Burnt-offerings, flaming still before the dread
 Jehovah typical, through tufted palm
 Reflected on the Saviour gleaming light, 95
 While 'mid the stillness that prevailed around,
 Soft fanning breezes as in paradise
 The presence of the deity announo'd,
 Refrigerant play'd around his sacred head.
 And the Celestial, missioned to attend 99
 Th' Incarnate Son, called Gabriel in heav'n,
 Beneath the boughs of odorous cedars stood,
 Contemplating th' approaching weal of man,
 And triumph through eternity, while now
 The Mediator silent by him pass'd 95
 With his eternal Father to confer.
 The Seraph knew that now th' appointed time
 Of mortal man's redemption was at hand.
 This contemplation fired his heavenly mind
 With rapture, and with lowlier voice he spake: 100
 Wilt Thou, Lord, here devote the night to pray'r?
 Or, weary, dost Thou seek a short repose?
 Permit that I, for thine immortal head,
 A yielding couch prepare? Behold, the shrub,
 And sapling of the cedar, far and near, 105
 Their balmy foliage already show.
 Among the tombs in which thy prophets rest,
 The cooling earth yields unmolested moss;
 Divine Redeemer, let me form a couch,
 On which Thou mayst thy sacred head recline! 110
 These silent haunts are friendly to the weary;
 And how Thou art exhausted with fatigue!
 What pain, what sufferings dire Thou dost sustain
 With thy solicitude for Adam's race.
 Thus Gabriel. The Son with gracious looks 115
 Regards him, and — stands on the mountain's brow,
 Heaven nearer. God was there: There Jesus pray'd.
 Th' earth rung with joy, and exultation fill'd
 Th' empyrean expanse of heaven above,
 And penetrated e'en the gates of hell, 120

When th' intercessive voice divine was heard,
 For it not longer was the dreadful voice,
 By tempests on mount Sinai announc'd,
 That spake in thunders; 'twas the blessing voice
 Of him who purposed once again to th' earth 125
 Grace and unfading splendour to restore.

The dales as with anticipating sense
 Of beauty renovated, all-around
 With twilight deck'd, as fields of Eden bloom'd.
 The Saviour spake. The Father and Himself 130
 Intuitively comprehend the vast
 And awful purport, but the tongue of man,
 Imperfectly, can this alone recite.

The days, Almighty Father, now approach,
 Appointed by the covenant divine, 135
 Salvation to the human race to bring;
 Appointed for achievements that transcend
 The vast work of creation, which Thou didst
 Accomplish by thy Son's omnific word.

Still equally resplendent they appear 140
 Before me, e'en as when we in the chain
 Of time's vicissitude beheld them once;

When I the bourn of time, o Father, fix'd.
 To Thee alone, my Father, it is known
 With what sweet unanimity Thyself, 145

I and the Spirit, did decree salvation
 To Adam's race. We from eternity,
 Ere creatures were in being, in ourselves
 Completely happy; full of love divine,
 Look'd on the race of men long ere they were 150
 Created. Eden's happy children, ah,

Our creatures! But how wretched, how deform'd
 They were by sin, — immortal once, now dust.
 I saw their wretchedness, O Father, Thou
 Hast seen my tears. Then saidst Thou: Let us form 155
 Anew in man th' image of deity! —

Thus we decree'd the mystery profound
 Concerning blood propitiatory
 And man's renew'd creation. I stood forth,
 Alone and self-ordained to perform 160

The deed divine. Thou knowst, Eternal Sire,
 And all the heavens know, how greatly I since
 The forming of this covenant desir'd,
 These days, to see of my humiliation.
 Thou Earth, though humbly distant from the heav'ns, 165

Hast been the object on which oft with joy
 Inmost I gazed. And Canaan, Blessed Land,
 In thee with unaverted eye I view'd
 Th' eventful hill on which th' atonement's blood,
 By prescience ever seen, already stream'd. 170
 My heart is overflowing with delight,
 When I reflect on having borne so long
 My manhood, that many of the Just e'en now
 To me resort, and that whole generations
 Of men will soon devote themselves to me. 175
 I prostrate, Gracious Father, here to Thee,
 Adorned still with the dignity of man.
 But soon, ah, very soon, Thy judgment will
 Afflict me and inter me with the dead.
 Already, Dread Judge of the world, I hear 180
 Thy solitary advancing through the heav'ns,
 I judgment inexorable. I e'en now
 Feel silent, inconceivable amaze,
 Which none of the celestial hosts can feel.
 No, if the Deity incensed e'en were — 185
 If God were to annihilate them all,
 They could not feel what I experience now.
 The silent garden I already see
 Before me, veiled with thick nocturnal shade;
 To Thee I prostrate, Father, in the dust, 190
 And tremble while I pray, in agony
 Of death writhing my body at thy feet:
 But Father, lo, I come to do Thy Will! —
 I shall the wrath of the Almighty appease. —
 I will Thy judgment with submission bear! 195
 Thou art eternal, — finite beings can
 Not comprehend, far less support thy wrath.
 God only can the wrath of God appease.
 Approach, Judge of the world, lo, I am here!
 Inflict on me the death which justice dread 200
 Demands, and let my ever-eflicacious
 Attonement reconcile Thee unto man.
 I still am free. Were I of Thee to sue,
 The heavens would open, myriads of Seraphim
 Would soon descend and minister to me, 205
 And reconduct me, Father, to Thy Throne
 Triumphant. But I have resolved to suffer,
 What neither Cherubim nor Seraphim
 Can with profoundest mediation solve
 Or comprehend. Lo, I who am eternal 210

Will die the most excruciating death.

The Saviour farther spake, and said: To heav'n
I raise my head, in clouds I spread my hands,
And by myself, O Father, who am God
As Thou art, swear: I will redeem mankind. 215

Compassion and solemnity serene
Appeared sublime on Jesus' countenance,
As now before the deity he stood.

The Father, not save by the Saviour heard,
With countenance inclining, said: I am 220
Eternal, through the heavens I raise my head,
Through th' Infinite mine arm I do extend,
And swear to Thee, Son: I will pardon sin.

So spake Jehovah, and was silent now.
While thus th' eternal Sire and Son commun'd, 225
A silent awe pervaded the creation.

Souls that derived existence now, ere thought
They could unfold, tremulous their being felt.
Emotion powerful, surpassing awe,
With palpitating heart, unwonted, seiz'd 230

The Seraph; hush'd as th' earth before a storm,
His sphere around him lay in deep suspense.
A gentle sense of transport and a sweet
Anticipation of eternal life,

Were felt by th' infant souls of future christians. 235
But horror and a blank astonishment
O'erwhelmed th' apostate Spirits of the deep:

Thoughts blasphemous unable to conceive,
And sensible to naught but to despair,
All from their thrones of hell precipitated. 240

On every Fiend, as prone he lay, a rock
Of flaming sulphur rolled, and under him
Convulsive every depth of the abyss
Burst; lowest hell with bellowing thunder groan'd.

The Saviour still in th' awful presence stood 245
Of the Almighty, and his sufferings dire,
That expiated guilty man's misdeeds,

Were now commencing. Thus a boding sense,
In fearful nearness, with reality
Is blending. — God he saw from heaven descend, 250

On him to lay th' iniquity of man;
To let him be by reprobates condemn'd;
On Golgatha to let him bleed and die. —

At humble distance prostrate, Gabriel
Admired and wonder'd, wonder'd and ador'd. 255

Within the countless ages of his being,
 A space of time that seems of bounds devoid,
 By man's contracted comprehension cop'd;
 He ne'er conceiv'd ideas so sublime.
 The attributes divine, the Saviour's love 260
 To mortals, and the endless bliss to which
 All the Redeemed were to be restor'd;
 All opened to his views. Jehovah form'd
 The contemplation in the Seraph's mind.
 Th' Eternal now considered himself 265
 The Saviour of a race degenerate.
 The Seraph rose, stood, was amazed and pray'd
 In silence, while unspeakable delight
 Was trilling through his heart, and dazzling rays
 Of splendid brightness beamed from him around. 270
 Th' earth seemed dissolving in celestial light.
 When the divine Redeemer now behold
 How Gabriel the mountain's brow illum'd,
 He said: Thy radiance, Gabriel, involve,
 While thou art ministering to me on earth. 275
 Now haste thee, and with expedition soar
 To realms celestial, there to represent
 This my petition at my Father's Throne;
 That the most worthy of the human souls,
 The blessed patriarchs, and that all heav'n 280
 May know, that the appointed wished-for time
 Is now arrived. There in thy glory shine.
 Appear among the Seraphim of heav'n
 E'en as the Messenger of the Messiah.
 The Saviour's eye pursued the towering sight 285
 Of Gabriel, when he from Olivet
 With silent speed and heavenly transport soar'd.
 But by divine perception Jesus saw
 The Messenger, ere he had reach'd the suns
 That circumsolve the outmost bounds of heav'n, 290
 Already ministering before the Throne
 Of the eternal majesty, where God
 Deigns to vouchsafe vision beatific.
 New conference, of secret import full,
 Between the Son and Father now commenc'd 295
 Respecting the adjustment of events
 In destiny, profound, awful and sacred:
 How all things should conspire, redeeming love
 To glorify, from Angels even hid.
 Mean while the Seraph like the beams of morn 300

To th' ambient regions of the heavens soar'd. 77
 The vast circumference abounds with suns,
 Whose splendid rays from the prime source of light
 Deriv'd, with high effulgence robe all heav'n.
 No sphere that is with dawn or twilight deck'd, 305
 Approaches ever the destructive blaze.
 All clouded nature thence far distant flees,
 Obscure and imperceptive like the dust
 That, by the hasty traveller's foot disturb'd,
 Ascends and falls again, by none observ'd, 310
 Inhabited by life diminutive.
 A thousand open paths, by suns illum'd,
 Branch through immeasurable space from heav'n.
 On the resplendent path which, tow'rd the earth
 Inclining, from celestial realms descends; 315
 A limpid stream of pure serenity,
 When th' earth was first created, oozing flow'd
 To paradise from the celestial Throne.
 On it's exalted banks, more beauteous than
 The rainbow or the ruby hues of morn, 320
 The Angels walked, and e'en the Deity,
 Converse to hold with happy man on earth.
 But when through sin man rendered himself
 Alien to God and rectitude, this stream
 Anon-rolled back, recalled to it's source; 325
 Because th' immortals took no more delight
 In beauty of celestial origin,
 Display'd in regions that had been despoil'd
 By th' inroads foul and ravages of death.
 The Angels, horror-chilled, turned from the scene. 330
 The silent hills on which the vestiges
 Of the Eternal's presence still remain'd;
 Sequestered groves that oft were animated
 By the Creator's visits; blissful dales
 Of quietude, by the celestial youth 335
 Frequented gladly; arbours in whose shade
 Man, while his heart with rapture overflow'd,
 Wept tears of joy and gratitude, that he
 Was formed to live for ever; all these scenes
 Now bore the dreadful burthen of the curse. 340
 Of all her once-immortal children th' earth
 Became a general grave. — But when the stars
 Of morning once shall come triumphant forth,
 Forth from the ruins of the general wreck
 Of judgment; when Jehovah by his Word 345

Omnipotent the orbits of the spheres
 Will with the orbit of his heaven unite;
 Then the ethereal stream again will flow
 With beauty augmented, to an Eden new,
 From its primeval everlasting source. 350

It's lofty banks with companies sublime
 Of Angels then will evermore be throng'd,
 Who to the new-created world resort,
 Companions of her then immortal children.
 This is the path which Gabriel pursued, 355
 The heaven of majesty divine approaching.

There central of the circumvolving suns,
 Heaven, th' archetype of every blissful sphere,
 Orbicular in blazing glory swim's,
 And circumfuzes through infinitude, 360

In copious streams, the splendour of the sphaera,
 Harmonious sounds of his revolving motion
 Are wafted on the pinions of the winds
 To circumambient suns. The powerful songs
 Of voice and harp celestial intermingle 365
 And seem the animation of the whole.

Thus sounds of praise harmonious waft to Him,
 Who formed the ear and with benign regard
 Th' effusion ever heeds of holy joy.
 With that efficient satisfaction which 370

Th' Eternal feels when he surveys his works,
 He listens to the symphonies of heav'n.
 O Thou, who dost celestial song impart,
 Companion of the Angels, who dost view
 The countenance of the Most High, and hear'st 375
 Sulime immortal voices, Visitant

Of Sion! Tell the subject of the song,
 That far resounded through the heavenly realms,
 When Gabriel approach'd, by Jesus sent.

Hail, Sacred Regions, where we see our God 380
 As he' is, and was, and evermore will be
 Where we his awful countenance behold,
 His glory not in sacted gloom involv'd,
 Reflected faintly by the distant worlds.

Even in the blessed congregation, God, 385
 Of thy Redeem'd, to whom also the bliss
 Thou dost vouchsafe thy countenance to view,—
 We see thy presence in the midst of these.

In thy perfections Thou, how infinite!
 Heaven fain thine attributes would represent; — 390

The Dread Eternal is Jehovah nam'd! —
 E'er animated with primeval pow'rs
 And fervour, our aspiring soaring songs
 Would fain display thy nature, but in vain:
 Thou art inexpressive, glorious past thought! 395
 Thou art perfection, Lord, in thy sole greatness.
 Thy views of thine own nature, Grand First Cause,
 Are more sublime, more hallowed far, than all
 Thy comprehensive views of things created;
 Yet by thy bounteous goodness prompted, Lord, 400
 Thou on the happy' existence didst resolve
 Of Beings, who should thine own bliss partake,
 And didst breathe on them immortality.
 First heaven, then we, heaven's habitants, were form'd.
 Far from your emanation still were ye, 405
 Thou younger Earth, thou luminating Sun,
 And thou, O Moon, companion of the earth. —
 What were thy feelings, First created Realm,
 When after an incomprehensive scope,
 An inconceivable eternity, 410
 Th' Almighty by his Word established thee,
 And consecrated thee, th' especial place
 Of his eternal glory, where his dread
 And awful presence God benign reveals? —
 Thy round immeasurable amplitude 415
 Distended, the omnific Word enjoin'd
 Subsidence of the elemental strife;
 The crystal ocean to her bounds retir'd;
 Her shores like worlds together thronged and stood
 Submissive to th' all-powerful command. 420
 But no immortal creatures were yet form'd.
 Creator, then in awful solitude
 Thou stoodst on thine exalted Throne sublime,
 Contemplating Thyself! Hail the Most High
 In solitude contemplating Himself! 425
 Ye Seraphim and all ye Spiritual
 Intelligences, hail th' Omnipotent!
 Ye from his power derived existence then
 And he with faculties invested you,
 His goodness and perfections to revolve — 430
 Your great Creator to adore and love.
 Unceasing hallelujah shall ascend,
 First Cause divine, to Thee from us thy creatures.
 Thou unto solitude saidst: Be no more!
 Then saidst Thou: Come forth, Beings! hallelujah. 435

While thus the heavens resounded with the strain
 That the Thrice-holy evermore succeeds,
 The Mediator's holy Messenger
 Alighted radiant on one of the suns,
 That nearest the celestial regions blaze. 440
 The Seraph's lustre now transcended far
 The splendour of the orb on which he stood.
 And the celestial choirs were silent. All,
 With awe impressed, beheld the look benign,
 Which God beamed on them to reward their zeal. 445
 And they beheld amid the blaze of suns
 The Seraph in surpassing splendour clad.
 The Deity looked on him, all the heav'ns
 Beheld him. Gabriel worshipp'd on his knees.
 The Deity looked on the Messenger. 450
 The space of time, twice scanned, that doth elapse
 While, in profound devotion, Seraphim
 Pronounce the name — Jehovah! and the Thrice-holy.
 The most exalted of created Thrones
 Descended then with speed, into the presence 455
 Divine the Messenger to introduce.
 He is with God — The Chosen of the Thrones,
 And bears the name. But by the Hierarchs
 Of heaven he is distinguished by the name.
 Eloah. He, of Spirits created, first 460
 And greatest, is to th' Increate most near.
 Great are the thoughts of Great Eloah's mind,
 Sublime as the aspiring soul of man,
 When she contemplates her high origin,
 For God created, nevermore to cease. 465
 His looks than vernal morn are more serene,
 More beautiful; far more lovely than the stars,
 When from their Maker's forming hand they came
 With youthful splendour forth their course to run.
 Of all created Spirits the First-born, 470
 The bountiful Creator to him gave
 A pure ethereal body, of the hues
 Of ruby morning formed. When he deriv'd
 Existence, round him thronged a heaven of clouds,
 Whence the Creator, with extended arm, 475
 Raised him on high and, while he blessed him, said:
 Behold thy Maker, Creature! — He beheld
 Enraptured, stood, beheld the Deity,
 Till wholly by th' effulgence overpower'd
 Of the Eternal's countenance, he sunk. 480

At last he utterance gave to all those thoughts,
 Sensations and perceptions on his mind
 Capacious flowing. But in ruins worlds
 Will sink, new systems rising from their dust,
 And ages roll into eternity, 485
 Before ideas so sublime the most
 Exalted christian can conceive, his heart
 With highest sense of bliss thus overflowing.

Eloah now on beaming rays of light
 Came radiant to the mission'd Seraph down, 490
 Him to the Saviour's altar to conduct.

Already from afar Eloah knew,
 The Seraph was th' exalted Gabriel;
 And one to see of the immortal hosts
 With whom in God's profound creation once 495
 He every sphere traversed, their habitants
 Innumerable observed, performing feats
 Of prowess there, inimitable more

Than aught with might collective e'er perform'd
 E'en by the best of all the human race, — 500
 With transport high and rapture fired his breas't.
 And, known soon to each other, both advanc'd
 With open arms and looks of love to meet,
 And meeting both with mutual joy embrac'd.

Thus brothers joy, their hearts with virtue glowing, 505
 Who in the glorious cause of liberty
 Their native soil defending, braved death,
 And now, still covered with the blood of war,
 In presence of their father meet again,
 Who was before them greater still than they. 510
 God saw and blessed them, and rendered more
 Resplendent by the charms of friendship, both
 Together onward moved toward the Throne,
 Still nearer to the Sanctuary of heav'n.

On one of the celestial mountains near 515
 Th' eternal glory, rests the sacred gloom,
 That shrouds the secret things profound of God.
 Resplendent light surrounds the mysteries divine,
 But hovering gloom veils them from Angels' sight.
 When the Most High sometime the gloom dispels, 520
 With rolling thunders that bear on their wings
 Omnipotence, the heavens adoring see:
 And suddenly e'en as a mount of God
 The Mediator's altar at the porch
 Of th' opening sanctuary, developed, stood 525

Before the missioned Seraph. Gabriel
 With sacerdotal splendour slowly' advanc'd,
 Two golden censers bearing, that were fill'd
 With heavenly incense. Now in thought profound
 He stood at th' altar. Near his side Eloah, 530
 With powerful touch, commanded notes divine
 From his resounding harp, the Seraph's breast
 With' fervour filling for the sacrifice.
 And the Immortal felt the powerful strain.
 As th' ocean swells when the Eternal's voice 535
 Advances on her surface in a storm,
 So rose his mind with the melodious sound.
 Th' adoring Seraph saw the Deity.
 With mighty voice he sung, and the Eternal
 And all the heavens, Blessed Saviour; now 540
 Thy pray'r and powerful intercession heard.
 A flame from God kindled the sacrifice,
 And with the intercession sacred smoke
 Silent ascended, like convolving clouds
 Sublime from mountain-hights of th' earth ascending. — 545
 Jehovah, unaverted, still looked down;
 For from the inmost fulness of his soul
 Th' Incarnate Mediator still commun'd
 With his Eternal Father, — still conferr'd
 Respecting the adjustment of events 550
 In destiny, profound, awful and sacred;
 How all things should conspire, redeeming love
 To glorify, mysterious e'en to Angels:
 But now a Look divine filled heaven anew;
 With awe and adoration all beheld, 555
 Awaiting silent the Almighty Voice.
 Heaven's cedar rustled not, and silent lay
 The crystal ocean in her lofty shores;
 God's living winds among the brazen hills
 Immovable hovered on expanded wing, 560
 Awaiting all the Voice of the Most High;
 Slow thunders from the sanctuary rolled forth,
 But the Almighty Voice was not yet heard:
 The sacred thunders were but harbingers,
 Announcing th' utterance of divine command. 565
 When these were silent the Eternal op'd,
 Unto the longing view of all the Thrones,
 The Sanctuary of heaven, preparing thus
 The joyful Powers to learn th' Eternal Will.
 Then Cherub Urim, the Eternal Spirit's 570

Nearest Attendant, Ugrim with profound
 And solemn import to Eloah turn'd,
 And said: What dost thou see? — Eloah rose,
 Advanced a step, stood, looked and spake aloud:
 The mazy tablets yonder I behold 575
 Of providence, on golden columns high.
 The books of life likewise I see, disclosing,
 Unfurled by breath of mighty winds, the names
 Of future christians, heirs of endless life.
 The books of judgment, how terrific these 580
 As waving banners, show of warring Seraphim!
 Destructive sight to those degenerate souls
 That dared against the God of heaven revolt.
 How the Eternal God himself reveals!
 The golden lamps, while awful silence reigns, 585
 Their lustre to the silver clouds reflect,
 Lo thousand thousands, typical of all
 The congregations of the church of God.
 O Ugrim, number thou the blessed host.
 The worlds, Eloah, and the glorious feats 590
 And joys of Angels we may count, — not so
 The glorious effects of the redemption
 And of the Lord's compassion. — Ugrim thus.
 Eloah then: I see his Judgment-seat! —
 Dread art Thou, Judge of the world, Messiah! — 595
 Appalling to behold, it slays from far!
 The dire devouring flame of vengeance burns!
 A living hurricane tremendous bears
 The judgment-seat in thundering clouds aloft!
 Spare, O Messiah, spare, Judge of the world, 600
 Armed as Thou art with everlasting death.
 Thus Ugrim and Eloah were communing.
 The awful thunder seven times rolled forth,
 The sacred gloom dispelling, and the Voice
 Divine gently descended: God is Love. 605
 Ere beings emanated I was such, —
 Creating worlds I ever was the same,
 And such I am in the accomplishment
 Of my profoundest most mysterious deed;
 But in the death of the eternal Son, 610
 Ye learn to know me wholly — God, the Judge
 Of every world. New adoration then
 Ye will to the Supreme of heaven address.
 Were not the arm of the Vindictive Judge
 Sustaining then, ye all would pass away 615

And be no more, th' incomprehensive death
To view unable: Ye are finite all.

And silent was the awful Deity,
God whom to sinful man to reconcile
The Son descended from th' eternal Throne. 630
Profoundest Admiration sacred hands
Before him folded, and Eloah, thus
Instructed, to the high assemblage turn'd,
And said: Celestial Hearers, holy children!
The countenance of the Most High behold, 635
And read the inmost feelings of his breast!
Ye, when the Deity contemplated
The Mediator's glory, of his thoughts
The dearest objects; ardent ye desir'd
(Th' Omniscient God the testimony gives!) 640
The days of man's redemption to behold,
The Saviour's triumph o'er the powers of death.
Rejoice, ye happy progeny of light,
Born of the Spirit! Shout aloud with joy!
Ye see these blessed days and ye behold 645
The Father, e'en the Being of all beings,
The First and Last, ever compassionate.
Th' Eternal God whose nature e'en the most
Exalted beings cannot comprehend,
Jehovah deigns on you benign to look, 640
As doth a Father on his children, pleas'd.
The Messenger of peace, sent by the Son,
For your sakes solely he with incense comes
Unto the altar: had not ye been chosen
To witness the redemption; the Triune, 645
Th' Eternal God in secret had commun'd,
In awful solitude inscrutable:
But ye, Immortal Souls, ye are to hail
The days of your salvation with rejoicings,
And heaven shall participate your joy. 650
We shall have far more comprehensive views
Of the mysterious plan of your redemption,
Than your Redeemer's pious friends on earth,
Who still in darkness and in error walk.
But the Messiah's bitter persecutors! 655
Alas, the dread Eternal hath eras'd
Remembrance of them from the books of life;
But unto the Redeemed he will send light
In darkness; and when they behold his blood,
They shall not weep, for they shall see it stream 660

Into eternal life, and then they shall,
 In these delightful mansions of repose
 And numolested peace, triumphant rest,
 Eternal festivals to celebrate.

Ye Seraphim, Celestial Choirs, and all 665

Ye patriarchal Souls, Progenitors
 Of the Messiah: Strike your harps, commence
 The jubilee that nevermore shall cease.

And the yet mortal children of the earth
 Shall, generation after generation, 670

Assemble with you here until of souls
 From sin redeemed, the number be complete.

And when the final judgment terminates,
 They shall be vested with immortal bodies,
 Consummating their everlasting bliss. 675

Ye Angels from the Throne, meanwhile go forth,
 Disperse through the creation, notify

To all the Principalities and Powers
 Who rule the spheres, that now they shall prepare

For celebrating these eventful days, 680
 Appointed for achievements most profound.

And all ye Blessed Patriarchal Souls,
 Progenitors of the divine Messiah, —

For from yon bodies of mortality
 That in the dust ye left, the Son divine, 685

The Mediator in his human form
 Descended, God and man! — Ye shall taste joy

Which by divine perception God alone
 Completely feels; descend ye to the sun

That luminates the sphere of the redemption, — 690
 Thence ye the Victor, the Messiah see,

Behold him vanquishing the powers of death.
 On this resplendent path descend. With charms

Renew'd all nature glad will on you smile.
 For after these revolving centuries, 695

God now establisheth a day of rest,

The Second Sabbath, far more sanctify'd

And more sublime than yon exalted day,

Which with your songs, Seraphic Choirs, ye hail'd,
 When the sublime creation was complete. 700

Ye well remember, heavenly companies

Of Angels, how all nature smiled around

In youthful splendour, your companions then —

The stars of morn — before their Maker bowing.

But the Messiah, the eternal Son, 705

CANTO I. Klopstock's Messiah.

17

Will more transcendent wonders now achieve.
Haste, and Jehovah's purposes proclaim!
The Sabbath, with the Son's submission free
To the Eternal Will, is now approaching,
The sacred day, nam'd by the Deity:
The Sabbath of the Covenant divine.

710

With visible amaze Eloah ceas'd,
And all the heavens with silent awe beheld
The Sanctuary. Then Gabriel receiv'd
From th' everlasting Throne of the Most High
Commission for Uriel, and the Spirits
That guard the earth; respecting miracles
That were to signalize the Saviour's death.

715

The Thrones and Powers all descended now.

So likewise Gabriel. When he approach'd
The altar of the earth, he from afar
Slow-rising sighs and plaintive accents heard,
Imploring mercy on the human race;
But far above the rest arose the voice
Of Adam, who the fall from innocence
Remember'd, since aonean ages pass'd,
He of the earth the first inhabitant.

720

This is the altar which, on Patmos' isle,
The prophet of the blood-sealed covenant saw
In heavenly vision: where was heard the voice
Of martyrs, filling all the lofty vaults
With their ascending plaint, that still the day
Of awful retribution was delay'd;

725

Where human souls did weep angelic tears.
The Seraph now to th' altar of the earth
Descending, tow'rd him hastened our Sire
With ardent expectation, not unseen;

730

For with a body of heaven's serenity
The happy soul of Adam was invested.
His stature full of dignity and grace,
Such as the form hovering before the mind
Of the Creator, when in Eden God

740

To fashion man, separated sacred earth;
Our Sire approached, with amiable smiles
Which rendered his countenance divine,
And to the Seraph full of ardour spake:

745

Hail, Blessed Seraph, Messenger of peace!
The voice resounding of thy mission high,
Our souls were filled with rapture! — Son of God,
Messiah, O that Thee I could behold,

750

Behold Thee in the beauty of thy manhood,
 E'en as this Seraph sees Thee, in the form
 Which thy compassion prompted Thee to' assume,
 My wretched progeny from death to save. —
 Point out to me, O Seraph, show to me, 755
 Where my Redeemer walk'd, my loving Lord;
 Only from far I will his steps attend! —
 Dear Spot, where he to heaven his face uprais'd
 And sware, that he would rescue Adam's race;
 Oh, that the first of sinners were indulg'd 760
 With tears of joy to view thee! — Thou, dear Earth,
 Maternal Land, I who was thy first-born
 Inhabitant; O how I long to see,
 To visit thee again! Thy drooping fields,
 Though by denouncing thunders desolated, 765
 Would in the company of the divine
 Messiah who inhabits now a body
 As I left in the dust, be unto me
 Far more delightful than thy verdant lawns,
 Created beauteous like celestial fields, 770
 O paradise, lost heaven! — Thus Adam spake.
 Thy fond request, the Seraph meek reply'd,
 Thou First-created of the human race,
 Shall be imparted to the Mediator.
 And if it be his blessed Will divine, 775
 That thy request be granted, he will bid
 That thou shalt see him, God in human form,
 The glory of his deity involv'd.
 The Seraphim now with solemnity
 Left heaven and through systems wide dispers'd. 780
 And Gabriel with lone speed to the earth
 Descended, which in rounds perpetual, morn
 Silent is greeting. While he pass'd he heard
 Adjacent stars glad to their sister earth
 Loud salutations shouting: Queen of spheres, 785
 With latent joy all creatures on thee gaze.
 The heavens regard thee as the place where God
 Displays his mercy, testimonial thou
 Of the achievement of the Son divine.
 Such were the salutations from each side 790
 Resounding through the vast circumference,
 Pervaded by the voice of heavenly choirs;
 But Gabriel with unretarded speed
 Proceeded onward to our earthly globe.
 Repose and coolness here still filled the dale, 795

And silent clouds veiled still the mountain-head.
 Amid the shades of night with ardent looks
 Advanced the Seraph, God the Mediator
 There seeking. And him in a lonely vate
 Amid the highs of Olivet he found, 800
 Where wrapp'd in thought his eyes in slumber clos'd.
 A rugged rock was the Redeemer's couch.
 The Seraph stood, his airy slumber view'd,
 And th' awful beauty still, and grace divine,
 Wondering with unaverted eye beheld, 806
 Which the Messiah's person eminent
 From union with deity deriv'd.
 Serenitude and love, celestial smiles
 Of mercy, grace, sweet mildness and compassion,
 In his expressive countenance appear'd, 810
 Though shrouded now by gentle slumber's veil.
 A rambling Seraph thus beholds the earth
 On Vernal evening, when her blooming face
 Is deck'd with twilight, when the evening-star
 His brilliance lonely in the heavens displays, 815
 The Sage soliciting, forth from his bow'r
 Obscure to come, the lofty firmament
 Contemplating. At last the Seraph spake:
 Thou, whose omniscience all the heavens fills,
 Who, though thine earthly body slumbers here, 820
 Still hearst my voice; all thy commands with care
 I executed. Thus employ'd, I heard
 The First-created of the human race,
 Expressing how with ardour he desires
 Thy countenance, Redeemer, to behold. 825
 And now, thine heavenly Father so commands,
 I hasten furthermore, Lord, to assist
 In glorifying thy redeeming love. —
 Meanwhile of the creation, ye that live
 And roam the night, be silent! Transient are 830
 The moments while the great Creator still
 On earth remains, and should to you be far
 More precious than the centuries elaps'd,
 While with sedulity ye served man.
 Compos'd be every turbulence of th' air; 835
 Amid these haunts let deepest silence reign,
 Or rise, ye winds, — a gentle fanning breeze.
 Ye clouds that hover near, shower from your skirts
 Repose profound, more balmy slumber down
 Into these cooling shades. Thou cedar, cease 840

To rustle, and be still thou waving grove;
Be hush'd in presence of your slumbering Lord.

Thus with a tone solicitous the voice

Of the Immortal gradually decreas'd.

He unto the assembly now proceeds

845

Of Guardian Spirits who, admitted oft

The secret purposes of God to know;

In silence the mysterious springs direct

Of providence and destiny on earth.

To these, ere he unto the solar orb

850

Ascended, he should intimate, what long

With ardour they desired to ascertain, —

The near redemption of the human race,

And th' institution of that solemn day —

The Sabbath of the Sacrifice divine.

855

'Thou who presidest after Gabriel

In council high o'er this terraqueous sphere,

The sphere of the redemption, — heavenly

Protector of the fond sustaining parent

Of many immortal children, whom in quick

860

Succession of revolving centuries

She sends on high to happier abodes,

While into her fond bosom she receives

The ruined habitation of the soul;

Guardian of th' earth which, at the end of time,

865

Will be with more transcendent beauty endow'd,

Eloah, O forgive, if, from on high

Instructed thus, I venture to unfold,

Till now from sight of mortal man conceal'd;

Thy sanctuary in which thou dost preside

870

When at thy functions of this lower sphere;

Hath e'er in happy solitude my mind

With Spirits of superior degree

Associated, listening to discourse

Of heaven enraptured; then, Eloah, listen

875

When I sublime as the celestial youth

And enterprizing, donot in my song

Lost greatness celebrate, but boldly lead

To council of Angelic Thrones and Powers

Man who, although devoted once to death,

880

Shall rise again, triumphing over death,

Sin and corruption, glorious as Celestials.

Around the silent ne'er explored North-pole

Lowers tardigradous midnight, solitary.

Thick clouds from her incessantly descend,

885

An overwhelming deluge. Thus the Nile,
 In twice seven banks confined, and ye proud pyramids,
 With sable gloom and doleful night were shrouded,
 When Moses by injunction smote the land.
 No human eye e'er saw those dreary fields, 890
 Not habitable, where dole stillness reigns,
 Where human voice was never heard, and where
 The bosom of the earth received no corse;
 Where none will rise when all the dead awake.

Amid this night the sacred entrance opens, 895
 That to th' Angelic Sanctuary conducts.
 But Seraphim, resplendent as Orion,
 (Sometime these fields nocturnal traversing,
 To mediation and to sacred musings
 Resigned, contemplating the future weal 900
 Of mortal man;) the dreary gloom dispel,
 And with their splendour radiate the scene.

As when, while the severity of winter
 Inclement sways the year, a cheerful day
 Rejoicing over snowy mountains rises, 905
 The hovering mists, thick clouds and noxious fogs
 Dispelling after many a noon-day's gloom,
 While icy plains and leafless forests shine
 With splendid whiteness in the sun's bright beams;
 So Gabriel's approach the gloom dispell'd, 910
 He passing over these nocturnal fields.
 And soon his foot the sacred gate attain'd,
 Which opened softly like the rustling wings
 Of Cherubim, and quickly closed again.

He now in the profundity advanc'd 915
 Of passes subterranean, drear and dark.
 There oceans slowly roll to desert shores.
 There rivers, mighty sons of ocean, burst
 From their recesses with impetuous roar,
 Fast gathering like a distant-rising storm, 920
 He still advancing, soon the sanctuary
 Appeared before him, and the lofty porch
 Of clouds composed, in radiant light dissolv'd.
 Beneath his foot gloom rolled to either side,
 And lucid brightness, like a waving flame, 925
 Along the gloomy shores his footsteps mark'd.
 Th' Immortal entered the sublime assembly
 Of heavenly Spirits, Guardians of the earth.

Remote from us, the centre of our sphere
 Contains a Concave vast, with ether fill'd.

There in her orbit moves a milder sun,
 With glowing brightness and with splendour crown'd.
 From her flowes vital influence through th' earth,
 And with her constant aid the higher sun
 The animating Vernal Season forms, 935
 And fervid Summer with the bending ear,
 And the replenished Autumn on the hills,
 Laden with the tufted vine and golden fruit.
 This sun ne'er in her orbit disappears,
 And ruby morn for ever round her smiles. 940
 Among these clouds, He, who the heavens fills
 With his all-gracious presence, oft reveals
 To Angels who sometime inhabit here,
 By sign the latent purpose of his Will.
 Forthwith appear before them wonders dread 945
 Of providence, as after storms, o'er clouds
 Assuaged to Thee, O Earth, the beauteous bow
 Of heaven appears, sign of the covenant,
 And still prognostic of prolific season.
 Now Gabriel alighted on this sun 950
 Which succours, unobserved by us, with ray
 Unquenchable each deep recess of th' earth,
 And all that animation there inhales.
 We never can her constant rays desery.
 But the inhabitants of Hesperus, 955
 Of Jupiter and of Saturn sublime,
 Observe her light. Stars, more from us remote,
 Donot perceive the orbit of our sphere.
 Around the missioned Seraph gathered now
 The Guardian Spirits of the earth; The Angels 960
 Of war and death, who, in the labyrinth
 Of destiny, directed by the hand
 Divine, conduct the thread that guides th' affairs
 Of monarchies and kings. And Guardian Spirits
 Who still attend the Virtuous in their course, 965
 And likewise to this sanctuary resort,
 Around the Seraph thronged. These, when on earth,
 Attend the pensive meditating sage,
 When he withdraws from pageantry and pomp,
 The pride of trifling men, and opes with pray'r 970
 The books of future, everlasting things.
 So in assemblies secretly they oft
 Are present, where the fervent christian's breast
 The coming down of the Eternal feels;
 And present when fraternal congregations, 975

All in the blood-sealed covenant receiv'd,
 Pour forth, before the merciful Redeemer,
 Their souls in praise and joyful adoration.
 And, just by death dislodg'd, when christian-souls
 O'er their late mansions hover, viewing still 980
 The ruins of despoiled nature, pale
 Distorted visage, cold and stiffened limbs;
 Then these with gentle accents to them speak:
 Beloved, come away! we will collect
 Of your despoiled bodies the remains, 985
 Deplorably disfigured by the hand
 Of inexorable and potent death;
 We, on the glorious resurrection-morn
 When all the dead shall from their slumber wake,
 Will for the new creation gather them: 990
 Now come with us away, more grateful scenes
 Await you, future citizens of heav'n!
 Behold, the First of Victors waits your coming.
 Some souls of tender infants likewise round
 The Seraph gathered. These unconscious still 995
 Of tumults and vicissitudes of life,
 And speechless yet, flee hence with tender cries
 Of helpless innocents. With timid looks
 And fearful, they beheld the narrow fields
 Of our terraqueous sphere, and therefore dar'd 1000
 Not venture, unprepared, to soar aloft
 On the appalling path through regions vast
 Of space immeasurable and countless worlds.
 Their Guardians therefore to this sanctuary
 Conduct them first, instructing them with harp 1005
 And voice Angelic, lofty harmony,
 And tell, how their existence they deriv'd,
 And how the faculties of human soul,
 The offspring of the Spirit of perfections,
 Expand in quick progression; how the suns 1010
 With their attendant worlds, in youthful splendour,
 When first created, to their Maker came.
 And then in heavenly strain to them thy sing:
 The company of saints awaits you now!
 A glorious view of Him who, in compassion, 1015
 Redeem'd you, now awaits you at the Throne.
 Thus they instruct their pupils who, to learn
 Yon wisdom, hallowed and most sublime,
 Are worthy, — wisdom e'en the shade of which
 By erring man, whom it's effulgence strikes 1020

With dazzling pow'r, is still in vain pursued.
 From their resplendent harbours now come forth,
 These with their friends, the Guardians of the earth,
 Assembled. And the heavenly Messenger
 Imparted all what God commanded, should 1025
 Respecting the Messiah be reveal'd.

All were profound attention, — all stood fix'd
 In silent transport, and, to thought resign'd,
 Contemplated the wonders they had heard.
 But 'an amiable pair, two infant souls, 1030
 Affectionately embraced and thus commun'd:

Is not this, O Jedidda, our benign
 And gracious Teacher, the exalted Prophet,
 E'en Jesus, of whom now the Seraph spake?
 Ah, I remember well, how in his arms 1035
 He clasp'd, and press'd us to his throbbing heart!
 A tear of tender love rolled down his cheek!
 I kissed it thence, — I think, I see it still. —

And well, O Benjamin, I recollect,
 He to our mothers said, who stood around: 1040
 Ye must resemble e'en these little ones,
 Or ye cannot the heavenly kingdom gain. —
 Yes, so he said, Judiddah! he who is
 Our great Redeemer, from whom we deriv'd
 Of happiness this superabounding share. 1045
 Receive thy Benjamin into thy arms. —
 So these fond souls affectionately spake.

But Gabriel now on new embassy
 Ascended. Festal splendour pendant flow'd
 Down o'er th' Immortal's foot as now he soar'd. 1050

So to the moon's inhabitants appears
 Our earth when day with us illumines their nights,
 And clouds below th' aspiring mountain's brow
 Egressive sink. The missioned Seraph rose,
 And soon, amid th' acclaims of happy Souls 1055
 And Angels, space more unconfined he gain'd.
 More fleet than arrow, shot from silver bow
 And winged for victory, the Seraph pass'd

By stars and hastened to the solar orb.
 Here on Uriel's sanctuary he alights, 1060
 Observing on th' effulgent pinnacle
 The happy patriarchal souls conven'd,
 Who unaverted their exploring looks
 United with the beams that to the dales
 Of Canaan wafted the awaking day. 1065

CANTO I. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

23

And there with grace more superominent
 Appeared among the patriarchal souls,
 With countenance contemplative, our Sire,
 Son of the earth and gloriously form'd
 In th' image of his Maker. Gabriel
 With him and with Uriel in discourse
 Respecting mortal man's redemption join'd,
 All longing to behold the Mount of Olives.

1070

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO II.

Now o'er the cedar forest ruddy morn
 Descended. The divine Redeemer rose.
 When in the sun the patriarchal souls
 Beheld him, thus the happy souls of Eve
 And Adam sung alternate. First our Sire.

6

Hail, Blessed Day, most blissful of the days,
 That are yet in futurity reserv'd!

Before the train of thy companions, thou
 Shalt ever be most sacred, most belov'd!
 Seraph and Cherub with the human soul,
 Shall ever hail, with loud acclaims of joy
 And festal song, thy hallowed return.

10

Or to the earth descending, or announç'd
 By lofty' Orion through celestial realms;
 Or whether coming forth from thy recess,
 Advancing radiant by the Throne of God;
 We still with festal splendour will receive,
 And bless thy rising and declining light:

15

We e'er will celebrate, Immortal Day,
 Thee jubilant, with shouts and hallelujahs.

20

Thou art the day on which our eyes consol'd,
 The first time saw in his humility
 The blessed Mediator, the divine
 Messiah, e'en our God in human form.

Thou, who didst bring the great Messiah forth,

25

Blessed art thou and holy, blessed more
 Than Eve, the parent of the human race.
 Eve is the parent of a countless race, —
 A countless race of sinners. Thou hast born
 An only son, — he is a righteous man, 30
 Is pure, is holy, is immaculate,
 Is the Messiah, an Eternal Son,
 Divine and Self-existent. — Down to th' earth
 With roving eye affectionate I gaze,
 But cannot now my paradise discern. 35
 Oh, Blissful Garden, the rentless floods
 Have with the dreadful judgment swept thee hence!
 Thy lofty cedars, planted by the hand
 Divine; thy peaceful arbours, the abode
 Of juvenile virtues; none of you escap'd 40
 The desolation dire of thundering tempests,
 And the destroying Angel's awful sword! —
 But thou, O Bethlehem, where Mary brought him forth;
 Where with maternal ecstasy she first
 Embraced him; thou my Eden art henceforth. 45
 And thou, O Well of David, thou shalt be
 To me the lake, where, coming from the hands
 Of my Creator, I first saw myself.
 Thou humble Cot, where first he wept, be thou
 To me th' umbrageous bower of innocence. 50
 Primeval! — Oh, If I had brought Thee forth,
 In Eden, Thou Divine Messiah, after
 The hideous deed of sin; Behold, I would
 Have borne Thee in mine arms before my Jude;
 E'en where he stood, where Eden under him 55
 Became a yawning grave; there, where the tree
 Of knowledge shook terrific; where the Judge
 Spake out of tempests and pronounced my fate;
 Where I was lost in terror and affright,
 And trembling sunk to faint and die away; 60
 E'en there I would have looked up to my Judge,
 And weeping would have claspp'd Thee in mine arms,
 And pressed Thee closer to my throbbing heart,
 And would with ecstasy have cried aloud:
 O Father, cease to frown, from anger cease! 65
 Behold, I have brought forth the dear Messiah.
 Eternal, holy, adorable First Cause!
 In mercy Thou gavest thine Eternal Son,
 My ruined progeny from death to save!
 My tears have often flowed on their behalf, 70

Nor could the high felicity of heav'n
 Have cheer'd my drooping, my lamenting soul,
 Had the Divine Messiah not resolv'd,
 My children from destruction to redeem.
 But Thou, who in compassion didst decree
 Th' eternal covenant, Thou, all-gracious, hast
 Enabled me still to derive new bliss
 E'en from paternal sadness and dolour.

75

And now, Divine, adorable Redeemer,
 Thou even bear'st man's image! O complete
 The sacrifice which, Dread Judge of the world,
 Thou hast resolved to bring for us to th' altar.
 Renew the beauty of our native earth,
 Which purpose to effect Thou dist descend,
 And then return, O come, with speed return
 To heavenly realms! We will, God, Mediator,
 Hail thy return with festal hallelujahs. —

80

85

The voices of these fervent souls with pow'r
 Resounded thus through the resplendent domes
 Of sanctuary and temple. And remote
 The Saviour heard them as in solitude
 The Sage perceives, in contemplation wrapp'd,
 Prophetic whispers of th' Eternal's voice. —
 The Saviour now from Olivet came down.

90

Below the hoary mountain's lofty heights
 Small eminences raised a grove of palm,
 Still with the fleeting dew of morning deck'd.
 And in the tufted palm-grove Jesus saw
 John's Guardian Angel, (Raphael is his name,) —
 Who worshipp'd the Messiah on his knees.
 Still breezes wafted to the Mediator
 The Seraph's accents, never heard by man.

95

100

Come Raphael, answered Jesus with benign
 And friendly mien; draw nearer to my side.
 Attend me unobserved. How didst thou guard
 Beneath the shades of night in these lone haunts,
 The pious soul of my beloved Disciple,
 E'en John? how did his thoughts with thine accord?
 Where hast thou left him? and where is he now? —

105

I guarded him, Adorable Redeemer,
 So as we guard the Firstlings of thy flock.
 And sacred dreams, e'en dreams of Thee, his mind
 Surrounded while he lay in slumber wrapp'd:
 Oh that Thou hadst observed him when he dream'd
 That Thou, Messiah, didst tow'rd him advance;

110

115

How o'er his countenance soft vernal smiles suffur'd!
 Thy Seraph saw, e'en in the blissful fields
 Of Eden, Adam; when he in his sleep
 Beheld the beauteous image of his Eve,
 And saw the Great Creator's forming hand. 120
 But scarcely were his smiles so full of love
 And holy rapture, as thy sacred presence
 Diffuz'd o'er the countenance of John.
 But now he is among the gloomy' and drear
 Receptacles of the dead, lamenting there 125
 Over a poor Demoniac who, with pale
 Distorted visage, trembles in the dust.
 O come, Divine Redeemer, him to see!
 See how his tender heart in grief dissolves;
 See how he stands and trembles with concern. 130
 Myself could not avoid a tear to shed
 Of tender sympathy. I withdrew. Thou know'st,
 I never could the painful sight sustain,
 Of Spirits thus distress'd, whom Thou createdst
 To live for ever and in happy state. 135
 Thus, Raphael ceased. The Saviour looked to heav'n,
 And, indignation darting from his eyes,
 He said: O Father, hear me! Let the Fiend
 An everlasting monument become
 Of sacred justice, which the heavens will view 140
 Rejoicing, and which hell will e'er behold
 With shame, with consternation and dismay.
 So saying, he drew near to the sepulchres. —
 Low at the mountain's basis in nocturnal
 Obscurity and gloom, among the rocks 145
 And craggy clefts, the silent tombs are arch'd.
 Thick woods and sable gloom the avenue form,
 And shelter the sepulchres from the gaze
 Of travellers who, with hasty steps, thence pass.
 E'en when the sun stands in meridian 150
 Above the turrets of Jerusalem,
 A doleful morn with nightly damps and fogs
 Is lowering still among the dreary tombs.
 There Samma (such was the Demoniac's name)
 Exhausted, faint, with misery overwhelm'd, 155
 Lay on his youngest most beloved son's grave.
 The Fiend allowed him this short interlapse,
 With greater fury soon to torture him,
 And on the wretch redoubled rancour vent.
 Where in the dust he lay, his elder son 160

Stood by him and, to heav'n weeping, bemoan'd
 The misery of his father, and the loss
 Of his so tenderly beloved brother.
 The thus lamented child prevailed once
 On his affectionate mother, to regard 166
 His ardent and importunate entreaties:
 To take him to his father, whom the rage
 Of Satan from society had driv'n,
 With anguish dire to roam among the dead.
 Ah, my dear Father! said the young belov'd 170
 Benoni, and escaped his mother's arms,
 Who terror-stricken hastened after him.
 Ah, my dear Father, wilt thou not embrace me? —
 And, saying so, he fondly-inclining lean'd
 Upon his father's hand to press it to his heart. 175
 The father clasps him in his arms, and trembles.
 The boy with childhood fondness to him clinging,
 The father dashes his head against a rock.
 His tender brains reek'd on the gored stone.
 The guiltless soul, venting a gentle sigh, 180
 Departed. Now the wretched man bewails,
 Disconsolate, his son, and e'er exclaims,
 While with his withered arms he clasps the cold
 Receptacle of the child's now mouldering bones:
 Oh, my Benoni! Oh, my Son Benoni! — 185
 He thus exclaims, and tears of sad distress
 Gush from his fix'd, now breaking, dying eyes. —
 Such was the misery of the wretched man,
 When the Redeemer tow'rd the tombs advanc'd.
 But Joel, th' elder son, his weeping eyes 190
 Just from his father turning, now beheld
 The Saviour, and with glad surprise exclaim'd:
 The mighty prophet Jesus, now the lights
 Of Olivet descending, hither tends.
 Th' Infernal Fiend, on hearing this, cast forth 195
 A lowering glance through th' avenue of the place.
 Thus Atheists, that most abject brood, from dark
 And vaulted roofs, look forth when sable storms
 Ascend the heavens sublime, when 'among dun clouds
 The vengeance-dreaded chariots thundering roll. 200
 Till now the Fiend from Samma stood aloof,
 Among the rocks, in dark, remote recess,
 Thence breathing devillish plagues and torture forth
 In slow succession. But now mortify'd,
 Smitten and confounded by the Lord's approach; 205

He armed himself with tortures dire of death,
 And on the wretched man infuriate burst,
 Who bounded in the anguish on his feet,
 But void of strength again sunk to the ground.
 His shattered spirit scarce resisted still 310
 Th' assaults of death; yet, by the Archfiend fir'd
 To th' utmost hight of madness, he was climbing
 One of the rocks. And in thy sacred presence,
 Divine Redeemer, Satan here had dash'd
 Him from a pendent far-projecting rock. 315
 But Thou wert there already! Thy divine
 And ever-gracious care, on faithful wings
 Omnipotent thy hapless creature bore
 Unhurt, and saved him from the dire intent.
 This galled the Archdestroyer of human kind. 320
 His spirit shook with terror and dismay, —
 He felt from far of Deity th' approach.
 Now Jesus turned his healing countenance
 On Samma, and his look suffuzed divine
 Restoring power. The wretched man forthwith 325
 Acknowledged and adored the Lord of life.
 Into his morbid visage marks of health
 Anon returned. He wept aloud to heav'n,
 Would speak, but could not utter words for joy;
 To the Redeemer he op'd wide his arms, 330
 And looked with transport and with eye consol'd
 Down from the pendent rock which he had climb'd.
 Thus when a pensive soul, with doubts perplex'd,
 Involved in contemplation, still uncertain,
 Despairs of th' endless state of her existence; 335
 She feels a secret tremour, and with dread
 Starts shuddering from annihilation back.
 But now a kindred sympathizing soul,
 (Established in the firm belief of life
 Eternal, and relying confident 340
 On promises divine) approaches glad,
 And consolation to her friend imparts.
 Then the dejected and despairing soul
 Revives and soon, with new-imbibed pow'r,
 From doubts and sad perplexity' extricates, 345
 And is rejoicing in existence now,
 Triumphant praising God, as though become
 A second time immortal. Even so
 The wretched Samma felt that peace of God,
 Which is beyond the power of comprehension. 350

Now the Messiah spake with potent voice
 To Satan, saying: Spirit of perdition,
 Who art Thou, that e'en in my presence dar'st
 Thus to distress and torture human kind, —
 Man who, to be redeemed, was preordain'd? — 255

A sullen growling voice, with wrathful sound,
 Reply'd: I am the king of th' earth, e'en Satan,
 The most exalted deity of the host
 Of independent Spirits, from the thrall
 Of heaven emancipated, to whom I 260

Appoint employment more congenial far
 To their heroic minds, than the employ
 Of heavenly songsters. When thy fame was heard,
 And e'en attained the distant gates of hell,
 O mortal Seer! (for Mary will, I wot, 265

Not bring forth aught immortal!) — I, the prince
 Of hell's domain, ascended to behold
 This Saviour, by celestial slaves proclaim'd.
 Thou dost perhaps in my credulity

Exult, and well thou may'st: E'en I, the prince 270
 Of hell ascended, this new foe to see.

But thou becam'st a man, a dreaming Seer,
 Like them whom my attendant, potent death,
 Hath silenced and with kindred dust laid low.

And consequently I thy mighty feats 275
 To heed disdain'd. But not to be inactive,
 I have tormented, thou hast witnessed such,

The human race whom thou dost seem to view
 With more than with fraternal sympathy.

Behold, in this pale countenance display'd, 280
 The marks of death, imprinted by mine hand! —

I hasten now to hell. My potent foot,
 With irresistible might, shall desolate

The earth and spacious ocean, to produce
 A path commodious for my quick descent. 285

If thou 'gainst me dost harbour some design,
 Then make thy prowess known while I am gone;

For I do purpose shortly to return,
 This my domain to rule and to protect,

Which I acquired by conquest. — But first die, 290
 Forsaken Wretch! here in my presence perish,

And let me see who dares afford thee aid.

So spake the Fiend and burst with hellish rage
 On Samma. But a secret power, resembling

His omnipotence of the Eternal Father, 295

When with a nod he hurls on sinful worlds
 Destruction down; went from the calm and silent
 Redeemer forth, despoiling Satan's malice.
 Precipitant the Fiend fled, and forgot,
 With potent foot and irresistible might, 300
 To desolate the ocean and the earth.

The healed man now from the rock came down.
 Nebuchadnezzar, from Euphrates thus
 Returned, when by the counsel of those Angels
 Who guard the earth and, to th' Eternal Will 305
 Subordinate, in destiny preside;

His faculties of reason were restor'd,
 And he again to heaven could raise his face.
 The terrors of the Lord omnipotent
 Amid the roar tumultuous of Euphrate 310
 Not longer smote as though from Sinai hurl'd,
 With livid lightnings and with whirlwinds yok'd.
 Nebuchadnezzar now the pensile hights
 Of Babylon ascended, not through pride
 Imagining himself to be a god; 315

With gratitude prostrating in the dust,
 He worshipped the Eternal God of heav'n.
 So Samma was descending now the rock,
 And prostrate fell to the Redeemer's feet.

May I attend Thee, holy man of God? 320
 Permit that henceforth I may follow Thee,
 And consecrate my life, by Thee restor'd,
 To serving Thee! — And saying so, he threw
 His trembling arms with fervour round the Lord,
 Who with benign complacence on him look'd, 325
 And said, with friendly mien: Attend me not,
 But go, and henceforth often tarry near
 Mount Calvary; thine eyes shall there the hope
 Of Abraham and all the Prophets see.

While Jesus spake to Samma, Joel turn'd 330
 To John and said with timid innocence:
 Conduct me, Rabbi, to the man of God,
 That he may listen when to him I speak.
 Th' affectionate Disciple by the hand
 Led him to Jesus, whom with innocent 335
 And sweet simplicity the boy address'd:

Then, O Thou blessed Prophet from on high,
 I and my father may not Thee attend?
 But ah, may I presume to speak my thoughts,
 Why dost Thou tarry here among the tombs? 340

Why dost Thou stay in such a doleful place?
 The sight of dead men's bones doth chill my blood.
 Come, Holy man, come with us to the house,
 To which my father now with joy returns.
 My mother will with gladness wait on Thee. 345
 Sweet milk and honey, and the choicest fruit
 Shall be thy diet. Whitest fleece of lambs
 Shall yield Thee raiment. And, when summer comes,
 To our delightful garden, Blessed Seer,
 I will conduct Thee where, when noon-tide heat 350
 Oppresseth, Thou shalt slumber in the shade
 Of spreading trees that father gave to me. —
 But my Benoni, Oh, my dear Benoni!
 My brother! thee I must leave with the dead!
 Not longer wilt thou tend with me the flow'rs, 355
 And water them; with brotherly affection
 Awake me on cool evening; My Benoni! —
 Behold, O holy Prophet, there he lies
 Among the dead, there in the dust interr'd. —
 Jesus with tenderness beheld the boy, 360
 And said to his disciple: Wipe his tears.
 I found in him more candour and affection,
 Than I have found in many of riper years. —
 So saying, the Messiah tarried still
 With his disciple 'among the silent tombs. 365
 Meanwhile the Fiend, in clouds and smoke involv'd,
 Athwart the valley of Jehoshaphat
 Proceeded, cross'd the sea of deadly waters,
 O'er cloud-capp'd Carmel tower'd, and soared tow'rd heav'n.
 With look malign he view'd the stately fabric 370
 Of our terraqueous sphere, that still retain'd
 E'en after the elapse of countless ages
 Since the creation, all the splendid charms,
 With which the Thunderer dread invested it.
 But Satan, apprehensive lest the stars 375
 Of morn, with silent triumph, should discern
 How in his ruinous overthrow he lost
 The splendour that distinguished him in heav'n;
 Himself he with ethereal radiance rob'd,
 The semblance of Jehovah's works to show. 380
 But the effulgent vesture soon became
 A burthen to th' Apostate. And o'erwhelm'd
 With terror, he in haste to hell rushed down,
 Already by the outmost boundaries
 Of systems like a hurricane descending, 385

Immeasurable voids with twilight dun
 Op'd drear before him like space infinite.
 These voids he vainly terms: The frontiers new
 Of empire, to th' infernal realms annex'd.
 The outmost systems of creation fair, 390
 Still throw faint evanescent rays of light
 Into these dreary voids. But the abyss
 Of hell is far beyond them. The Almighty
 Hath fix'd that place of torture dire and death,
 Far from his happy creatures and himself, 395
 In horror and perpetual night ingulph'd.
 No place of death and torture could be found
 In regions where th' Almighty doth display
 His grace and mercy. The Eternal form'd
 The direful place, terrible, awfully perfect, 400
 Of justice to' answer the vindictive plan.
 In three most awful nights God formed hell,
 And from it turn'd his countenance for ever.
 Two of the most heroic Angels guard
 The direful place, by the Creator thus 405
 Commissioned, when he armed them with his might,
 When with his benediction he enjoin'd
 Their keeping evermore the place of death
 And all the powers of darkness in restraint,
 Lest the infuriate Spirits should the fair 410
 Creation with infernal plagues assail.
 Where these two Angels near the gate of hell
 Majestic with commanding eye maintain
 Their station, thither rolls in ample stream,
 From the celestial realms and happy worlds 415
 Beatitude, like rivulets convolv'd,
 That flow from kindred springs and in their course
 Perpetual, never to th' oblique incline;
 Lest these heroic Angels there should lose,
 Forlorn in dreary solitude remote, 420
 That bliss which the Celestials e'er derive
 From viewing the Almighty's splendid works.
 Near this effulgent stream the Fiend askance
 To hell descended, and with ire and rage
 Rushed half-recoiling through her gates, and mounted, 425
 Amid a cloud of smoking mist, his high
 Infernal throne. All eyes with dark despair
 And night o'ercast, no one his entrance saw,
 Save Zophiel, of th' infernal heralds one.
 He saw the mist ascending Satan's throne, 430

And said to one who nearest to him stood:
 Is Satan's kingly majesty to hell
 Returning? Doth yon thick and smoking cloud
 His long-desired return to us announce? —
 While Zophiel spake these words, the mist dispers'd. 436
 The Fiend at once with frowning front appear'd
 High on his throne, eminent amid the Curs'd.
 The vassal herald flew with instant speed
 To the volcano which is wont to' announce,
 O'er pendent rocks remote and through drear vales, 440
 With streams of liquid fire and thundering noise,
 The Fiend's return to the infernal regions.
 Now Zophiel on the wings of hurricanes burst
 Through veins combustive, caves, gaps, apertures,
 Until the mountain's smoking mouth he reach'd. 445
 The fiery tempest kindled, all the region
 Of darkness dire was visible. All beheld,
 By distant glimmering light, the king of hell.
 The habitants of the abyss approach'd.
 And the most potent Spirits came with haste, 450
 Themselves next Satan on the groaning steps
 Of the infernal throne with pomp to seat.

Thou, who with fervour and serenity
 Survey'at the awful gulph, th' abyss of hell,
 And dost at once discern unruffled calm 455
 And satisfaction of vindictive justice
 In the Eternal's countenance, when thus
 He apostates punisheth; Intelligence
 Immortal, though with Sion-scenes more pleas'd,
 Instruct me, how infernal scenes to sing. 460
 Thy aid impart and let thy powerful voice
 Like thundering tempests in my lay resound.

Adramelech came first, than Satan more
 Malign and hypocritical a Spirit.
 His breast with rancour and inveterate hate 465
 Still burn'd against th' Archfiend for having first
 Th' apostacy excited, which himself,
 Though secretly, contemplated before.
 His actions never tended, Satan's pow'r
 To further, but his own perverse designs 470
 And devillish interest. Since remotest time
 He constantly was planning projects, how
 Himself to the supremacy of hell
 He might exalt; to fire th' infernal king,
 Once more vain war with the Most High to wage; 475

Or banish him for ever to yon void,
 That from th' infernal gulph parts happy worlds;
 Or how he might obtain, if all should fail,
 The victory by power in single test.
 Such schemes he formed already when the host 490
 Of Rebel-Angels overthrown, with ruin
 And hideous rout before the conqueror fled.
 When yawning hell already on them clos'd,
 He came alone and last, before his breast,
 With brazen armour deck'd, of blazing gold 495
 A splendid tablet bearing, and aloud
 He called, that hell resounded with his voice:
 Why flee the kings? In triumph, dauntless Peers
 Who dare assert our independence, ye
 Should take possession of our new domains 499
 Of splendour and of immortality.
 While the Messiah and heaven's potent King
 With volleys of their newly-invented thunder,
 Pursued you, in their work of war absorb'd,
 I unobserv'd entered the sanctuary, 495
 Conveying thence this tablet, which unfolds,
 How we to greatness wondrously shall rise,
 And shall unrivalled independence gain.
 Approach and the authentic records see,
 Which from celestial archives I convey'd. 500
 And heed, O Peers, what destiny reveals. —
 Of the celestial hosts, whom the Most High
 Is still controlling in inglorious thrall,
 E'en one of them, by innate virtue taught, 505
 Will once discover that he is a god.
 Attended by companions deify'd,
 He will from heaven depart and find abode
 In regions solitary and hence remote.
 These he inhabits with reluctance first.
 The Victor thus, for whom all worlds I form'd, 510
 Who will constrain them from celestial realms,
 (Such is my Will immutable and eternal!)
 In solitude first over chaos reign'd.
 But all who leave celestial realms, shall enter
 Those dreary regions firm and undismay'd. 515
 Those regions shall be wondrously transform'd,
 Realms from them shall arise that rival heav'n,
 And Satan shall of them be the creator.
 Yet from before the Throne he shall receive
 The plan, designed by the hand divine. 520

So says the God of gods, who circumscribes
 All space, and by his power rules every world. —
 But hell believed him not. In vain they strove
 To fancy this an oracle from heav'n. —
 Jehovah heard the Blasphemer, and said : 525
 This Reprobate doth likewise testify
 My glory. — From the countenance of God
 The judgment instantaneously went forth.
 In lowest hell, with hideous turbulence,
 A flaming mass rolled tow'rd the aca of death, 530
 This in it's eddying progress overwhelm'd
 Adramelech, with force impetuous him
 Into the flaming gulph precipitating.
 He there was seven nights in torture toss'd,
 Long after this, a temple for the most 535
 Exalted deity he reared, in which
 As priest he officiated, placing high
 The golden tablet in the lofty shrine.
 The antiquated fabrication ne'er
 Was heeded; yet some servile hypocritea 540
 To it resort and, when Adramelech
 Is present, humbly worship the deceit;
 But they deride it when he sees them not.
 Forth from this pageant fabric now advanc'd
 Adramelech, concealing in his breast 545
 His latent rancour and infuriate hate,
 And took a seat at th' Archapostate's side,
 Then Moloch fierce approach'd, a martial Spirit.
 From mountains and intrenchments huge he came,
 Which still he rears, thus the domains of hell 550
 To fence, in case the Thundering Warrior e'er,
 (He thus the dread Eternal nominates,)
 From heaven descending, should th' abyss molest.
 Oft when above the flaming ocean's shores
 The dreary day with smoking mists advances, 555
 The habitants of the abyss behold
 Fierce Moloch, how with doubtful steps beneath
 Vast burthens and with stunning noise assail'd,
 Most weary with the toil, he strives to gain
 The summit of some mountain, newly pil'd. 560
 Such higher rear'd than th' arched vaults of hell,
 He stands aloft among the clouds and weens
 The falling burthen's crash to be loud thunder.
 The conquerors of th' earth the warrior view
 With wonder and amaze. And when with haste 565

He was advancing, boisterous, from these piles;
 They all before him with respect retir'd.
 In sable armour clad, which to his pace
 Resounded, he advanced as dreaded storms
 Amid dun lowering clouds. The mountains shook 570
 Before him, and behind, the trembling rock
 In shattered fragments sunk. Thus he advanc'd
 And soon attained the First Revolter's throne.
 Belial next appeared, from deserts wild
 Advancing and from gloomy forests drear, 575
 Whence roll with sable current streams of death,
 From sources, evermore by hovering mists
 And noxious fogs concealed, to Satan's throne.
 With sullen mood and silent he advanc'd.
 Vain, ever vain are all his persevering 580
 Exertions to transform the fields of hell,
 Semblance to dales of happy worlds to bear.
 Thou smilest sublime, Eternal, from thy Throne
 Beholding, how he strives to intercept
 And stem the roaring boisterous hurricane, 585
 Which fain as fanning breezes he would waft
 Along the streams of death. Still howls the blast
 On his destructive wings, tremendous, ride
 Jehovah's terrors; and his progress dire
 With desolation through th' abyss is mark'd. 590
 The Demon oft with furious hate revives
 Remembrance sad of yon immortal Spring
 That, like a youthful Seraph, smiles around
 In heavenly realms. Ah, if he could transmute
 The dreary and nocturnal dales of hell 595
 To regions of delight! But vain is all
 His painful toil. He frowns, and in despair
 Indignant stamps the barren ground and sighs.
 No culture can the doleful night remove,
 Nor render blasted fields of hell prolific. 600
 He still beholds a universal blank,
 A scene of endless woe. Embittered sorely,
 And fraught with fell revenge against him who
 Expelled, from blissful scenes and realms of light,
 The rebel-crew, he came to Satan's throne. 605
 Thou Magog likewise, in thy deadly gulph
 Of waters, saw'st th' infernal king's return.
 Amid a roaring whirlpool Magog rose.
 On towering surges riding, he divided
 With ample foot the sable main of death. 610

The spouting billows raged, now boomed aloft
To mountain-high, then burst, and with tremendous,
With overbearing ruinous portent,
Dashed down into the fathomless recess.
The Demon cursed God. His blasphemies 615
Incessantly rebellow from his mouth.
He vented, ever since from heaven cast out,
His ire in blasphemy and in execrations.
And, fired with black revenge, he labours still,
Regardless when his toil shall terminate; 620
Th' infernal regions to destroy and waste.
Now on dry land he, with a towering surge
From which he bounded, dashed with all her hills,
With purpose to effect his vain design,
A promontory huge into the deep. 625

The Fiends came thus to the infernal throne.
Like islands that, from their foundations torn,
Impetuous onward rush, so they advanc'd
With hideous uproar and with tumult wild.
Inferior Spirits countless with them throng'd, 630
Like waves of th' ocean that successive roll
Against the basis of some towering rock.
Unnumbered myriads of the clan appear'd,
And thronged around the First Revolter's throne.
They all advanc'd with music and with song. 635
To everlasting infamy consign'd,
They sing their own exploits, by broken harps
Accompanied. Jehovah's thunder broke them.
They now emit discordant notes of death.
As when the hoar Northwind, on brazen car, 640
E'en after some tremendous sanguine conflict
At midnight hour, o'er fields of battle rides,
His roarings intermix'd with shouts and groans
Of victor and of vanquish'd combatants,
The dismal roarings by the echo's roar 645
Redoubled; such was the discordant sound.

When Satan heard and saw their near approach,
He rose with joy tumultuous on his throne,
And took a wide survey of all around.
Remote he saw the groveling Atheist-crew, 650
An abject race, among whom Gog stood forth,
Their Leader, supereminent in stature
And phrency. All a scoffing port assum'd,
And laboured to imagine, all they saw
In heaven, was the vision of a dream. 655

The thought obtruding, that th' Omnipotent
 Exists, and is eternal; first was Sire,
 Then Judge supreme: when thought of this obtrudes,
 They feel within them rage indignant. Yet,
 Their self-conviction not thus to betray, 660
 They th' airs of scorn and ridicule assum'd.
 But Satan view'd them with contempt. He knows,
 With all his dark excesses knows, th' Eternal
 Existent, the Omnipotent God, Jehovah.
 Th' Archfiend, now in deep thought, looked slowly round 665
 On all th' assembled Spirits, and anon
 Resumed his seat. As when a brooding storm
 Still lowers and hovers over some remote
 Inhospitable mountain, slowly thence
 With menace dire expanding o'er the heav'ns; 670
 So sate a while in silent thought the Fiend.
 At once, impetuous, thousand thunders burst
 Forth from his mouth. He said: If ye, undaunted
 And formidable Bands, if still ye are
 The same, who during those three dreadful days, 675
 Close to my side, on the celestial plains
 Maintained the doubtful conflict; then regard
 Triumphant, what respecting the delay
 Of my return from th' earth I shall impart.
 Not this alone. Ye shall moreover know, 680
 How I design to put our prowess forth,
 To mortify and gall our foe Jehovah.
 He sooner shall the whole creation blast,
 Reduce the earth to nothing, and destroy
 His favoured creature man, e'er he shall wrest 685
 The government of th' earth from my firm hold!
 E'en hell itself, the universe he shall
 Annihilate, and reign in solitude
 Again o'er chaos, ere he my design
 Shall frustrate, ere my purposes he foil. 690
 Yea, we will independent gods remain,
 Though he should mission thousand Mediators!
 Nay, if Himself e'en should to th' earth descend,
 His creatures as Messiah to redeem;
 We still will rule the earth that we possess. 695
 But 'gainst whom do I vent my indignation?
 Who is this new, born deity, this god,
 Who bears e'en in a body of mortal mould
 Divinity, that gods of these domains
 Should stand astonish'd, as though they conceiv'd 700

Of their exalted nature new ideas?
Or as projecting some new plan to' augment
Our empire? Can ye imagine, one of yon
Despotic Arbiters of fate in heav'n
Should, to facilitate our conquering him, 706
Descend to th' earth, and from the womb come forth
Of a mortal mother; then make war on us,
Who bade defiance to their power in heav'n?
On us whom they know powerful and relentless?
Should such be possible? Can th' Eternal act 710
So inconsistent with his nature, He,
Whom Satan with collected might oppos'd? —
Some timorous few indeed are present here,
Who with ignoble fear before him fled;
Without contention, when his voice they heard, 715
Forsaking mortals whom they had tormented.
Pusillanimous Wretches, tremble! hide
Your faces, lest th' assembled gods should see
Your shame. Why, Dastards, did ye from him flee?
Why did ye, both unworthy of yourself 720
And me, why did ye call this Jesus, Son
Of the Eternal God? — But that the whole
Assembly may know henceforth, who it is,
That fain would be in Israel a God;
I will the Dreamer's history relate. 725
Hear it, assembled gods, triumphant hear.
The nation that along the Jordan dwells,
(A people most of all beneath the sun
Devoted to the dreams of prophesies.)
Maintains a fanatic tradition still, 730
By which a Saviour will among them rise,
Who from surrounding foes for evermore
Will rescue them and will invest their state
With splendour, which they ne'er before attain'd.
Ye recollect that some time since, some pow'rs 735
Of our assembly came and here declar'd,
How they from heaven effulgent hosts had seen
On Tabor, who with reverend joy proclaim'd
The name of Jesus, till the mountain shook,
Till cedars trembled to the clouds aloft, 740
And palm-groves with the name of Jesus rung;
That Gabriel with supercilious pride,
As though with triumph, from the mountain came,
Of th' Israelitish women greeting one,
In manner to Immortals only due; 745

And reverend said, — She should bring forth a king,
 Who with strong arm would David's sceptre away,
 And would the glory of Israel augment;
 His name should Jesus be, a Son divine;
 And that his kingdom, should of end be void. 750
 But why were ye astonished at these tidings?
 I saw much more. But naught can terrify me? —
 That ye may see my intrepidity

In danger, (if it may be danger deem'd,
 That on our earth a visionary Seer 755
 Arise, and claim the homage due to gods!)
 I will, what during my late stay on earth
 I testified, ingenuously declare.

The Fiend the scars of thunder now beheld,
 Which he about him bore. He was dismay'd. 760
 But thus not from himself to shrink, he strove
 Afresh to fire his breast, and thus proceeded.

I tarried on the earth, with thousand fears
 And apprehensions tortured, still the birth
 Of this divine Redeemer to await. — 765

Ah, soon he will from Mary's womb come forth!
 Before a fleeting look traverse the sky;
 Before the mind of gods, though fired with wrath,
 Can to a new idea existence give;

He will grow up to heaven, and anon 770
 Bestride the spacious ocean and the earth.

Behold, in his right hand he will support
 The sun and moon, and balance in his left
 The morning-stars, while he majestic rides
 Oh tempests, from innumerable spheres 775
 Collected; and, attended by grim death,
 Rushes irresistibly on to victory.

He comes! he comes! destruction goes before him!
 Flee, Satan, flee! lest with omnipotence
 He strike thee, hurl thee through a thousand worlds, 780
 And dash thee down to void and endless space
 Impetuous, of all sense, of recollection,
 Of life itself deprived, then utterly
 Subdued, and thus without retrieval lost.

Such, O ye powers of hell, were my vain fears. 785
 But he was pleased to become a child!
 A helpless weeping infant, every wise
 Resembling man, who is no sooner born,
 Than he with tears and cries bewails his lot;
 A frail and helpless being, weak and mortal. 790

Indeed a choir of the celestial Spirits
 Attended at his birth, and struck their harps,
 As though they were rejoicing. They sometime
 Still visit th' earth, which we have subjugated,
 Now to behold receptacles of the dead, 796
 Where paradises they were wont to see.
 Then they return with tearful eyes to heav'n,
 And, to console themselves, attune their harps,
 And sing Jehovah's praise. So it was now.
 They, disappointed, hastened — left the babe — 800
 Or if ye rather hear it so, — they left
 The Lord of all the heavens — in the dust. —
 Soon after this he fled from me. But I
 To frustrate him, disdained. So weak a foe
 Was far too insignificant to' excite 806
 In me any hostile measures, far beneath
 My dignity. Yet, not to be inactive,
 I prompted mine elected servant Herod,
 A group of babes at Bethlehem to slay.
 The streaming blood, the dying agonies 810
 Of the helpless brood, the shrieks and piercing cries
 Of their disconsolate mothers, places deck'd
 With mangled corpses, mix'd with rising souls;
 All constituted most delightful odours
 To me, who am the father and the great 816
 Supporter of all human miseries,
 Doth yonder not the shade of Herod glide? —
 Say, Abject Soul, say was it not myself,
 Who in thy breast excited the resolve,
 At Bethlehem all infants to destroy? — 820
 Can the despotic Ruler of the heav'ns
 Prevent my brooding, with mine inspiration,
 In secret over souls, although they are
 In no wise meanest of his toilsome works?
 Can he prevent my leading them to ruin? — 826
 Forsaken Wretch, thy yelling lamentations;
 Thy groans of blank despair, and vain remorse;
 The howling cries of those whom, without cause,
 Thou murderedst, that in their sins thy died,
 Both thee and their Creator cursing; these 830
 Do now delight and satiate thy destroyer.
 When Herod died, assembled gods, the boy
 From Egyp's flowery dales anon return'd,
 And in a doating mother's fond embrace
 Grew up unknown, obscure and unobserv'd. 836

No youthful fire, no eterprising mind,
 Incited him to bold and grand exploits,
 That might have rendered him aught formidable.
 Yet, peradventure, while in desert wilds
 He roved, and on the lonely banks of Jordan, 840
 He formed plans, that menace fearfully
 The overthrow of our infernal pow'rs,
 Against which now we must perhaps exert
 Our latent craft and all our might consult,
 Lest he should e'en the powers of hell dethrone 845
 And every opposition thus defy? —
 But he, instead of forming deep-laid plans,
 Amused himself with trifles, with the views
 Of nature, views of flowery hills and dales;
 With womanish attention to a group 850
 Of children, who around him ever throng'd;
 And with the servile praises of that Being,
 Who form'd him and th' unheeded worm of dust.
 Yea, I should have been wholly lost for lack
 Of avocation, had the human race 855
 Not constantly been sacrificing souls
 To me, whom I escorted past the gates
 Of heavenly realms, to people these domains.
 At last however it appeared as though
 He would become more notable. Once while he 860
 As wont, roamed on the Jordan-banks along,
 The Glory of th' Omnipotent descended
 In radiant beams from heaven. I beheld it!
 These mine immortal eyes e'en on the banks
 Of Jordan saw th' effulgent blaze descend, 865
 No unsubstantial splendour, no false show
 Deluded me. It was that glory, God
 In heaven on prostrate adoration beams,
 But why so evidently it was display'd,
 Whether it was intended to distinguish 870
 This mortal, or to ascertain, if we
 With unremitted vigilance our posts
 On earth maintain; this I donot decide.
 I heard indeed some powerful thunders roll,
 Which were succeeded by a voice from heav'n 875
 Aloud proclaiming: This is my Belov'd,
 A Son according to my heart's desire! —
 Eloah doubtless uttered these words,
 Or some great Seraph near Jehovah's throne,
 Who vainly thought to strike me with amaze. 880

Jehovah's voice it was not — could not be.
 By the profoundest hell, most dreary night,
 And all th' infernal horrors, I protest,
 'Twas not the voice that thundered from the throne
 Of heaven's Omnipotent, when he impos'd 885
 His coeternal Son, the great Messiah.
 Indeed a gloomy misanthropic Seer,
 Who, melancholy, desert wilds frequents
 And lonely tracts; exclaimed likewise when he
 Beheld this Jesus: Lo, the Lamb of God, 890
 That bears the manifold misdeeds of men!
 Hail, Saviour of the world, Immanuel, hail!
 Thou didst exist before the worlds were made,
 E'en from eternity! Mercy and grace
 Thou didst on man bestow. By Moses came the Law, 895
 But by the Lord's Anointed cometh Truth
 And Righteousness! — Is not this lofty and most
 Prophetic? — So it is when Visionaries
 Attest eachother. Their fanaticism
 Incites them, sacred mazes to construct, 900
 And we immortal gods are deemed too mean,
 Too impotent, to draw aside the veil,
 And to explore diaphanous recess
 Of mysteries and hallowed conceits.
 Will not he e'en impose on us the gross 905
 Absurdity, that the sublime Messiah,
 Jehovah's Thunderer who, omnipotent,
 Contended with us all, till we attain'd
 These new domains; will not the Visionary
 Persuade us that this noble foe, this great 910
 And powerful opponent, assumed the form,
 Which we at pleasure can reduce to dust? —
 Yet e'en himself, this mortal son of th' earth,
 Of whom that dreamer dreams, doth entertain
 No vulgar notions of his dignity. 915
 He often fancies that the slumbering Sick
 Are dead, and straight he to them life restores.
 But this is only interlude. He soon
 Will rescue all the human race from death,
 From death and sin! From sin, that power which innate 920
 In every breast, doth constantly revolt
 Against the laws, by the Most High impos'd;
 From death, that potent victor who, whene'er
 We give the signal, executes his office,
 And fells whole generations at a blow. 925

You likewise, you tormented souls, whom I
 Collect innumerable like the waves
 Of th' ocean, like the stars, like worshippers
 Of the Omnipotent; you, overwhelm'd
 In this abyss with everlasting night 835
 Of horrors; and amid these horrors scorch'd
 With penal fire; amid th' unquenchable flame,
 Still tortured with my taunting scourge; you also
 He means from death to save. And we, the pow'r
 Of these infernal regions, we shall lie 836
 Before him prostrate, prostrate at the feet
 Of this — this Mortal, newly deify'd!
 Thus, what our foe with his omnipotence
 Could not wrest from us, he, a dreaming Seer,
 Subject to death, will e'en of arms devoid, 840
 From us obtain. But rescue first thyself,
 Presumptuous Arrogate, from the power of death,
 And then save others. He shall die! Yes, die
 Shall he who by his prowess means to rescue,
 Whom Satan hath subdued. My powerful arm 845
 Shall crush thee, and to dust reduce thy frame,
 Disfigured, pale and gored with swelling wounds.
 Then to thine eyes that, shrouded with the shades
 Of everlasting night, not longer see,
 I will exclaim: Behold, the dead awake! 850
 And to thine ears that then not longer hear,
 For evermore deaf to the sound of voice,
 Say: Hark, a noise proclaims the resurrection,
 The grave resigns the dead! and to thy soul,
 For ever separated from the body, 855
 Directing peradventure her fleet course
 To hell, the victory also there to' obtain;
 To her I will with thundering voice exclaim,
 Will speak to her out of a fearful storm:
 Why dost thou loiter? Come, with haste descend; 860
 Thou didst obtain the victory on earth,
 Thou hast subdued the gods! Acclaims of joy
 And triumph now await thee! Choirs of souls
 And gods, with the solemnity of hell
 Come forth to meet thee, and to introduce 865
 Thee to the presence of th' infernal king! —
 Jehovah either must, while I am here,
 Take th' earth, take him, and all the human race
 To heaven, or I execute the plan,
 Which my experienced wisdom hath projected. 870

I will accomplish what I have resolv'd on,
 And he shall die! As I am death's creator
 And powerful protector, not to be
 Subjected while eternity shall last;
 This man shall die! I will disperse his dust, 975
 E'en in Jehovah's presence I will strew
 His ashes on the dreadful tracts of hell.
 Such, Ye assembled gods, is my resolve.
 And thus your king takes vengeance on his foes. —
 The Archapostate ceased. When he concluded, 980
 From the Messiah dread amaze went forth
 Against him. Still the Son divine remain'd,
 In thought absorbed, among the lonely tombs.
 A leaf brought to his feet a dying worm.
 He gave it life. But with that look which spar'd 985
 Th' expiring insect, he smote, Satan, thee,
 And with amaze o'erwhelm'd thee. The abyss,
 Beneath the judgment that went out from Jesus,
 Sunk lower; and tartarean night o'erwhelm'd
 The vaunting Fiend. The Demons stood aghast, 990
 And, petrified with dire astonishment
 And horror saw, how judgment smote their Chief.
 Near Satan's throne, in solitude recluse,
 With keenest anguish tortured and with grief,
 Sate Abdiel Abbadona. In his mind, 995
 Silent and sad, he time elaps'd revolv'd,
 And bale futurity, still more appalling.
 Darkest dismay his countenance o'ercast.
 He saw the pains of hell accumulate
 In infinite succession and, devoid 1000
 Of interlapse, through all eternity.
 Anon he took a retrospective view
 Of time elapsed when, innocent, he was
 Th' exalted Seraph Abdiel's cordial friend. —
 Jehovah's approbation Abdiel gain'd 1005
 When, on the day of the apostacy,
 He bravely Satan's taunting host forsook,
 And with unshaken faith return'd
 Alone and unperverted to his Maker.
 Lost Abbadona with his noble Friend 1010
 Already from Jehovah's foes withdrew.
 But Satan's blazing chariot that, emboss'd
 With various blandishments, was rolling round
 Th' apostates, as with presage, them anon
 Triumphant back to bring; the martial clangour 1015

Of trump Seraphic, with redundant sound
 Inviting them to' assume the hostile field;
 And the tumultuous shouts of powerful hosts,
 All with the thoughts of deity elate,
 Prevailed on Abbadona. He return'd. 1030
 His friend, with chiding looks of love, essay'd
 Still on him to prevail to haster hence.
 But thinking now, he was to be a god,
 He, to the once so powerful reproof
 Of his most cordial friend, gave no more heed. 1025
 He came with the delusive prospect back
 To Satan. Now with heaving sighs and moans
 And grievous lamentations, in himself
 Abstracted, he the history revolves
 Of his unspeckled youth; remembers still the morn, 1030
 When he, with blissful innocence and pure,
 From his divine Creator's hands came forth.
 Unto the Abdiels God existence gave
 In one auspicious moment. And when both
 Beheld each other, they with innate joy 1035
 Commun'd thus: O Beloved, what are we?
 And whence did we derive our being? Oh,
 Do we indeed exist? Sawest thou me first?
 Remembrest thou aught? Come, Celestial Friend,
 Embrace me, and impart to me thy thoughts! — 1040
 And lo, th' effulgent glory from on high
 With benediction overshadow'd them.
 They saw at once innumerable hosts
 Of new-born Seraphim, and splendid clouds
 Bore them aloft to the Eternal's presence. 1045
 They saw Jehovah, and him — Creator nam'd. —
 The sad remembrance tortured Abbadona.
 And from his swimming eyes the tears gushed forth,
 As from the hills of Bethlehem blood flow'd,
 When th' Infants died beneath the Tyrant's hand. — 1050
 He was appalled with horror when he heard
 The sentiments of Satan. Now he rose,
 But ere his words found utterance, thrice he sigh'd,
 As brothers sigh who on the dreadful field
 Of slaughter thrust into each other's breast 1055
 The deadly steel and, whelting in their blood,
 Their brotherhood first recognize, with breath
 Expiring then their strong emotions uttering.
 So sighing Abbadona at last began.
 Though by the whole assembly e'er oppos'd, 1060

I will not heed it, but express my thoughts,
 Lest me th' Almighty's judgment overwhelm,
 As now it overwhelmed, Satan, thee!
 Yes know it, most insufferable Fiend,
 Thee as thy machinations I abhor! 1065
 Me, me! this mine immortal essence, thou
 Hast torn from my divine Creator's hands!
 O may he at thine hands perpetually
 Require it! may the endless cry of all,
 Whom thou hast ruin'd — all th' immortal hosts, 1070
 In horror and tartarean night ingulph'd;
 May, with the roarings of the sea of death,
 Their hideous cries and dreadful lamentations,
 In thundering tempests ever thee o'erwhelm!
 I do renounce all league with thee henceforth! 1075
 I take no part in slaying the divine
 Messiah! Ah, Revolter, knowest thou
 'Gainst whom thy hellish fury thou dost vent?
 Say, is it not against him, whom thou know'st
 Thy Victor, spite of all thy glozing vaunts? 1080
 Who, notwithstanding thou dost strive to hide
 Thy consternation, strikes thee with dismay? —
 But if the God of heaven resolves to free
 The human race from misery and from death,
 Thou dost in vain his fix'd resolve oppose! — 1085
 The Blessed Mediator thou wilt slay?
 Hast thou forgotten, Satan, how he once
 Defeated thee? Hath he, omnipotent,
 Not yet enough on thine audacious front
 Ingrafted, with his thunder, the effects 1090
 Of impious opposition to his Will?
 Or can th' Omnipotent not longer guard
 Against the efforts of our spoiled pow'rs?
 And we who led the human race to death,
 (Woe me, I was accomplice in the deed!) 1095
 Should we enraged against their Saviour rise?
 Should we attempt to slay the Son of God?
 Jehovah's potent Thunderer? and thus
 Exclude ourselves for evermore from hope
 Of some deliverance, or perhaps remote 1100
 Alleviation of our present pains?
 And of so many Spirits, perfect once
 And happy, we the misery augment? —
 O Satan thou, as surely as we feel
 Increase of torment when thou vainly term'st 1105

These regions of perpetual night and horrors,
 Imperial domains! so surely thou
 Returnest with confusion and with shame
 Instead of triumph, from thy vain attempts
 Against the God of heaven and his Messiah. 1110

The Fiend could not his furious wrath contain,
 While Abbadona spake. He shook with rage,
 With hellish menace frown'd. And from his throne
 Would hurl the ponderous ruins of a rock
 On Abbadona. But his trembling arm, 1115
 By rage unnerv'd, sunk useless down his side.
 With impotent dismay he stamp'd and rav'd,
 With rolling eyes gazed thrice on Abbadona,
 Shook thrice with ire indignant, and in vain
 Attempted thrice to speak, — incompetent 1120
 Th' object of his resentment to despise.
 At last a swimming darkness him o'erwhelm'd. —
 Sad Abbadona undismay'd and firm,
 Not angry, stood before him. But the foe
 To God, to man and Satan, — the malign 1125
 Adramelech said: Out of sable storms
 In thunder, Dastard, I will answer thee!
 Darest thou revile the gods? shall one arise
 Of the most abject Spirits, our decrees
 And counsels to resist? Unheeded Slave, 1130
 Art thou tormented, it is by thy mean
 And grovelling thoughts! Arise and hasten hence,
 Pusilanimous Wretch, quickly escape
 The boundaries of our domain, and flee
 Into yon void, there importune, recluse 1135
 Th' Omnipotent, to form for thee abodes
 Of wretchedness, of misery and pain!
 There pass away thine everlasting state.
 But thou wouldst rather die? So perish then.
 Bow and adore the Ruler of the heav'ns! 1140
 Kneel in the dust and prostrate, Slave, to him.
 Thus droop and languish, pine and die away. —
 But thou who ascertainedst in the heav'ns
 Thine wondrous essence, god by innate pow'r;
 Who in opposition stoodst, with kindled ire, 1145
 To heaven's potent Arbitrator: Come,
 Come, Satan, who shalt soon the founder be
 Of worlds and empires, splendid, numberless
 As realms that we disdainfully forsook:
 We in exploits our power will display, 1150

That like the forked lightnings, hurled from heav'n,
 At once shall dazzle and o'erwhelm with fear
 These abject Spirits who, presumptuous, dare
 Stand forth to dissuade us from our emprise.
 Come, to my views mazes of hidden guile, 1155
 Fraught with destruction, ope! This Saviour dies!
 No power shall free him from the labyrinth,
 In which we will his faculties involve.
 And should he our devices all elude; —
 Shouldst Thou, who reignest in the heavens supreme, 1160
 Endow him even with a god's discernment:
 In furious pursuit we will o'ertake
 And conquer him. The plagues that once subdued
 The prosperous, still more beloved of God,
 The happy Job; in quick succession these 1165
 Shall him assail and finally o'erwhelm.
 Flee, fee, Earth? With the powers of death and hell
 Arm'd, we approach! Woe be to him that dares
 Arise against us in our subject world. —
 Adramelech thus. Now with th' Archfiend all 1170
 Tumultuous sided. Long their powerful feet
 Continued stamping on the groaning ground,
 Which sounded sullen like the fall of rocks,
 And shook the main abyss profound of hell.
 From every part, from morn to even-point, 1175
 Their dire vociferation rose. With thoughts
 Of triumph new elate, th' assembly all
 The slaying the divine Messiah approv'd,
 Though deed like this ne'er numbered with crime
 Since time existed and traversed his course. 1180
 Th' Accurs'd Projector of this hideous deed,
 And the malign Adramelech, with rage
 And fell resolve inflamed, now from their throne
 Descended frowning. The huge massive steps
 Trembling resounded under them, and rocks, 1185
 By which they pass'd, on their foundations shook.
 Still after them fierce acclamations roll'd,
 Infuriating the furious Demons more,
 Until they gained the gates of the abyss.
 At distance Abbadona (he alone 1190
 Inflexible remain'd) their course pursued,
 Or yet to wrest them from their black design,
 Or else to see, how the Omnipotent
 Messiah would those monsters overthrow,
 Or with destruction overwhelm them both. 1195

Ah, rage! On your devoted victim vent
 All your infernal rancour! — Oh, my sufferings! —
 Oh, that I were at once exterminated! —
 I curse thee, Day, on which th' Omnific Word/
 Radiant advanced forth from the East, and call'd 1290
 Me into' existence; when th' Immortals said:
 Our brother is! — Fearful Eternity,
 Parent of unremitted torture, why,
 Ah, why didst thou give being to that day?
 Or if of dire necessity it must 1295
 Be emanating, why was not it like
 Th' impenetrable night, of creatures void,
 That shrouds the awful Thunderer on his Throne,
 Pregnated with destruction, curse and death? —
 But whom do I arraign? against whom vent 1300
 The fearful ravings of my tortured mind? —
 Fall on me, Suns! hide me, ye blazing Stars,
 Oh, hide me from the kindled wrath of Him,
 Who from his Throne o'erwhelms me with dismay! —
 O Thou, in judgment inexorable! 1305
 Doth e'en a long eternity no ray
 Of hope emit? will not, Most Righteous Judge,
 Creator, Gracious Father — Alas! despair
 Racks me afresh! Jehovah I blasphem'd!
 I uttered names, I uttered hallowed names, 1310
 Which sinners may not venture to pronounce!
 Distraction! ah, I flee! his thunders roll
 Omnipotent o'er my devoted head!
 I flee! but whither bend my course? I flee! —
 Thus he exclaimed, advanced, on voidness gaz'd: 1315
 Create destructive flame that will devour
 Immortal Spirits! Thy destruction, God,
 Annihilate me! Terminate my state!
 Too dire and too tremendous are thy judgments! —
 He sued in vain. No slaying flame appear'd. 1320
 With inexpressive anguish then he turn'd,
 And tow'rd the fair creation bent his flight.
 At last, exhausted, on a lofty sun
 He rest'd, took a wide survey around,
 And view'd th' unbounded region now beneath. 1325
 There he beheld innumerable stars,
 As blazing oceans on each other thronging,
 And soon descry'd among them, still remote,
 A wandering sphere which, from it's orbit whirl'd,
 Approach'd the blazing sun on which he stood. 1330

Th' approaching sphere, with madding motion moving,
Already for destruction kindled, smok'd.
On it precipitated Abbadona,
Quickly with it to perish. But he, still
Surviving, slow descended to the earth. 1336
A mountain thus on which, in desperate battle,
Men slew each other, covered still and white
With human bones; by an earthquake all ingulph'd,
Is seen no more, as though it ne'er had been.
The Archapostate and Adramelech 1340
Meanwhile approach'd the earth. They onward mov'd
Together, yet by his own devillish thoughts
The mind of each engross'd, they still passed on
With sullen taciturnity and lone.
At last Adramelech before him saw 1344
The earthly globe, veiled with a hovering gloom.
There, there is th' earth, — thus to himself he spake.
Now thoughts throng'd on his mind as rolling waves
Rose on each other, when the ocean first
Divided thee, Remote America, 1350
From three parts huge of our terraqueous globe. —
The earth on which (when once I can effect
The banishment of Satan who still thwarts
My purposes; or conquerring this God,
By thus displaying my superior claims,
Creator of all evil,) I myself 1355
To the desired supremacy shall raise.
By why on earth alone? Why not on yon
Resplendent stars? Too long they have remain'd
Unconquered by my wiles, and dazzling roll'd 1360
With unmolested bliss around the heav'ns!
Yea, death shall also there triumphant reign,
From star to star shall pass, until of heav'n
The boundaries he gain. And the Eternal
Shall menace with his dreaded thunder in vain. 1365
Jehovah's creatures I will then destroy,
Not singly as my Rival Satan doth;
But by whole generations. In the dust
Before me I will lay them, till they all
Before me shrink to nothing and, with pain 1370
Distorted, die in agony and torture.
Then from one star to th' other I will pass
Triumphant and, unrivalled, look around
On my uncircumscribed realms of bale
Blank desolation, and with scorn will view 1375

Surrounding nature, by my power transform'd
 To a general gap, a universal grave.
 And should th' Eternal by Omnic Word
 Be pleased, another universe to form,
 To raise from ruined nature's ashes still 1380
 More countless worlds than round the heavens now roll,
 And habited by deathless beings all;
 My enterprising mind shall still find means
 To ruin them in likemanner, and at last
 Reduce the whole to' a general blank again. 1385
 Then I shall once act worthy of myself,
 Consistent with my dignity and pow'rs.
 And if I likewise could at last contrive
 To slay th' immortal essence of the Spirit,
 Thus to destroy my Rival — Satan — ha! 1390
 Reduce him to nonentity at once! —
 While he exists I never shall perform
 An action that is worthy of myself! —
 Undaunted Principle that dost actuate
 Adramelech, rouse all thy various pow'rs! — 1395
 Infernal maledictions on thine head, —
 Rouse all thy powers, invent, annihilate
 The vital essence of th' immortal Spirit,
 Or perish thou! Yea, rather perish thou,
 Than I exist and be not peramount. 1400
 I will proceed — will go, and summon all
 Mine artifice and craft, convene my thoughts
 E'en like assembled gods in council met;
 They shall devise, explore, — they shall project
 Some latent scheme that will at once set forth 1405
 My might, and will annihilate the Spirit.
 The time is now approaching, which long since,
 Which during an eternity I have
 Awaited, to perform my grand exploits!
 Jehovah seems to rouse himself again 1410
 To action, and, if Satan err not, hath
 Sent to the earth a Saviour who is now
 The regions, we have conquered, to possess;
 And is to save the human race from death.
 But be my Rival not deceived, and be 1415
 This man the greatest of all prophets who
 Have prophesied since Adam lived on earth;
 Nay, be he the Messiah; I will soon
 Subdue him, and display, in conquering him,
 Superior intrepidity, design, 1420

And prowess. I shall then ascend the throne
Of the infernal regions, by the whole
Assembly' of gods proclaim'd as most deserving.
Or, which is still more worthy of myself,
I first will conquer Satan, thus mine so 1425
Inglorious and abject vassalship
Effectually at once to terminate.
Thou, Satan, dost thy might consult, to slay
This Saviour's body! Slay his body, — this
Exploit be thine. I will destroy the soul. 1430
Such mean affairs I leave to thee. Disperse
The ashes of his body to the winds,
Ere thou dost also perish by mine hands.
But the immortal essence of the soul
Will I destroy. That shall be my exploit. — 1435
Such were the thoughts of the malignant Fiend,
Lost in the mazes of his black design.
The Prescient God th' infernal purpose saw,
But viewed it silent. — In his devilish thoughts
Absorbed, Adramelech insensibly, 1440
With lowering brow and malice-wrinkled front,
On thick condensed clouds, that under him
Became as dark as night tartarean, stood.
But by the noise of the revolving motion
Of th' earth, now covered with nocturnal shade, 1445
Roused from his black infernal contemplation;
The wild Revolter his Compeer rejoin'd.
They both advanced and stormed against the Mount
Of Olives, the Redeemer there to find,
Assembled with his confidential friends. 1450
Thus down into the dale destructive cars
Of battle roll, against th' intrepid chief
Of the advancing and undaunted host.
Now brazen warriors throng from every point.
The thnndering crash of the rencounter, clash 1455
Of sword and shield, a sullen iron din,
O'er distant rocks resounds to heaven aloft,
And in the valley scatters death around.
Thus th' Archapostate and Adramelech
Enrag'd down tow'rd the Mount of Olives rush'd. 1460

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO III.

Hail, Earth, maternal Land! Thy smiling lawns
 And fields, rejoicing, I beheld again.
 There I shall rest with those that sleep in God,
 And thou lie cool and lightly on my breast. 5
 But, this I hope to my Redeemer, not
 Until I shall complete the hallowed lay
 Of the atonement. Then these lips, that sung
 The loving Saviour; then these eyes which he
 Hath often filled with tears of joy; shall close.
 And then my friends with mitigated plaint 10
 Shall around my grave collect, and there plant palm
 And never-fading laurel; that I may,
 On the resurrection-morn, come glorious forth
 From amid the silent haunts of verdant grove.
 O Thou who didst conduct me to the dire 15
 Infernal regions, and hast safely now
 Brought my yet-trembling Spirit back to scenes
 Of Sion; Thou Celestial power, that saw'st
 Vindictive Justice in the countenance
 Of the Eternal, wont to smile benign 20
 On all that him, with reverence, fear and love;
 Pour on my soul, with terror still o'erwhelm'd,
 Serenitude and heavenly light, and teach
 Me farther how to sing the great Messiah.
 Still Jesus was with his disciple John 25
 Among the dole receptacles of the dead,
 There meditating, in nocturnal shade,
 On his mysterious nature — Son of God,
 And man, devoted to a painful death.
 The sins that, since the first creation, man 30
 Committed, now before the Saviour pass'd;
 Those also, which posterity, still more
 Depraved, would perpetrate, a hideous group;
 All fleeing from the countenance of God.
 The Archrevolter, with despotic sway, 35

CANTO III. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

59

Among them ruled and, gathering to himself
 The race of men, both sin and sinner forc'd
 Hence from the presence of the Deity.
 Thus a nocturnal whirlpool of the sea
 The smooth and silent main, eddying, ingulphs; 40
 And open for destruction evermore,
 And hid beneath dun clouds and sable heav'ns,
 The too-securely-faring mariner
 Involves, and wanton makes his shattered bark
 Of the impetuous element the sport. 45
 The Mediator saw the hideous group,
 Saw Satan, and to heaven raised his eyes.
 Th' Eternal Father, with solemnity
 Profound, looked down. The countenance of God
 Already judgment stern express'd, — remote, 50
 Already thunders of his anger roll'd.
 Yet smiles of grace ineffable still beam'd
 Down on the Son. The Seraphim aver, —
 Th' Eternal Sire dropp'd now a second tear,
 The first he wept when justice dread pronounc'd 55
 The curse on Adam and his hapless race.
 Thus God the Father and the Son beheld
 Each other. Nature bowed with awe profound
 Before them. All the spheres with reverence
 And hallowed expectation in their orbits 60
 Stood. And with gaze contemplative the Cherub
 Passed by on silent clouds, beholding thence
 Th' Incarnate Saviour and th' Eternal Sire.
 Eloah also 'mid celestial clouds
 Descended to the earth from heaven, and saw 65
 The Blessed Mediator face to face.
 And having counted all the tears of love,
 That Jesus wept on man's behalf, to heav'n
 He reascended. John at once beheld
 The bright Celestial when he soared aloft. 70
 The Blessed Saviour op'd the eyes of John,
 Enabling him the Seraph to discern.
 John viewed him with astonishment, stood, gaz'd,
 Then turned, and with surpassing ecstasy
 Embraced his Lord, and with unspeakable 75
 Sighs named him his Redeemer and his God.
 But the Eleven Disciples who, of late,
 Had lost the presence of their Lord and Friend,
 Dejected roamed, amid the shades of night,
 About the basis of mount Olivet, 80

The Mediator there perhaps to find.
 They all save one (he honoured the Messiah
 Not longer with that purity of love
 Which is acceptable in the sight of God;)

Save him, they all had hearts by vice unsully'd. 85
 Themselves discerned not that righteousness
 Of principle and affection. But Jehovah
 Discern'd it. He their souls with the sublime
 Essential had endowed, by which they once

Should be' able, revelation to discern. 90
 Not him who, after this, unworthy prov'd
 Of his exalted mission, who betray'd
 The Saviour: he might likewise have discern'd
 Divine Revelation, had not he betray'd
 The Son of God, the Saviour of the world. 95

Long ere the souls of the disciples were
 With mortal bodies vested; regal thrones
 For them prepared, stood with the golden thrones
 Of th' Elders, four and twenty; in the presence
 Of the Eternal. But nocturnal clouds

Around one of the twelf, obscuring; once 100
 Were lowering; but these soon again dispers'd,
 And splendour, as before, around it beam'd.
 Eloah then exclaimed: Behold, from him
 It hath been taken, and it is bestow'd

On one who of the honour is more worthy. 105
 Their Guardians, Angels stationed on our earth,
 Of Gabriel's Hierarchy; on the heights
 Of Olivet assembled, the delights
 Of friendship there enjoying, and unseen

Observe how those, intrusted to their charge, 110
 With anxious fear their heavenly Master sought.
 Meanwhile a Seraph from the sun with haste
 Descended, and at once in presence stood
 Of the assembled Guardians of th' Apostles.

His name is with the Seraphim — Selia, 115
 One of the Four who, to Uriel next
 In order, keep their station in the sun.
 He said: Inform me, O Celestial Friends,
 Whither I must tend, the Saviour to behold?

I now come from the patriarchal souls, 120
 Desired, his steps in silence to attend;
 Of the redemption every circumstance
 Thus heedfully to' observe. — No gesture shall
 Escape me! no expression, nor a sigh

125

Of sympathy shall from his hallowed lips
 Unheeded drop! and no condoling look,
 Celestial Friends, no tear of soft compassion,
 Those precious tears, he weeps as God and man,
 Shall in his eye divine unseen appear! — 130

Too soon, O Earth, from the admiring view
 Of the assembled patriarchal souls,
 Thou dost thy most delightful fields withdraw;
 Those blessed fields, where the Messiah walks,
 God in the form of man, approaching there 135
 The altar of th' atoning sacrifice.

Too soon thou dost withdraw thy vales from day,
 And from Uriel's countenance, who now
 Less glad on the Nadir of Salem-scenes
 His splendid glory beams! Enamel'd fields, 140
 Nor range of rising mountains there delight;
 Because the great Messiah is not there.

Selia thus concluded. Simon's Guardian,
 Seraph Orion, answer'd: Where thou see'st
 The dole sepulchres yonder, heavenly Friend, 145
 Sunk in the rocks that mingle with the base
 Of Olivet; there the Messiah stands,
 In thought profound and contemplation wrapp'd. —

Selia saw him, and with gentle sense
 Of transport still beheld with stedfast gaze. 150

Two winged hours already in rapid flight
 Passed silent o'er the Seraph, while he still
 Enraptured stood and stedfastly beheld.
 The last repose and tranquil slumber then,
 In fanning breezes and in rustlings soft, 155
 Sped from on high, descended on the Son.
 She Saviour slept. And now Selia turn'd,
 And stepp'd among the Seraphim, whom thus,
 With sweet familiar manner, he address'd:

O tell me, my Celestial Friends, who are 160

Those whom I see with countenance of dole
 Expressive, roam about these silent haunts
 Dispersed, as though forsaken and forlorn?
 Their grief however seems benign and soft;
 It seems to be solicitous concern, 165

Dolour that sets forth noble minds. Perhaps
 They mourn the loss of some affectionate friend,
 Whose virtues bore resemblance to their own.

Orion answered: These, Selia, are
 The Blessed Twelf, whom the Messiah chose, 170

His confidential, more immediate friends.
 And, O delightful office, we to them
 Are guardians and companions here on earth,
 Appointed, evils from them to avert.
 Thus evermore we testify anew, 175
 How, with the sweetest affability
 And gracious condescension, the divine
 Messiah to them deigns his heart to ope, —
 Divine instructions now to them imparts,
 With energy in heavenly discourse 180
 Suffuzing light on mysteries sublime;
 And in symbolical allusions now
 Displays the glorious and immortal charms
 Of virtue; forming thus their tractive minds
 For the reception of eternal things. 185
 O how it is with holy joy replete,
 Heedfully to attend to his divine
 Instructions! and to see how powerful
 Example with his precepts still impels
 To reverend mindfulness of all his lore! 190
 Selia, wert thou but to witness once
 His condescension so benevolent
 To his surrounding friends; his dignify'd
 Humility and life immaculate;
 Thine heart in heavenly rapture would dissolve. 195
 It also is engaging, e'en to us,
 To hear when these with overflowing heart,
 Respecting him affectionately commune.
 As we each other with cordiality
 And sympathetic tenderness regard; 200
 So these with fervour the Redeemer love.
 Oft in our high assemblies I averr'd,
 And now reiterate what then I said:
 I fain would be of Adam's mortal race,
 If such devoid of sin I could attain. 205
 How cheerfully I then should yield my life
 For him, who first resign'd his life for me!
 Ah then, my streaming blood of innocence,
 My breaking eyes should still express his praise!
 Harmonious my heaving moans in death, 210
 My failing accents then should rise to God,
 Transcendent like Eloah's notes sublime,
 When he is passing by Jehovah's Throne.
 Then, my Selia, thou or one of these
 With gentle hand unseen, my breaking eyes 215

In death should close, and my departing soul
To the Eternal's gracious presence lead.

Selia answered: Much with what thou say'st
I am affected. I, Orion, too

A mortal brother gladly would become 220

Of human kind, and sacrifice my life

As eagerly in the Messiah's cause.

So these whom I behold, these are the Twelf,
The Mediator's confidential friends?

With whom Celestials even would transmute 225

Condition, and become terrene as they? —

O Blessed Twelf, by the Messiah lov'd

As brethren! be ye greeted. Ye shall sit

O golden thrones in judgment o'er the world. —

Let me, Celestials, hear their names, those names 230

Long since recorded in the books of life,

In which they with surpassing lustre blaze.

Name him to me first, who with fervid eye

Impatient yonder looks around him, there

Recesses deep of the nocturnal grove 235

Exploring, and perchance the Lord would find?

A noble frankness, intrepidity

And faithfulness indubitable, I see

Display'd in every feature of his face.

With candour state th' emotions of his heart, 240

Apparently with pious zeal inflam'd.

And let me see the topics of his thoughts.

Orion answer'd: This is Simon Peter,

One of the first among the chosen Twelf.

And me the Mediator chose, to be 245

His Guardian. What thou deemst him, such he is.

Wert thou with me in all to' observe my friend,

And then again see how in the divine

Messiah's company he is profound

Attention, pondering glad his every word; 250

Or see him when he roams the lonely banks

Of Jordan, absent from the Lord, observ'd

By me alone, how, sleeping or awake,

His soul conversest still with heavenly thoughts;

Thou wouldst, Selia, still esteem him more, 255

Still more admire the fervour of his soul,

Wouldst deem his ardent zeal still more divine.

The Saviour asking his disciples once,

Whom they deemed him to be? Simon reply'd:

Thou art the Christ, Son of the Living God! — 260

While uttering this, the tears of holy joy
 Rolled down his glowing cheeks. We also wept,
 O Seraph, when we saw this happy mortal
 Affected so, that he could not repress
 His feelings. But — Oh, that I had not heard 265
 The Saviour say to Simon: Thou wilt thrice
 Deny me! — Simon, O my Brother, say,
 Didst thou the mournful intimation hear?
 And if thou didst, — what feelings filled thine heart?
 Thou saidst indeed with indignation bold 270
 And holy, thou wouldst ne'er deny thy Lord
 And Saviour! — Jesus' lips, however, still
 Reiterated the afflicting truth.
 Wert thou to know how much this circumstance
 Afflicts me, thou wouldst rather suffer death, 275
 Than shamefully deny thy greatest friend.
 Thou knowst how Jesus loves thee. Thou hast seen
 How he, O Simon, most compassionately
 Beheld thee, when the sad words he pronounc'd;
 But, surely, thou wilt not deny him basely? — 280
 Selia heard the Seraph with concern.
 He said: No, Dear Orion, no! he ne'er
 Will perpetrate so heinous an offence,
 As to deny his Lord and Saviour basely.
 Behold him! see, what pure integrity 285
 Of heart his open countenance displays? —
 But tell me, who is this, whose manly brow
 To virtue such a fervid love holds forth,
 And most resolved abhorrence of all vice?
 Inflexible he seems in his reproof 290
 Of the enslaved sinner, that forsakes,
 And thus disowns, the living God of heav'n?
 Is not he Simon's Confident and Friend?
 Assiduously eachother they attend,
 And e'en as brothers seem affectionate. 295
 Now Sipha, the Apostle's Guardian, spake:
 Thou err'st not, Seraph, he is Simon's brother,
 E'en Andrew. Both from infancy grew up
 Together, and Orion and myself
 Have ever had the tendance of their souls. 300
 Oft when th' affectionate mother clasp'd them both
 In fond embrace, I secretly around
 My infant-charge attended, and his heart
 For those divine impressions early form'd,
 With which he should devote himself to Jesus. 305

When him on Jordan's banks the Saviour call'd,
 He was Disciple of the Baptist's still.
 With ravished ear to the prophetic lore
 Of John he still attended, who proclaim'd
 The Saviour's coming; but when once the Lord 310
 With gracious benediction on him look'd,
 Appointing him to the Apostleship,
 He felt the powerful impulse on his soul.
 He hastened and attended the Messiah.

Libaniel then, th' Angel of Philip, spake:
 Whom thou discern'st with social amity
 And with a kind solicitude near both,
 Is Philip. Philanthropic and benign
 Serenitude beams from his countenance;
 And all, in th' image of the Deity 320
 Created, e'en as brethren to regard,
 Is the preponderant impulse of his heart.
 Th' Omnipotent hath also with the gifts
 Of eloquence invested him. As dew,
 When morn awakes, distils sublime from Hermon; 325
 As fragrant odours waft on softest breeze
 From th' Olive; so persuasion and conviction,
 In sweet discourse, flow gently from his lips.

But who is this, Selia further said,
 Who, with slow pace and dignified port, 330
 Among yon cedars roams? His countenance
 Seems to display a noble thirst for fame.
 He much resembles those Immortals who
 Their labours to posterity devote;
 And who become, from age to age, still more 335
 Immortal. Oft their fame beyond the globe
 Divulges, passing on from star to star;
 And if their works the righteous ways unfold
 Of God and of his providence profound,
 Ye know with what delight our heavenly choirs 340
 Their hallowed names before the Throne resound.

Seraph Adona answered: This is James
 The Son of Zebedee. And generous
 Is the ambition of his ardent soul,
 Controlled by wisdom, ne'er to objects vain 345
 Inclining, but pursuing things divine.
 He seeks that honour only, which abides
 When all the dead shall from the grave arise,
 And at the dread tribunal all appear,
 Th' Eternal God and his Anointed Son 350

In judgment stern respecting works of men
 Deciding. Thirst for honour less sublime
 Would be unworthy' of such a heavenly mind.
 Whene'er he sees the Saviour, he tow'rd him
 Advances full of transport, e'en as though 365
 Already meeting him in glory on high.
 I witnessed when the Messengers from heav'n,
 E'en Moses and Elias, on the Mount
 Of Tabor lighted. Lucid clouds involv'd
 The mountain's brow and threw a shade around. 360
 The Saviour was transfigured. Like the sun,
 When blazing in meridian splendour high,
 Such was the glory of his countenance.
 His robes, like purest light, effulgent shone.
 Then James advanced like Aaron the High-priest 365
 Entering the Holy of Holies, — drawing near
 Unto the Mercy-seat of the Most High,
 And near unto the sacred covenant-ark;
 Thus James with holy transport and with awe
 Approached when he the transfiguration saw 370
 Of the divine Messiah, and rejoic'd
 That he was worthy' of such high honour found,
 Indulged the heavenly vision to behold.
 He of the Twelf Disciples is the first
 That dies the Martyr-death. For such in heav'n 375
 The destiny-revealing tablets show.
 He therefore soon will enter the abodes
 Of endless bliss, and will triumphant gain
 The vast desires of his expanded soul.
 Whom thou see'st yonder sitting on the turf, 380
 Megiddon, his Protector, said, is Simon
 The Canaanite, a Sirion shepherd once.
 The Mediator called him from his flock.
 His quiet life of happy innocence,
 The candour of his manners and th' unfeign'd 385
 Simplicity with which he freely serv'd
 The Saviour, Jesus' heart tow'rd him inclin'd.
 When the Messiah on a journey once,
 Fatigued, turned to his humble cottage, he
 In haste a fanning of his flock prepar'd, 390
 And with humility stood, served his guest,
 And blessed himself, and blessed his cot in which
 The Prophet from on high he entertain'd.
 The Mediator there regaled himself
 Not less delighted than in Mamre's grove, 395

When with attendant Angels he partook
 With Abraham of the prepared repast.
 Come, follow me! he said; thy flock resign
 To others. I am he respecting whom,
 While still a youth, thou once, near Bethlehem's fount, 400
 Didst hear of heavenly choirs the powerful song.

Seraph Adoram said: There my belov'd.
 And precious charge advances, James, the son
 Of Alphaus. That countenance sedate
 And solemn is the index to a mind, 405
 As strenuously rigid in the practice
 Of virtue, as e'er modest and reserv'd,
 To' attract the observation of the world.
 And conscious that th' Eternal God approves,
 Though evermore his virtue should remain 410
 Occult to men, and by his heavenly friends
 Not hopoured, and not by the voice of fame
 Rewarded; nobly he would still adhere,
 And stedfastly, to goodness and to truth.

Then Seraph Umbiel added: Whom thou see'st, 415
 Selia, roam with thought profound and lone
 Amid the deepest covert of the grove,
 An ardent youth, is Thomas. He is e'er
 With mind contemplative revolving things,
 Till thought engenders thought, and the obscure 420
 And mazy labyrinth before him opens,
 Devoid of tract and boundless like the sea.
 He nearly had been pitiably lost
 In the drear system of that dreaming Saddoc.
 But the Messiah's potent miracles 425
 Reclaimed him. He forsook the labyrinth
 Of error, and to Jesus came forthwith.
 Still I should feel concern on his account,
 But nature gave him, with a sceptic mind,
 Integrity of heart and love of virtue. 430

Whom yonder thou discern'st, said Bildai,
 Is Matthew, a disciple who was rear'd
 In opulence and idle luxury.
 His wealthy parents, evermore intent
 On gathering riches, heedless of the soul, 435
 Instructed him to prize this life as th' end
 Of his existence. But th' aspiring mind
 The shackles, so dishonouring, disdain'd.
 Beholding the Messiah, he arous'd,
 From pleasure's torpor, faculties of soul. 440

And when to the discipleship the Lord
 Invited him, he left to sensual herds
 Whate'er before had fettered him to th' earth.
 He followed the Redeemer. Thus a hero,
 With noble firm resolve, from the embrace 445
 Of some affectionate daughter of a king
 Quickly extricates, and hastens to the field,
 If summoned thither by his country's wrongs.
 And there amid the conflict dire, where God
 With vengeance-armed destruction overwhelms 450
 The guilty nation, he undaunted stands,
 Called rather by the tears of the oppress'd,
 Than by the voice of everlasting fame.
 With fervid gratitude the lips of those,
 Who by his valour from th' oppressor's yoke 455
 Were wrested, will forever honour him,
 Because his war was just. And if amid
 Dire carnage he do still display humane
 And generous impulse, we will sing his name
 Aloud before the Throne of the Most High. 460

Yon hoary-headed venerable Sage,
 Seraph Siona now continued, is
 Bartholemew, the disciple of my charge.
 Behold his meek, devout and friendly mien!
 There hallowed virtue e'er delights to dwell. 465
 Adorned with meekness such as this, the stern
 Severity of virtue most austere,
 To mortals still must amiable be.
 Soon, dear Bartholemew, great numbers thou
 Shalt gather to the Lord. Thy murderers 470
 Shall view thy death astonish'd and appall'd,
 And with conviction see, how fortitude
 Sustains thee and enables thee to smile
 In dissolution. Then, Celestial Friends,
 Then aid me, nature's final pang to soothe, 475
 That all may testify his glorious
 Triumph in death, and rueing turn to God.

Yon pale and pensive Youth, said Seraph Elim,
 Is my Lebbæus. Few of human souls
 Are of such tender sensibility 480
 Susceptible as young Lebbæus' soul.
 When the immortal essence from the fields
 Aerial I called, where human souls
 Before their union with the body exist,
 Unconscious of their state; I, near a fount, 485

Discovered her, — a fount that oozing laves
A lonely valley, laves with murmur soft,
Resembling sounds of plaintive sighs remote.
This is the fount near which, as Angels tell,
Lost Seraph Abbadona moaning wept, 400
When he returned from Eden, seeing Eve,
The mother of the human race, depriv'd
Of innocence. Ye know, Celestial Friends,
How thither sometime Guardian Angels roam,
Lamenting there, sequestered, over souls 496
Which God intrusted to their special care;
Souls that with innocence have crown'd their youth,
But fondest expectation disappoint,
When they profane their lives in riper years.
Alas, by vice despoiled, how is the end 500
Deplorable of those unhappy souls!
The Angels with fraternal sympathy,
With sighs of heavenly friendship; with such tears
As mortals cannot weep, before their dole
Nativity, their direful fate oft mourn. — 505
There I the soul of my Lebbæus found,
In silent dewy hovering clouda involv'd.
She listened pleased to those soft plaintive sounds,
To those superior feelings quite resign'd,
Which slumber while the soul responsive acts 510
To' affections of the life terrestrial.
But when th' immortal soul, with heavenly light
Array'd, is of the earthly tenement
Once disencumbered; those aerial
Sensations reawake, and still present 515
Those passing scenes of the primeval life.
Yet the impression of those softer scenes
In life primeval, with Lebbæus' soul
Was pow'ful, so, that it contributed,
That tender sensibility of heart 520
In him for the terrestrial life to form. —
I gently bore, on balmy clouda of morn,
Th' immortal essence to her earthly dwelling.
In shade of palm the mother brought him forth,
Then I descended from the rustling boughs 525
Unseen, and fanned him with a gentle breeze.
But even then I saw that he wept more
Than babes are wont, when, with sensations dole,
They feel that they are born again to die.
And thus, affected deeply by the tears 530

Of all his sorrowing friends, and sympathizing
 With every human misery and woe,
 Contemplative, he pensive passed his youth.
 And neither is he less compassionate
 And tender in his disposition now, 635
 Since he attended Jesus. Much I dread,
 Lebbæus, much I dread on thine account!
 When the Redeemer dies, thou surely wilt
 Sink, wholly with th' affliction overwhelm'd! —
 O comfort him, Redeemer! give him strength, 640
 Compassionate Lord, enable him to bear
 That heaviest of afflictions. — But, behold,
 Selia, he with doubtful steps and sad,
 Is hitherward advancing. Seraph, now
 Survey thyself that countenance, — there trace 645
 The ardour and affection of his soul.

While Elim still so spake, Lebbæus stepp'd
 Silent among the Seraphim. At once
 Th' assembly of Celestials widely op'd
 Before th' advancing mortal. Thus before 650
 The nightingale's soft thrilling plaintive strain
 The vernal breezes ope. Again they all
 Clos'd round him. And with silent satisfaction
 And pleasure still beheld th' affectionate youth.

Alone and unobserv'd, as he suppos'd, 655
 The sad Lebbæus clasp'd above his head
 His lifted hands and moaning loud, exclaim'd:
 So I can find him no where! a whole day
 And two sad nights elaps'd since him we saw!
 Yes, his inveterate persecutors have 660
 Destroyed him! Oh, forsaken, can I yet
 My life prolong, and Jesus is no more! —
 Thou barbarously wert murdered by the priests,
 Thou, O thou best of men! Thou didst expire,
 And Oh, I did not see thee! I was not 665
 At hand to close thy blessed eyes in death! —
 Say, hideous perpetrators, where did ye
 Destroy him? whither, to what doleful field,
 Into what dreary' inhospitable desert,
 To what receptacle of the dead did ye, 670
 To murder him, convey the blessed Jesus?
 Ah, where have they concealed thee, best of friends? —
 Alas, among the dead, disfigured, pale;
 Thy mild and gracious countenance of those
 Celestial smiles, of those compassionate looks 675

By murderers depriv'd! And we were far
 From thee away, when thou didst fall a victim
 To cruelty and murder! Oh, that this
 Sad heart would cease to beat! That my depress'd,
 My drooping soul would with these passing clouds 580
 Flee, and into the night of death immerge,
 And I unto oblivion be consign'd! —
 Thus he lamented, and exhausted sunk
 And clos'd his weeping eyes. His Guardian Angel
 Deck'd him with boughs of th' Olive, fanned his face 585
 With softest and exhilarating breeze,
 And poured delightful slumber on his head.
 Lebbæus slept. In a sacred dream, suffuz'd
 By Elim, he beheld his Blessed Lord
 As wont, with heavenly smiles of grace before him. 590
 Benign and sympathizing over him
 Selia with affectionate regard
 Reclined, while of the Twelv Disciples now
 Another near the tombs the eminence
 Ascended. Let me likewise know the name 595
 Of him, Selia said, who hitherward
 With stedfast step advances? Sable locks
 Spread o'er his ample shoulders; Prominent,
 The features of his visage stern display
 Maturest manhood. And his form robust, 600
 By far the tallest of them all, completes
 His manly beauty. But — am not I wrong? —
 And — O Celestial Friends, donot I err,
 If, in this feature, I inquietude
 And perturbation read? if there I trace 605
 A — something that is to a noble mind
 Heterogeneous? — Yet, he is the Lord's
 Disciple, and hereafter he will sit,
 With the Messiah, in judgment o'er the world!
 But ye, Immortals, ye are silent! None 610
 Of my Beloved frees me from suspense!
 Celestial Friends, ah, why not answer me?
 Say, are ye thus dejected on account
 Of mine ungracious judgment? say — I err'd.
 And Thou, holy Disciple, be not thou 615
 Offended; when thou honourest the Most High
 As martyr, — when enabled to behold,
 In triumph, the Immortals near to thee;
 With offices of tender friendship then,
 In presence of these heavenly witnesses, 620

This mine offence which I unheedingly
Committed, rueing I will expiate.

Alas, Ithuriel said with heaving sighs,
And clasp'd his hands, advancing tow'rd the Seraph;
I am constrained, Celestial Friend, to speak, 625
Though, for my dole and for thy satisfaction,
Eternal silence would be better far!

But, Seraph, thou desirest that I should speak.
Iscariot is the name of him thou see'st.
O Seraph, I would not lament him thus, 630

Nor weep nor be concerned on his account, —
Nay, I would e'en with holy indignation
The Wretch avoid, had God not form'd his heart
Of truth and goodness most susceptible;
And had not he lived void of blame in youth; 635
Had the Messiah not considered him

As worthy of the holy apostleship,
Which likewise, when he entered on it first,
He with a pure and holy life adorn'd.
But now, alas! — Yet I repress my grief. 640

I will not give to my dolour and sad
Concern unlimited, indefinite scope.
I now have ascertained why, while we once
In presence of the Deity convers'd
Respecting the immortal souls of our 645

Dear charges, the disciples, e'en before
Their bodies were in being; why Eloah,
Thus by the Judge commanded, then came down
Dejected, and with hovering clouds involv'd
One of the golden thrones given to the Twelf: 650

Why Gabriel sad and with countenance
Enveloped by me passed, when in sad hour
The wretched mother brought Iscariot forth. —
O Renegade, that thou hadst not been born,
That Seraphim had never named thy soul; 655
It had been better for thee, than to live,
And perpetrate such most enormous crimes;
Betraying the Messiah, and profaning
Thy holy calling to th' apostleship.

So spake Ithuriel, and with downcast look
Stood sad before Selia. — My whole heart
With horror chills, around my swimming eyes
A hovering gloom is lowering, sigh'd Selia,
Iscariot is of the Chosen Twelf?
And he is the disciple to thy charge, 665

Ithuriel, committed? O, what none
 Of heavenly beings ever would believe,
 And none without astonishment recount:
 He basely the discipleship profane,
 And the divine Messiah? But what is. 670
 This dreadful perpetration? how hath he
 Offended? how hath he, ungracious wretch,
 Before the Saviour and the Seraphim
 Forfeited his election? Though my heart
 To hear the sorrowful recital dreads, 675
 Ithuriel, the particulars impart.

O Seraph, latent rancour in his breast,
 Melevolent, against the Saviour rose.
 He hates th' affectionate John, because the Lord
 His holy ardour with especial love 680
 Deigns to reward; and, though e'en from himself
 He fain would hide this, — he the Saviour hates.
 Base avarice likewise, love of sordid wealth,
 Possession took in an unkindly hour,
 Of his once noble mind. While still a youth, 685
 He was a stranger to this baneful vice.
 By avarice blinded he imagines, John,
 Preferred to all — especially to himself,
 In the Messiah's kingdom will obtain
 A heritage more splendid, and of wealth 690
 The choicest gifts. This, when he deem'd himself
 By none observed and roamed in solitude,
 His murmuring lips, alas, have uttered oft.
 And once, this dreadful sight will long remain
 Before my weeping eyes, and fill my heart 695
 With silent grief and apprehensions dole! —
 While straying in the dale Benhinnon once,
 Perturbed as usual and, with his complaints
 And sinful accusations, uttering dire
 Invectives; while in pensive thought absorb'd, 700
 By his egregious and most blasphemous
 Expressions wholly appalled, I now looked up;
 I saw how th' Archapostate by me pass'd
 And, coming forth from Judas, look'd on me
 With haughty air, with triumph and disdain. — 705
 The agitated heart of Judas now,
 Distracted, over guilty passions broods;
 And I am apprehensive, all his thoughts
 And perturbations to perdition swift
 Will irresistibly impel his soul. 710

O God, that thine omnipotence with chains
 Of adamant, in the abyss of night
 Eterne, would th' Archapostate now transfix,
 That this immortal soul which Thou, Divine
 Messiah hast created, ne'er to cease, 716
 From error might to virtue and truth return, —
 Return and grasp the few remaining hours
 Of trial, now more precious; and display
 Consistent with her origin, call'd forth
 To endless being by th' Omnific Word, 720
 And consecrated to the hallowed office
 Of the Redeemer's Followers on earth;
 She might the intrepidity display
 Of Seraphim invincible; and advance
 From glorious combat with th' inveterate Foe, 726
 Firm and triumphant, crown'd with heavenly palm.
 Selia added; But, O Seraph, tell,
 What says the Lord, what says the Lord divine,
 Respecting him? can his forbearance still
 Support the Ingrate's nearness? is this lost 730
 Disciple still an object of his love?
 And if he is, how doth the Mediator
 His commiseration and forbearance show? —
 O Thou constrain'st me to reveal, Selia,
 Rejoin'd Ithuriel, what fain from myself, 736
 From thee, from all, I evermore would hide:
 Th' unworthy wretch is of the Lord's divine
 Compassion, of his loving kindness still
 The object. With solicitous regard,
 Late when they of a peaceful meal partook, 740
 The Saviour said to Judas, not in word,
 But with a look of heavenly friendship, e'en
 Before th' assembly of disciples: Thou
 Betray'st me, Judas! — But, Celestial Friend,
 Behold, he is advancing hitherward; 746
 I cannot longer bear th' Offender's presence. —
 Ithuriel thus, and, followed by the sad
 Selia, hence with hallowed speed retir'd.
 John's second Guardian, Salem is his name,
 A heavenly Youth, at distance followed these. 750
 Beloved John from the Messiah had
 Two Guardian Angels: Raphael was the first,
 A Seraph from the Throne, of Gabriel's
 Exalted Hierarchy. Tow'rd the tombs,
 Amid whose silence the Redeemer slept, 756

CANTO III. Hlopstock's Messiah.

75

Selià and Ithuriel proceeded.

Soon Salem stepp'd among them, and with smiles
Of heavenly love both cordially embrac'd.

Serene affection and a tranquil joy,

With satisfaction, from the youthful brow . . . 768

Of the immortal Salem gently beam'd;

When, like the gates of beauteous vernal morn,

His blessed lips with sweetest harmony

And soft persuasion opened, and his voice

Delightful and mellifluous accents breathed. 769

Repress thy sorrow, Seraph! here behold

The most affectionate of the disciples,

The amiable John. Look but on him,

And soon thou wilt Iscariot forget.

He with Seraphic fervour and devotion 770

Is constantly, as of th' Immortals one,

Attending the Messiah, who to him

Especially deigns his gracious heart to ope.

For Jesus hath, in his benignity,

Selected him before them all, his friend 775

And confidential follower. Friendship such

As great Eloah's and as Gabriel's;

Affection such as faithful Abdiel felt

For Abdiel Abbadona, when they dwell'd

Together, both in native innocence: 780

Such is the heavenly friendship that exists

Between the Saviour and his faithful John.

And he is worthy of such honour. Ne'er,

In blessed hour, did the Creator form

Another soul so heavenly and pure, 785

As th' innocent and pious soul of John.

I saw th' immortal essence coming forth,

And heard how radiant companies sublime

Of heavenly Spirits blessed the youthful sister:

Be thou saluted in thy coming forth, 790

Immortal Friend, of the Eternal's breath

A holy Offspring; blessed be thy state!

Like Salem beauteous and affectionate,

Like Raphael in thy heavenly mind sublime.

And sentiments from thy serenity, 795

Abundant, shall flow forth like dew of morn,

And thy affectionate and tender heart

With feelings and sensations sweet o'erflow,

As eyes immortal overflow with bliss,

When generous and noble deeds they see. 800

Come, holy Offspring of th' Eternal's breath,
 Most like the soul that animated once,
 In guiltless youth, the First of men on earth;
 We will conduct thee to thy body now,
 Which nature is solicitous to form 805
 With graces meet, that every smile may show
 And in thy gentle countenance reflect,
 Of all thy thoughts the heavenly purity. —
 Yea, it will e'en be beauteous like thy frame,
 O Son divine, which soon th' Eternal Spirit 810
 Will fashion, that it may more grace display
 And manly beauty, than all Sons of Adam. —
 Ah, once this graceful structure must decay
 And be again to kindred dust reduc'd!
 But Salem will, when all the dead awake, 815
 Collect thy dust, then glorified and crown'd
 With heavenly beauty, and will lead thee on,
 Sublime to sit in judgment over men,
 And the Messiah in the clouds to meet. —
 So sung the Youth of heaven respecting John. 820
 The Seraph ceased. And his celestial friends
 Affectionately stood with him around
 The slumbering youth. Three tender brothers thus
 Around a much beloved sister stand,
 And on her gaze with admiration fond; 825
 While she on spreading odoriferous flow'rs,
 Of gnawing care unconscious, gently slumbers,
 Resembling in the bloom of youth, Immortals.
 She knows not yet the tidings sad, that her
 Esteemed and venerable Sire the bourn 830
 Of life approached and of his virtuous course.
 The brothers came th' intelligence to impart,
 But they behold her slumbering and are silent.
 Of the disciples all the rest, meanwhile,
 With wearying inquietude exhausted, 835
 Amid the shades of Olivet repos'd.
 One slept where th' Olive lowest bends her boughs;
 Another, where a silent valley 'mid
 Small eminences sinks; Some, where the high
 Majestic cedar stands, and sheds around, 840
 In gentle rustlings, from her lofty crown
 And forest of her branches, soft repose
 And silent dew. But most of them retir'd
 To the sepulchres, for the prophets arch'd
 By the successors of their murderers. 845

Judas Iscariot near the mild Lebbaeus,
 Who was his kinsman and his loving friend,
 Was fallen asleep perturb'd. And Satan who,
 Concealed within a deep nocturnal cave,
 Had overheard what the Celestial said 850
 Respecting the disciple; now burst forth
 Impetuous and, with baneful thoughts inflam'd,
 Couch'd low with hellish purpose down on Judas.
 The Pest approaches thus, at midnight-hour,
 The walls of slumbering cities. On her flapping, 855
 Extended wings death hovers, breathing bale
 Destructive vapour forth. Unconscious still
 Of their impending doom, the habitants
 Repose, of every apprehension void;
 The Sage by his nocturnal lamp still wakes; 860
 August and nobly-minded friends in cool
 And fragrant arbours, sitting still around
 The temperate cup, with sweetness still discourse
 Respecting the immortal soul, and charms 865
 Divine of friendship, nevermore to cease.
 But days of lamentation are approaching,
 When death will cast his venom'd shafts around;
 When groans and piercing ories will fill the streets,
 The avenues and squares. The rueful bride
 Looks up to heaven, wrings her pale hands, and mourns 870
 For her affectionate lover; the distracted,
 Disconsolate mother, all her children dead,
 Quite frantic, pours forth curses on the day
 On which she was brought forth; with haggard eyes
 Grave-diggers walk 'mid heaps of corpses, till, 875
 With brow profound, from a thundering cloud descends
 The Angel of death and slowly looks around;
 And, lo, when all is silent, all a drear,
 Waste solitude, in contemplation he
 Stands with his foot on hillocks of the dead. 880
 So Satan, with destruction fraught, couch'd down
 On Judas, and into his waking fancy
 A dire seducing dream anon infus'd.
 Iscariot's panting heart, of influence bad
 Susceptive, quickly rose with fell desires, 885
 Malevolent; thoughts gloomy, during day
 Long entertain'd, repass'd before his mind,
 And sunk with hellish fury in his soul,
 As flaming thunder sinks from heaven down
 On sulphurous mountains, kindles these, collects 890

More thunder and rolls through the depths profound,
 A fearful storm. — For still the secret high
 Of Seraphim, to' infuse exalted thoughts
 Into the human soul, thoughts that are not
 Unworthy of her immortality; 895
 To his more heavy condemnation, still
 This secret was to th' Archapostate known.

Ithuriel indeed, with boding sense
 Of evil, soon return'd, his wretched charge
 Against assaults of violence to guard; 900
 But seeing Satan thus with the disciple,
 He stood and trembled, rais'd his eyes to God,
 And formed the resolution to awake.

Iscariot from his sleep. Thrice on the wings
 Of hurricanes he rushed through waving groves 905
 Of cedars, o'er his face; and thrice with steps
 That shook the mountain-head, he by him pass'd.
 But Judas still with cold and morbid cheek,
 Remained as in the sleep of death unmov'd.
 The Seraph hid his face. Iscariot 910
 Soon, in a dream, beheld his father's form
 Before him, who with looks disconsolate
 Gazed on him and with faltering voice thus spake:

And thou art here asleep and unconcern'd,
 Iscariot, as though thou knew'st not well 915
 How Jesus hates thee and to thee prefers
 E'en all of his disciples! Why not thou
 With them attend him, when his words they hear?
 Why not endeavour to regain his heart?
 With whom did thy expiring father leave thee? 920
 By what transgression, God, have I, — by what
 Dire perpetration my progenitors

Incur'd the heavy curse, that I must rise
 From vales of death, Iscariot's fate to mourn? —
 And dost thou e'en suppose that in the kingdom 925
 Of the Messiah, which he will erect,
 Thou shalt fare better, and be favoured more?
 Donot deceive thyself, Forsaken Wretch!
 Dost thou not know his Peter, and the Sons
 Of Zebedee, Disciples more belov'd? 930
 These will engross his confidence and love,
 These will with every splendour be endow'd.
 To them the richness of the land will flow.
 The rest too will, from their Messiah, gain
 More splendid heritages far than thou. 935

Come, thou shalt see the splendour of the realms
 For them reserved. Arise, with me ascend,
 Be not dismay'd, collect thyself! be firm! —
 See'st thou yon range of mountains that, devoid
 Of bounds, are casting their extended shades 940
 Into the fertile valleys? There they dig,
 From vast exhaustless mines, as in Ophir,
 Gold; and the vales, through the revolving year,
 With plenty and exuberance overflow.
 That is the portion of his favoured John. 945
 Those hills that are with shading vineyards deck'd,
 And those replenished fields, with waving grain
 And choicest crop abounding, the Messiah
 To Peter gave. See'st thou the various
 Abundance of the Land? how rising towns, 950
 More stately than Jerusalem, display
 The splendour of their gorgeous palaces
 And portals to the sun, and fill the vales
 With multitudes of people? Jordans new
 From under lofty arches flowing forth, 955
 To water those fair towns? how gardens there,
 Like Eden fruitful, shade the golden sands
 Of their extensive banks? — Behold, these are
 The heritages of the more belov'd.
 But see'st thou, Judas, yon mountainous land, 960
 Remote and small? A comfortless and drear
 Wild stony desert, not inhabited,
 All overgrown with useless, arid woods.
 Night o'er it lowers in cold and weeping clouds;
 The barren dales are filled with ice and snow; 965
 Nocturnal birds, to deserts wild confin'd,
 With screamings dole still wing their dubious way
 Through forests, by the livid lightnings, scorch'd.
 Iscariot, these will thy companions be.
 Ah, such thine heritage! — Despised disciple, 970
 How the Eleven with haughty triumph soon,
 With insolent disdain and bitter taunts,
 Will by thee pass and scarcely on thee look! —
 Thou weapest tears of grief and indignation;
 But vain, O Judas, vain are all thy tears, 975
 Vain every tear thou weapest in despair,
 Unless thou dost attempt to help thyself.
 But listen to my words. Without reserve
 I open my paternal heart to thee.
 Lo, the Messiah still delays the great 980

Redemption, and th' erecting of his kingdoms.
 Thou know'st likewise how a Nazarene king
 The great abhor, and what they all contrive
 His life to take. Dissemble now, — pretend,
 As to the priests thou wouldst deliver him; 063
 Not to avenge thy great and various wrongs, —
 Not on account of his thus hating thee;
 But to induce him that he may at last,
 With their unceasing persecutions weary,
 A more commanding attitude assume; 090
 More fear inspire, and overwhelm his foes
 With shame, with consternation and disgrace,
 And thus erect his long-expected realm.
 Then thou shalt of a dreaded Master be
 Disciple; and shalt likewise sooner gain 095
 Possession, Judas, of thine heritage.
 And, though but small, if thou possess it soon,
 Thou canst by commerce, industry and toil,
 And by extensive cultivation, much
 Enrich it, and thus in progression slow 1000
 Improve it, till it distant semblance bear
 Unto the portions of the more belov'd.
 The grateful priests moreover will bestow
 Their liberal gifts and fill thine hands with gold,
 If thou deliver Jesus to their pow'r. 1005
 This is the counsel which thy father, e'er
 Solicitous on thy behalf, bestows.
 Behold me! is not this my withered form,
 And is not this the dying countenance
 Of thy departed father? I arose 1010
 E'en from the lowest groves of Libanus,
 To show thee, in the vision of a dream,
 The way by which thou may'st deliverance find.
 But thou awak'st. O Son, donot despise
 The counsel of thy father. Let me not 1015
 Return with grief and sadness to the dead. —
 The fraudulent vision thus complete, the Fiend
 Arose and over Judas stood erect.
 A mountain so, but recently a vale,
 Towers high his promontories huge, when vast 1020
 Surrounding plains with arched mansions sink
 Into the deep, the earth convulsive shaking.
 Judas awakes, starts, and with consternation
 Bounds on his feet. — Yes, yes! it was the voice
 Of my departed father! so he spake, 1025

And so I saw him die! 'Tis certain then,
 He hates me! E'en the dead are conscious of't!
 What with ill-boding fears, Wretch that I am,
 I long since apprehended, is confirm'd
 E'en by the dead! — Well, be it so! I will 1003
 According to my father's counsel act, —
 Will go and put in execution all,
 Enjoin'd thus by the vision! — But I shall
 Become apostate to the great Messiah,
 If with his foes I league? and may not dark 1005
 And troubled thoughts occasion such a dream?
 Or peradventure Satan? — Hence, deceitful,
 Unwarrantable aspersions! — Yet, I feel
 Desire for riches, — inclination too,
 To avenge my various wrongs? — Be not, my soul, 1040
 So timid; not so ready to efface
 The powerful impression! Visions rise
 Before thee; visions e'en enjoin revenge!
 Revenge so strongly enjoined, is sanctify'd.
 Thus Judas who, already, felt remote 1045
 Infliction of Jehovah's heavy judgment.
 Because he stained his once immaculate soul
 With foul desires and love of sordid wealth.
 The Fiend observed his victim's woeful state,
 And on him with disdainful countenance, 1050
 With scorn and silent exaltation, look'd.
 A dreaded rock thus, from among the clouds
 Impending, looks on floating wreck and corse,
 The sport of raging billows. But from heav'n
 The livid lightning smites the massive bulk: 1055
 It sinks reduced in shivers, and is soon
 Lost in the roaring element. Isles see
 The fall, and to th' avenging thunder shout.
 Now Satan left the mountain, and with strides
 Gigantic tow'rd Jerusalem inclin'd, 1060
 There in the silent palaces to search
 For Caiaphas, Highpriest and Enemy
 Of the Most High! into his heart malign
 To' infuse still more malignant thoughts; and thus
 Misguide him by deceptive dreams and visions. 1065
 Judas Iscariot, with mind perturb'd,
 Remained on Olivet. Now tranquil day
 Descended gently to the slumbering world.
 The Mediator. woke, and with him John.
 When, with the silent morning, both advanc'd 1070

Together on the mountain, they beheld
 The company' of disciples, still to soft
 And balmy slumber severally resign'd.
 The Saviour gently took Lebbæus' hand
 And said, when he awoke: Lebbæus, lo, 1075
 I still am with thee and am free from harm! —
 In pious transport the disciple rose,
 Embraced his Lord, ran and awak'd them all,
 And joyfully conducted them to Jesus.
 With holy satisfaction these around 1080
 Him gathering, the divine Redeemer said:
 Come, Holy Company of pious Friends,
 This day we will devote to hallowed joy.
 Yet, ere we part, we will regale our souls.
 The day is still before us. Still descends, 1085
 Into these blessed fields, the orient dew.
 The lofty cedar, by my Father rear'd
 And fostered, still affords a cooling shade.
 I still see man, divinely form'd and fair,
 In company with mine Immortals walk. 1090
 But very soon this gladdening scene will change,
 The heavens will be suddenly involv'd
 In dark, appalling clouds! The earth will shake
 Convulsive! these delightful, happy fields
 Of blessedness and plenty, will be wasted 1095
 And desolated! Man will gaze on me
 With murderous looks! and ye will soon desert me! —
 Weep not, O Peter! My affectionate
 And loving John, refrain from tears of dole.
 The bridegroom present, sorrow is not felt 1100
 By the beloved bride. Ye shall again
 Behold me, as an only son will see
 His mother, she in beauty glorify'd
 Among the host of risen dead appearing.
 So spake the Mediator and, with mien 1105
 Divinely tranquil, still among them stood.
 But the redemption's sufferings profound
 Already oppress'd his inmost soul with pangs
 Of anguish, past description and past thought.
 Thus he departed, cordially by all 1110
 Attended, but not by Iscariot.
 He stood aloof, hid in the deepest shade
 Of spreading boughs and thickest foliage,
 Where the Redeemer's words he overheard. —
 He knows them, said Iscariot by himself, 1115

Whose eye pursued the distant steps of Jesus;
 He knows then that a day of gloomy fate
 Hangs threatening o'er his head! If he knows this
 Already, he must in likemanner know,
 To cope with his designing persecutors, — 1120
 Their various artifices how to elude,
 And still with irresistible might carry' on,
 And finally complete what he began.
 But doth he know — ah, doth he likewise know
 The deep resolve, within this breast conceal'd? 1125
 Betray my Lord and Master! — Should this dream
 Deceive me? should the vision be illusive? —
 Am I deceived; and was the dream inspir'd,
 Still more to torture the distracted mind
 Of the despised disciple; oh, a curse 1130
 Most dreadful, heaviest malediction, then,
 Must light on th' hour in which I fell asleep!
 In which my father, pale as death, appear'd
 Before me, and suggested the design!
 Expiring groans and doleful lamentation 1135
 Must on the hills announce, in every vale,
 Among the mouldering tombs announce the dire
 Return of the nocturnal, fatal hour!
 And cursed be the place on which I slept!
 Some hideous son must there his father slay! 1140
 Ah, there must flow the blood of my most dear,
 Most valued friend, when he, in desperate hour,
 Dies by his own device! — Where do I stray!
 Stray? — Why should I accuse myself? and why
 Surmise, the vision was of spurious kind? 1145
 I was not conscious of it, if it was
 Illusive, and am therefore free from guilt,
 If guilt in any wise from it devolve.
 But, doth a vision prompt me to betray
 The great Messiah; and do I, by strictly 1150
 Observing the injunction, implicate
 Myself in guilt; do I, by giving heed
 Unto the hallowed counsel of a father,
 Devolve still greater misery and woe
 On my devoted head: Then cursed be 1155
 The inauspicious day, on which the Lord
 With looks of grace said: Judas, follow me! —
 A night of horrors hide thee, Day! thick clouds
 Lower over thee, and baneful pestilence
 Stalk forth amid the gloom! If e'er the sun 1160

Blaze on thee, his descending beams must scatter
 Destructive vapours, that engender death!
 No human tongue must e'er repeat thy name!
 Jehovah must consign thee to oblivion! —
 Distraction! all my soul is rack'd in anguish! 1168
 I tremble with dismay! where am I? — But,
 Why do I thus, forsaken as I am,
 Give scope to daunting fears? Let me be firm!
 My visions are not of illusive kind!
 And, if they were illusive, how can I 1170
 Attain the object of my ardent wishes
 By any means, save those I have resolv'd on? —
 Thus he exclaimed, and raved, while since his dream
 And baneful vision, two most dreadful hours
 Had brought him nearer to eternity. 1175

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO IV.

But Caiaphas still, after the malign
 Illusion by th' Infernal Fiend devis'd,
 Lay tortured on his couch, from which repose
 And quietude were flown; now slumbering moments,
 Then, starting with amazement, he awoke, 8
 And, with tumultuous thoughts distracted, turn'd, —
 E'en as a hardened reprobate, expiring,
 Turns on the field of battle in his blood.
 The prancing of th' approaching steed of war,
 The din of brazen arms, the furious shout 10
 And madding tumult and the slayer's rage,
 And sullen thunder of the lowering heav'ns
 O'erwhelming him, while he with rifted scull,
 Void of reflection, sinks down with the dead,
 And now to be annihilated weens. 15
 But, life not yet extinct, anon once more
 His head he raises, is existent yet,
 Still thinks, existence curses, lifts his pale
 Gored hand convuls'd to heaven, curses God,
 And fain would still deny him. Caiaphas, 20

CANTO IV. ~~El~~ Joseph's Messiah.

33

Amazed thus, rose, ordering that the Priests
And Elders of the people be conven'd,
Him in the Synod quickly to attend. —
Within the Highpriest's palace was a hall,
In Salomonic state, of cedars built
From Lebanon. Here Judah's Priests and Elders
Assembled, and with Judah's Elders came
Th' Arimathean Joseph, of the sons
Of Abraham an undegenerate Sage,
One of the still remaining noble few.
Mild and serene as rides the tranquil moon
In lucid clouds, Joseph th' assembly join'd.
And Nicodemus likewise thither came,
A friend of the Messiah's and of Joseph's.
The Highpriest, then, with proud imperious port
Advanced, with rage inflamed, and thus began:

34

35

36

At last, ye Fathers of Jerusalem,
We must on some decisive means resolve,
With one grand blow to' exterminate this foe
Insufferable to our sacred laws,

40

Or he will soon our overthrow effect,
The consummation of his whole design.
This is perhaps the last time we shall here
In Synod meet! Our Priestly Rights which God
On Sinai established, and reveal'd

45

To him who of the prophets is the first;
That were not shaken by the mighty tow'rs
Of Babylon in the captivity,
Nor shaken, in the direful storm of war,
By all the seven terrific hills whence Rome
Dispenses laws to nations of the earth;

50

These Priestly Rights divine, O Israel,
A Mortal will destroy and, to our shame,
The holy temple of the Lord pollute.
Is not entire Jerusalem his own?

55

The cities of Judea, are not they
Devoted to this dreamer idoliz'd?

Is not the temple by the multitude
Deserted, who, blind with enthusiasm,
Forsake the doctrines of their wiser fathers,
Into the wilderness attending him,
Remote, at his seducing miracles

60

Astonished gazing, miracles by pow'r
Of Satan wrought? And what can more mislead
The ignorant, what strike a vulgar mind

65

More forcibly, than his restoring life
 To the departed Dead, — or rather — Sick,
 That slumbered? — Yet with indolence, supine,
 We all stand by content, until the throng,
 His blind adherents, rise and, in the rage 70
 And tumult of rebellion, murder us
 Before his face, that he may show his pow'r
 In raising also us to life again!
 Ye, Fathers, gaze on me amazed and mute!
 Can ye yet entertain a doubt? Well, doubt! — 75
 Doubt on and slumber still! — He never was
 Proclaimed a King in Judah! Ye of such
 Are ignorant! They never strewed his path
 With palm! ne'er with hosannas filled the air! —
 Oh, that instead of loud hosannas, thou 80
 Hadst heard th' Eternal's curse! that, stunned, thine ear,
 Saluted by the voice of triumph high,
 Had by the Thunderer's awful voice been struck!
 That, e'en within the gloomy gates of death,
 Kings had saluted thee with bitter taunts 85
 And mock-hosannas, rising from their seats
 Of iron, at thy feet to lay their crowns! —
 Yes, know it, Worthless fathers of the people,
 (Forgive a vehement expression, from
 A mind proceeding, fired with holy zeal!) 90
 Not prudence only, a far higher pow'r,
 Th' Eternal God — Jehovah doth enjoin
 That this Deceiver, with his damning lore,
 Be quickly exterminated from the earth.
 Jehovah often to our fathers spake 95
 In dreams of revelation. Now decide,
 If Caiaphas dream'd not a sacred dream,
 Which God from heaven inspir'd? — I silent lay, —
 Terrors of death encompassed me around! —
 Revolving in my mind the dubious 100
 And fearful termination of this new
 Rebellion, pensive, I lay on my pillow.
 Thus musing, irresolved, I fell asleep.
 Soon, in a dream, I found myself within
 The holy temple, — I in haste advanc'd, 105
 With God for all the people to' intercede.
 The blood of sacrifice already flow'd;
 With adoration, suppliant, I approach'd
 The Holy of Holies; drew already aside
 The sacred vail, when; lo, — I tremble, yet! 110

Jehovah's terrors overwhelm me still,
 With consternation still I sink dismay'd!
 Aaron I saw, in sacred vest array'd,
 With menacing brow stern approaching me. —
 His looks, with holy indignation fir'd, 115
 Did scatter death around! and e'en like Horeb,
 His Breastplate darted it's destructive rays
 Of lightning forth on my devoted head!
 Dire brooding terrors hovered on the wings
 Of Seraphim, spread o'er the covenant's ark; 120
 And suddenly my highpriest-vestment dropp'd,
 Reduced to ashes, to the trembling ground. —
 Away! — cried Aaron with a dreadful voice;
 Thou, to the holy function a disgrace!
 Flee, Abject Wretch, and nevermore presume 125
 As Highpriest of the Lord to' approach this place,
 Which, Impious Man, thou darest to profane.
 Is it not thou? — Now with a furious look
 He viewed me, e'en as men are wont to view
 Some deadly foe, the object of their hate; 130
 Unworthy man, say is it not thyself,
 Who sufferest yon Nazarene, openly,
 Without restraint and with impunity,
 To violate the temple and despise
 My brother Moses, Abraham and Me? 135
 Is it not thou who standest by, supine,
 When Sabbaths are irreverently broke?
 Hence with precipitation, Wretch, away,
 Lest sacred fire from off the mercy-seat
 Devoure thee quickly! — Thus he spake. I fled. 140
 With hair disordered, ashes on my head,
 Without my vestment, frantic and dismay'd,
 I 'among th' assembled congregation ran,
 Who, seeing my confusion and alarm,
 With hideous uproar rose against my life. 145
 There I awoke. Three hours with anguish rack'd,
 Distracted, I lay since this dreadful dream.
 I tremble yet, my heart still beats tumultuous,
 And secret horror fills my labouring breast.
 My tongue still falters — He must die! from you 150
 Some speedy counsel, Fathers, I expect,
 How best we may consign him to his doom.
 Here Caiaphas with fixed eyes stood mute.
 But after a considerable pause
 He added: It is better, one should die 155

Than that we perish all. But, still to act
 With prudence, we must not pronounce his doom
 On festal day, lest of the multitude
 His numerous adherents rescue him.

The Highpriest ceased. Profoundest stillness reign'd. 160
 No breath throughout th' assembly could be heard.
 Each seemed a lifeless burthen, on his seat
 Transfix'd and dumb, as though by lightning struck.
 When Joseph saw how stillness thus prevail'd,

He formed the resolution in defence 165
 Of Jesus the assembly to address.

But the impetuosity and rage
 Of Philo, a dreaded priest, who rose to speak,
 Confused the Messiah's faithful friend.

Th' imperious priest, disdainig (lest he should 170
 Speak undeciding) to aver his thoughts,

While things appeared still premature to be;
 Till now had not adverted once to Jesus.

All deem'd him wise. E'en Caiaphas, though scorn'd 175
 And hated by the pharisaic priest,

Revered him. Philo rose. Malignant fire
 Flashed from his haggard melancholy eyes,
 Wild fury swoll his breast, ire wing'd his words.

Dost thou imagine, Caiaphas, said he, 180
 That we believe thy spurious report?

Didst dream a dream that was inspired from heav'n?
 Know it, and mark me well: Th' Eternal God
 Doth no voluptuous sensualists inspire;

Nor do celestial Spirits e'er commune 185
 With men who, though in secret, are of Saddoc
 Disciples. — But at once to solve this point:

Thou didst relate a fiction, or thou saw'st
 The vision. — Should it be the first of these,
 Then thou hast shown thy skill in Roman wiles

And subtilties, then thou dost well deserve 190
 The holy honours, gained by proffered bribes!

But should it be the latter, should this dream
 Indeed have been inspired from heaven above;

Then learn, Highpriest, that the Eternal God, 195
 To chastize great offenders, hath ere now

Commissioned Spirits of illusive kind

To false, seducing prophets to appear.

Thus to destroy king Ahab, slave of Baal,
 That murdered Naboth's blood might cry to God

Not more for vengeance; from the Throne came down 200

CANTO IV. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

89

The Angel of death, and brought false prophecy
 To all the Seers. And, lo, the rolling car
 Brings back the dying Ahab. He expir'd.
 His flowing blood, shed by the Angel of death
 In th' awful presence of the dread Eternal, 205
 Distained the ground where Naboth had been ston'd.
 But thy dream doth enjoin, that we destroy
 This most heinous perverter of our laws? —
 Thou didst not dream the dream. Mere fiction this.
 Yet the invention is most opportune. 210
 But didst thou not, O Caiaphas, didst thou
 Not tremble, when I uttered that most
 Appalling of all names — Angel of death?
 Lo, one of them perhaps doth even now,
 Before the Throne of the Vindictive Judge, 215
 Weigh, in the balance, thy blood — soon to flow. —
 Imagine not that I extenuate guilt
 In the Nazarene. If to him compar'd,
 Thy crimes and guilt are not so heinous far.
 Thou dost indeed the sanctuary defile, 220
 But his intention is, quite to destroy
 And rase it. — Yet, long ere he being had,
 He was to death and to destruction doom'd.
 His blood long since was in the balance weigh'd,
 In which the mightiest of offenders — great 225
 And haughty subjugators of the nations,
 Were found too light and struck the rising beam.
 Yea, he shall die, and I will see him die,
 Will see him exterminated from the earth.
 Dust stained with his blood, I from the hill 230
 Will take, on which he shall resign his life,
 And carry it into the sanctuary;
 Or holy stones, still reeking with his blood,
 I will deposit at the altar's foot,
 A token of remembrance for the sons 235
 Of Abraham e'en in remotest time.
 Ignoble fear that bids us stand in awe
 Of wavering multitudes! our ancestors
 Were never actuated by, — ne'er knew,
 Dishonouring pusillanimity. 240
 If we will tarry till th' Omnipotent
 From heaven, avenging, the Nazarene strike
 With his vindictive thunder; we may sink
 With him, in common ruin overwhelm'd.
 Did the Tishbethean dread the multitude 245

When all the priests of sleeping Baal he slew?
 Baal whom they all solicited in vain,
 To wake in tempests and hurl lightnings down?
 Or did he put his confidence in Him,
 Who furnished a devouring flame from heav'n? — 259
 But, though I be not aided by a tempest,
 I singly will go forth among the people.
 And woe to him that dares advance and say,
 That this seditious Dreamer's blood be not
 A sacrifice acceptable to God. 255
 He by the congregation shall be ston'd,
 If Philo give the signal for his death:
 In presence of assembled Israel,
 In presence of the Romans he shall die:
 With the Nazarene he shall yield his life. 260
 Then we shall sit in judgment unmolested,
 Entering the sanctuary with shouts of triumph.
 So saying, Philo, with uplifted arms,
 Advanced in the assembly and exclaim'd:
 Spirit of Moses, reigning now in bliss, 265
 Whether in thy celestial robes thou art
 Reclining at the side of Abraham,
 Around thee gathering all the holy Seers;
 Or whether thy yet mortal children, now
 In council met, beneath a humble roof, 270
 Thou deignest still to visit: Solemnly
 I swear to thee, by yon dread covenant,
 Inviolable and nevermore to cease,
 Which thou to us hast brought out of a storm,
 From God to thee on Sinai reveal'd: 275
 I will not rest till this thine adversary,
 Who hates thy laws and thee, be from the earth
 Exterminated, — till mine hands I fill
 With the Nazarene's flowing blood, to bear
 It to the altar of thanksgivings; there 280
 Uplifting it above mine hoary head.
 So spake the pharisaic priest, his eyes
 To heaven upraised; and much he strove to ween,
 Th' Eternal God doth not lay open smooth
 And white sepulchres. Conscience sternly smote 285
 The hypocrite. He felt the monitor,
 Yet, unbetray'd by his undaunted eye,
 He stood in the assembly. Caiaphas,
 With fury and unmanning rage convuls'd,
 Was leaning meanwhile on his golden chair. 290

His visage burn'd. His vacant eyes were fix'd.
 And wrathful consternation shook his soul.
 Him saw the Sadducees. They all against
 The Parisee, with furious vehemence
 Tumultuous rose. So on the battle-field 205
 Before the iron car, the bounding steeds
 Of war prance, when the whizzing spear lays prone
 The vaunting chief who lashed them to the fight.
 They neigh; they menace with their flaming eyes;
 They paw and stamp the ground until it trembles; 300
 They toss their mane; they snort against the storm. —
 The whole assembly, in the tumult dire
 Distracted, would have suddenly dispers'd,
 Had not Gamaliel now stepp'd forth to speak.
 The dignity of his countenance display'd 305
 Serenity and wisdom. He began.

If in the tumult of impetuous rage
 And passion, ye are not to reason deaf;
 If wisdom be yet lovely in your sight,
 Then listen, O ye Fathers, to my words. 310
 Say, if this strife and animosity
 Among you be perpetually reviv'd;
 If names of Pharisee and Sadducee
 Of discord be an everlasting source,
 How can ye then an adversary destroy? — 315
 But peradventure God permitted hate
 And malice your attention to engross,
 While for himself he still reserves the right,
 On the Nazarene sentence to pronounce.
 Be ye admonished, Fathers, and be wise, — 320
 Leave judgment to the Righteous Judge of all!
 Ye might be insufficient to direct
 His thunder, — much too feeble, ye might sink
 Low in the dust if ye were to attempt
 To wield his mighty weapons, that e'en shake 325
 The heavens and the foundation of the earth.
 Be still before the Lord! with silent awe
 And with humility await the voice
 Of the All-righteous Judge! it soon will speak!
 The earth from morn- to even-point will hear. 330
 If God command the thunder, him to smite;
 And bid the tempest, separate his bones
 And scatter them like dust in every wind;
 If God say to the glittering sword: Arise,
 Arm vengeful hands and drink the sinner's blood! — 335

If he enjoin the depths of th' earth to ope,
 And in her hid recesses bury him!
 Then he is an obnoxious dreamer! But,
 If he continue, with his heavenly
 And potent miracles, to bless the earth; 840
 If by his word the blind receive their sight,
 And joyous lift their faces to the sun;
 If he who was born blind, astonished look
 Upon his father who conducted him:
 (Your pardon, if the greatness of these deeds 845
 Fills me with wonder, that, as ye may ween,
 I speak with too much zeal on his behalf!)
 If th' ear that had been deaf, again perceive
 The human voice, — of the ministering priest
 The benediction hear, — the voice of love, 850
 Condoling accents, and the solemn choir
 And festive hallelujahs; if by him
 The dead rise from the silent grave, and walk,
 Against us witnessing; if weeping they
 Again look up to heaven, and then look 855
 With holy indignation down on us,
 And point unto their tombs, while threatening us
 With that tribunal at which they have stood;
 If he, which is still more divine, without
 Rendering himself-obnoxious to reproach, 860
 Immaculate among us ever live,
 With potent virtue still work miracles,
 And thus resemble the Omnipotent:
 Say, O ye Fathers, By the living God
 I do conjure you! Is he to be condemn'd? — 865
 Gamaliel thus. The radiant sun now blas'd
 High in meridian o'er Jerusalem.
 About this time Iacariot approach'd,
 To enter the assembly. Satan pass'd
 Before him, so Ithuriel. Both, unseen, 870
 Stood in the hall, observing what transpir'd.
 But Nicodemus every countenance,
 Silent, survey'd. As when with conscious guilt
 A sinner trembles, when Jehovah's voice
 In thunder to him calls, so in the whole 875
 Assembly all looked ghastly pale and trembled.
 E'en Caiaphas and Philo seem'd to tremble,
 Confounded by the wisdom, from the lips
 Forth flowing of Gamaliel. Nicodemus
 Feared, others of his words would disapprove. 880

But scorning every bitterness of speech,
 That they might vent against him, he arose
 And ventured the assembly to address.
 Tall and erect, with manly port, he stood.
 Grief, philanthropy and solemnity, 385
 Appeared in his thoughtful countenance
 Conspicuous. And that sweet tranquillity,
 From consciousness of rectitude deriv'd,
 Beamed from his meek and overflowing eye, —
 A faithful witness, which strove not to hide 390
 The swelling tear, when gently he began,
 Imagining that still he spake to men:
 Thrice blessed, O Gamaliel, be thou,
 And blessed be the words that thou hast spoken!
 The Lord of heaven appointed thee, the bold 395
 Defender of his verity and truth,
 And put into thy lips a piercing sword!
 Behold, our members, severed by thy words,
 Still tremble, and our feeble knees still fail!
 A hovering gloom still shrouds our swimming eyes! 400
 We still behold the awful Deity
 Ride on the storm, that all who dare oppose
 His sacred Will, may know their being dust.
 Th' Eternal God who thee such wisdom taught,
 Who, with such resolution, armed thy soul 405
 And thee with magnanimity endow'd;
 May he, Gamaliel, be evermore
 Thy Great Protector! The from heaven sent
 Messiah, may he thy Messiah be,
 And the Messiah of thy progeny! — 410
 But, ah, can I pronounce a blessing too
 On you, who thus are persecuting God's
 Exalted Prophet? — Philo, not on thee!
 Not, Caiaphas, on thee! For you I mourn,
 If yet your hearts the voice of mourning move, 415
 And if the tears that flow for innocence,
 Can still excite compassion in your breasts.
 The voice of tears for innocence still pleads!
 Regard the plea, ye Fathers! — If the blood,
 The sacred blood of innocence once flow, 420
 It lifts a voice to heaven, louder than
 God's thunder, and it's voice th' Eternal hears!
 And God will come in judgment down to th' earth,
 Divested of compassion, and will call:
 Where, Judah, Judah! where is thy Messiah? — 425

And if he be not found, God will make bare
 His dreaded arm, and will, from morning-point
 To evening-point, destroy all men of blood,
 Who murdered his Holy One, his Son.
 Thus, he resumed his seat. Still Philo sat, 430
 Indignant stared, then rolled his flashing eyes
 With menace dire around him, shook with ire,
 But with imperious pride strove to conceal
 The turbulence that so convulsed his breast.
 He strove in vain. His rolling eyes grew dim, 435
 Night spread around him, swimming darkness hid
 The whole assembly from his failing sight.
 Unnerved by fury, he must now have sunk,
 Or his stagnated blood be suddenly
 Fired, him afresh powerfully to revive. 440
 It rose, and gushed, from his high-swelling heart
 With furious passion, fire into his face.
 His mien announces Philo! From his seat
 He bounds and, desperate, from his place rushes forth,—
 Round inaccessible mountains fearful storms, 445
 Tremendous, lowering, from the frowning throng
 One of the most nocturnal clouds, most arm'd
 With thunder, for destruction kindled, bursts
 Thus singly forth. While others merely strike
 The lofty cedar, she with volleys main 450
 Of livid lightning, fills the wide expanse
 Of heaven with a universal blaze, —
 With repercussive thunder crumbles hoar,
 With forests crowned, mountains into dust,
 And splendid towns display from thousand domes 455
 The collum'd flame and in their ruins sink. —
 So Philo in th' assembly forward rush'd.
 Him Satan saw and said: Thine every word
 To me devote, O Philo! As in hell
 We consecrate, so thee I consecrate 460
 To mine especial confidence and trust.
 Wild flow thy words like hell's dire cataracts,
 Impetuous like the overwhelming floods
 Of burning seas! and thunders give them wing,
 Which from my lips are rolling when the deep 465
 Hears my commands! by misanthropic scorn
 And rancour be thy utterance still impell'd,
 As e'er discourse of gods along the range
 Interminable of mountains in th' abyss
 Resounded, which the listening streams of hell 470

Learn, and to every kindred stream recount.
 So, Philo, speak! so lead the multitude,
 Thy captives! Let thine heart such feelings vent
 As e'en Adramelech, were he of kin
 To human kind, would not disdain to cherish! 478
 On the Nazarene utter doom of death!
 I will reward thee, and will fill thine heart
 With joys infernal when thou see'st his blood. —
 So spake the Archapostate by himself,
 Heard by Ithuriel. But the Pharisee 480
 Stood, raised his eyes to heaven and began:
 Blood-altar, on which the Atoning Lamb
 To God is sacrificed! And ye sublime
 And holy Altars, on which undefil'd
 Oblations wafted up to God, of yore, 485
 Most grateful odours! Holiest of Holies!
 Ark of th' inviolable covenant!
 Ye Cherubim! Ye Ministers of death!
 Thou Mercy-seat where, ere th' enormity
 Of Israel's offences roused his anger; 490
 Th' Eternal, shrouded in a sacred gloom,
 Presided in the judgment over sinners
 Thou Holy Temple which the Deity
 Filled with his glory! and Thou on whom was heard
 The voice divine, — Moriah, O Moriah! 495
 If the Nazarene now demolish you;
 These Outcasts, wicked men, if they, seduc'd
 By the Revolver, aid his purposes;
 I am not guilty of your desolation!
 Ah innocent, if our posterity, 500
 With trembling knees, flee to the sanctuary,
 Wringing their hands, and seek with anxious looks,
 Not finding him; the God of their forefathers:
 If the abhorred Nazarene raise him thrones,
 Where God throned, high above the Seraphim: 505
 If to this sinner sacrilegious slaves
 Of idols incense bring, defiling thus
 The place where hung the veil, where the Highpriest,
 With supplication and with covered face,
 Entered alone, to' approach the Mercy-seat. — 510
 God, let mine eyes not witness such a scene
 Of misery, but let them rather close
 In dissolution, that they may not see
 Such dreadful ruin on thy people fall:
 But whatsoever I am able still 515

To do, th' impending ruin to' obviate, —
 I to the Lord will do it. — Here I stand
 Before Thee: Hear me, God of Israel!
 Didst Thou e'er hear in heaven, what man on earth,
 Bow'd in the dust, did supplicate of Thee; 520
 Came, on Elijah's prayer, from heaven fire,
 The murderous bands consuming on the heights
 Of Carmel, that was by king Ahab sent;
 Opened the earth her depths, when Moses sued,
 E'en Corah, Dothan and th' Abiramids 525
 Ingulphing; then, O God of Israel,
 Regard the prayer that I to Thee address:
 I imprecate thy curses on the heads
 Of these blaspheming men, who countenance
 This sinner, the avowed foe to Moses. — 530
 Thy end be, Nicodemus, like the end
 Of this seducing Dreamer; thy grave near
 The grave of this Revolter, e'en amid
 The bones of murderers, stoned, far away
 From th' altar and the temple. May in death 535
 Thine heart be hard, at enmity with God;
 Thine eyes without a tear, to weep unable,
 Because thou didst shed tears, unholy tears,
 A sacrilegious Reprobate to screne.
 Thou didst against the God of heaven contend. — 540
 Gamaliel, thou also didst defend
 This Dreamer. Darkness and a dreadful gloom
 Shroud evermore thine eyes. Then sit and pine,
 From the Nazarene succour still in vain
 Awaiting. And may deafness close thine ear, 545
 An awful end thy life. Ignobly, then,
 Decay, and wait till the Nazarene's voice
 Awake and raise thee from the silent grave,
 And hast thou told the vulgar multitude,
 Who gaze on him astonished as thou dost; 550
 Saidst thou to them in thy last feverish dream:
 Observe, he will awake me from the dead! —
 May they be trampling on thy mouldering dust,
 Deriding both thy prophet and thyself.
 And then before th' Eternal's judgmentseat. 555
 Thy soul must hear her everlasting doom. —
 God, raise thy dreaded arm and strike this sinner,
 Strike Nicodemus! Every curse inflict,
 Which I pronounced to magnify thy name! —
 Gamaliel who, with him, hath bent his knee, 560

Him also Thou must hurl into the dust,
 Low in the dust where death for ever dwells.
 But thine enkindled wrath that shakes the hills
 And mountains of the earth; that makes hell quake
 And tremble to her innermost recess; 585

And all thy thunders; Dread Eternal, strike
 'The more atrocious sinner, the Nazarene! —
 I have been young and am grown hoary now;
 In manner of the fathers I have serv'd
 Thee ever, and to Thee have sacrific'd: 590

But sufferest Thou thy dying suppliant
 'The misery to see that this Revolter,
 That the Nazarene gain the victory;
 That thine eternal covenant should now
 Be rendered void, thy sanctuary despoil'd, 595

Th' inviolable oath which Thou didst swear,
 The blessing Thou conferredst on Abraham
 And his posterity for evermore:
 That all be henceforth of no more avail:
 Then I do herewith, in Judea's presence, 599

Renounce thy Laws and Rights for evermore!
 Then I will live without Thee, without Thee
 My drooping head shall sink into the grave.
 Yea, if Thou dost not quickly exterminate
 This dreamer from the earth; then Thou didst not 585

Appear to thine especial servant Moses;
 It was, then, an illusion which he saw
 At Horeb's basis, in the burning bush;
 Then Thou didst not miraculous descend
 To Sinai, no Seraph's trump was heard, 599

No thunders rolled, nor did the mountain shake;
 Then we and our forefathers ever were —
 Were, since time immemorial, the most abject,
 Most helpless people in the universe;
 Then woe on us, then we are without Law, 594

Then Thou art not the God of Israel.
 The Pharisee ceased and, enraged, stepp'd back.
 But Nicodemus stood with tranquil mien,
 E'en as a man who suffers sore oppression,
 And feels the dignity within his breast 600

Of conscious innocence. Solemnity
 Dwells in his face, and heaven in his soul.
 The godly man, with awe impress'd, now call'd
 To mind those solemn nights, when the Messiah
 With his enraptured soul sweet converse held, 604

Expounding to him mysteries divine
 Of deity and of eternal being;
 And how he, while the Mediator spake,
 Stood at his side, beholding in his mien
 Profoundness full of soul, benignity, 610
 And lustre more than human in his eyes:
 Beheld in him primeval innocence
 Developed, and descry'd in him sublime,
 Resplendent features of the Son of God.
 Thus Nicodemus stood, adoring silent, 615
 Too highly blessed still to dread the rage
 And frowns of feeble man. A potent fire,
 A flame from heaven kindled in his breast.
 He felt as though he stood before the Judge
 Of heaven and earth, in presence of the whole 620
 Assembled race of men, collected all
 At the tribunal of the judgment-day.
 The eyes of every one in the assembly
 On him were fix'd. But awful virtue's fire
 And meek serenity from his eyes beam'd 625
 And all, with irresistible power, smote.
 Though furious, they felt the stern rebuke.
 He conquered them. They heard. And he began.
 Hail me, mine eyes the great Messiah saw!
 Hail me, I saw the hope of Israel, 630
 The great Deliverer, Him, whom Abraham,
 Amid the silent haunts of Mamre's grove,
 Oft longed to see; whom David, with his pray'rs,
 Had gladly brought down from the Father's arms;
 Whom all the prophets, prostrate in the dust, 635
 With tears, which God collected and preserv'd,
 Desired to see. I have seen him, whom God
 Gave unto us, to us who are unworthy! —
 Yea, Thou didst rend the heavens and didst come down
 With haste among thy people, all to bless! 640
 O Thou, th' only begotten of the Father;
 Thou who art nominated, by these men,
 A dreamer and a sinner! Spotless Being!
 Oh, who are they, that nominate Thee, such?
 When didst Thou ever fabricate untruth? 645
 When didst Thou sin? — Stood e'en this Jesus not
 In presence of assembled Israel? —
 Wert thou not present, Philo? did not he
 Aloud demand: Who among you can convict
 Me of a sin? — where, Philo, was that rage 650

And rancorous fury then, that now is flowing
 From thy defaming lips? why didst thou stand,
 And they about thee, petrify'd and mute? —
 At first a universal silence reign'd, —
 With expectation every eye was fix'd. 655
 Joy turbulent some countenances gladden'd,
 And anxious fear o'er others was diffuz'd.
 The whole assembly, motionless and mute,
 Expected that some would against him prove.
 But when, among the countless multitude, 660
 Not one the blessed Jesus could accuse:
 The people suddenly their voices rais'd
 To heaven! the joyful acclamation shook
 Moriah! and, with the repeated shouts,
 The summit trembled of Mount Olivet. 665
 Then from among the people forward press'd
 Many of those, that had been blind, or deaf,
 Or halt, or lame; and all, exulting, prais'd
 The blessed Jesus. Lo, the multitude
 Whom, in the distant wilderness, he had 670
 Miraculously fed, approached to bless
 The friend to man. Anon was heard among
 The people a youth whom he, at Nain's gate,
 Restored to his afflicted mother's arms,
 Exclaiming: Thou art more than mortal man! 675
 Thou art not born a sinner! lo, Thou art
 The Son of God! — This hand that I, with joy,
 Stretch forth to Thee, was dead. These eyes that weep,
 That weep at seeing Thee, Being ineffable,
 Were closed. My immortal soul that, glad, 680
 Adores Thee, her Deliverer, was flown.
 They bore me on the dole and mournful bier,
 In the sepulchre to deposit me.
 Thou gavest to my stiffened limbs new life!
 Behold, Thou dist rekindle, in mine eyes, 685
 The vital flame! again I saw the earth
 And heaven, and mine aged mother who
 Stood trembling at my side. Thou didst recall
 My soul that was departed! lo, they took me
 Not to the grave! Oh, Thou art more than man! 690
 Thou art not born a sinner! hail, Thou art
 The Son of the Eternal God, e'en he
 That was to come, thy mother's joy, the joy
 Of the whole earth which to redeem Thou cam'st. —
 So spake the ardent Youth. But, Philo, thou 695

Stoodst mute, thine eyes unto the ground transfix'd.
 Wherefore in whole Judea's presence, Philo,
 Stoodst thou confounded thus, dismay'd and dumb? —
 But why need I these various things recount;
 Ye all do know them well. — If thou hadst eyes 700
 To see, and ears to hear; didst thou not grope
 In darkness; were thine heart not full of gross
 Enormities; then thou hadst long ere now
 Fully ascertained, that he is e'en the Son
 Of the Eternal Father. Or wert thou 705
 Too base for this, thou wouldst, in awe of God,
 Have waited humbly and silent in the dust,
 Till him the Judge supreme had justify'd
 From heaven, or hurled destruction on his head. —
 Religion! Oh, thou sacred friend to man! 710
 Jehovah's offspring; teacher most sublime
 Of virtue, source of peace, most choice of all
 Heaven's blessings, and immortal in thy nature
 As thine Eternal Sire! resplendent thou
 Like Saints, when glorify'd! and sweet as life 715
 Eternal! of exalted thoughts creatress!
 Devotion's blissful fount, or any name
 By which among Celestials thou art known,
 Being ineffable: when thine eternal,
 Efulgent beams irradiate noble minds: 720
 A sword thou art in the raging bigot's hand!
 Priestess of blood and carnage, yea, the daughter
 Of th' Archrevolter, nevermore religion.
 Black as eternal night, and horrible
 As blood which thou didst shed, when stalking forth 725
 O'er altars, piled of martyrs who were slain
 By thee with homicidal, murderous hand.
 Rapacious, thou e'en darest those thunders grasp,
 Which the supreme hath for himself reserv'd!
 Thy foot stands on the dire abyss of hell, 730
 Thy head with menace to the heavens tow'rs,
 When thou by sanguine hypocrites art form'd,
 When misanthropes of thee a monster make. —
 Religion, ah, thou such inculcating, —
 Thou teach, that the benign and bountiful 735
 Creator of the heavens delights in murder?
 And thou enjoin, that He be doomed to death,
 Without whom thou couldst no existence have, —
 Whom all the hosts of heaven in their songs
 With hallelujahs long resounded, ere 740

Thou didst descend to th' earth, to be profan'd
 By sinful man, — He who is evermore
 Thine author and thy substance, — such thy lore,
 Religion! ah no, far is such from thee,
 Offspring of the Most High, felicity,
 Thou source divine of peace, health of the soul,
 God's covenant, pledge of eternal life.

745

My soul is moved within me; under me
 My trembling knees begin to fail and sink;
 Dread, pity and amazement and concern
 Pervade me, when I ponder these sad facts.
 I am appalled with horror at the thought,
 That man, whom God created rational,
 Still every truth demonstrative perverts,
 And is too base to feel as man should feel;

750

755

Too impotent and too degenerate,
 The difference of religion and desire
 Of murder to discern, — the radiant beams
 Of innocence but faintly to perceive.
 But innocence is not solicitous

760

To be distinguished and approved by men!
 God sees her from on high, — the heavens see!
 She trembles not when she, by reprobates
 And sinners, is disowned and condemn'd! —

When Seraphim admiring by her stand,

765

And God from heaven cheers her with his smiles,
 How abject and contemptible we appear,
 When we then in our kindred dust stand forth,
 To prove against her! But when at the dread
 Tribunal, in the judgment of the world,
 Before the whole assembly of the dead

770

Risen from the grave, when Seraphim advance
 'Gainst us to prove, o'er our devoted heads
 The fearful thunders rolling of the voice
 Of Cherubim, loud calling to those Saints,

775

Whom we here persecuted; from on high
 The Voice divine descending to the Just,
 Them bidding, into glory to advance
 Triumphant! — ah, how shall we then appear! —

With terror smit, we shall sue to the hills:

780

Conceal us! to the mountains: On us fall!
 To th' ocean: Hide us in thy fearful depths!

And to destruction: Oh, exterminate us!

Lest they should see us, whom we once condemn'd, —

Lest those terrific Saints should on us look,

785

And lest the Father of such dreadful children,
 In anger, should observe us! — Strengthen me,
 Exalted Thought, thought of the judgment-day!
 Be thou to me a rock, a rock of God,
 To which for certain safety I may flee, 790
 When, O divine Redeemer, thy last looks,
 Thy last expiring looks once pierce my soul! —
 Ah, I perceive th' emotion of my breast,
 When thine approaching death I distant view!
 A sharp and glittering, a two-edged sword 795
 Is over me suspended. But, alas! —
 Exalted Thought, Thought of the judgment-day,
 Thou dost in vain my drooping soul elate! —
 My heart with grief, with pity and misery
 Surcharged, doth not to thy voice attend. — 800
 Thou whom, while still a child, these arms embrac'd,
 Whom I with joy and with astonishment,
 With wonder and with admiration oft
 Pressed to my heart, when the sage Elders stood
 Around thee, listening to thy words amaz'd; 805
 Lo, from the everlasting gates of heav'n,
 Legions of Angels issued to regard
 Thy wisdom; they thy wise instructions heard,
 And joyous struck harmonious their harps,
 To celebrate thy praise! Thou didst awake the dead! 810
 The tempests were commanded by thine eyes, —
 Lo, they obey'd; the hurricane was hush'd!
 Thou didst go forth, in silence, on the main;
 Huge aqueous mountains dropp'd at thine approach'd
 Into the deep, — the sea became a plain, — 815
 Thou didst walk on the calmed waters! heav'n
 Observed, and witness to thy wonders bore!
 And Thou shalt die? — Die then, if such be thine
 Exalted Father's hallowed decree.
 But I will go with tears unto thy grave, 820
 And there where Mary bore thee, at the brook
 Of Bethlehem, there I will weep and die,
 Thou Best of men, thou Son of the Most High,
 The Covenant's Angel, Dear Exalted Being.
 My end be like thine end! — My grave be near 825
 The Righteous Jesus' grave. My bones shall there
 Rest unmolested, till they rise to life
 Eternal. — But why donot I withdraw
 From this assembly? I am guiltless, I
 Am not polluted by their wicked counsels. — 830

Judge of the world, now call me up to Thee!

I have no part in counsels of these sinners. —

So spake the godly man, remain'd, fell on his knees,
And prayed aloud: Messiah, as thou art
Ere Abraham was! at the great tribunal 835

Do testify: Thee, I as God adore. —

He then arose and said, with countenance

E'en like an Angel's countenance serene:

Lo, thou didst curse me, but I bless thee, Philo!

He taught me such, whom I as God adore. 840

Oh, understand me, Philo, — learn to know him!

When thou approachest the dread verge of life,

And when the guiltless Jesus' blood strikes thee

With terror and dismay, and overwhelms

Thy soul e'en as a deluge; when thou hear'st 845

The awful thunder of th' avenging voice

Of the Omnipotent; when thou perceiv'st,

Amid the dreadful gloom surrounding thee,

Jehovah advancing on the iron path —

Relentless; when thou hear'st the dreadful clatter 850

Of the unsheathed sword, the fearful balance,

And arrows in the blood of tyrants drench'd;

When from the countenance of God go forth

The agonies of death, and on thee seize

With iron hand; when very different thoughts, 855

Than thou dost cherish now, will overwhelm

Thy soul; and when thy breaking eyes behold

Nought but the judgment, thou before the Judge

Dost shrink and writhe in agony; when thou

Dost quake and tremble, and dost weep aloud 860

For mercy: May God in compassion hear,

And then vouchsafe his mercy unto thee. —

Thus Nicodemus spake, and forthwith left,

Accompany'd by Joseph, the assembly.

Ithuriel, when the godly man withdrew, 865

Upraised himself, with widely-extended arms,

Enraptured hovering on the silent air.

His eyes that overflowed with sacred joy,

Contemplative he lifted to the heav'ns,

Celestial smiles his countenance adorn'd, 870

And on his gracefully-distended brow

Delight, too great for human utterance, sate.

Like one of the Celestials who, on earth,

Two lovers guards, that feel the generous flame

Reciprocally of affection pure; 875

In transport lost, stands on one of those hills
 That bloom around the everlasting throne,
 And great Eloah sings before th' Eternal,
 His harp resounding with transcendent notes,
 Rewards of virtue and the bliss of friends 880
 And lovers, who again meet after long
 And painful absence and embrace, then form
 The theme of great Eloah's joyful song,
 The other Seraph, fired with ecstasy,
 Is listening. And Eloah's harp still sounds 885
 With powerful strain Angelic. Peal on peal,
 And thought on thought incessantly ascend.
 The listening Seraph hears, enraptured, till
 Dissolved in joys too powerful to tell,
 Ithuriel so was hovering on the air, 890
 And softly said: What happiness and bliss
 Will after the Redeemer's death crown thee,
 Thou human race, if thou hast more such souls, —
 If christians will be like this righteous man, —
 So spake the Seraph and regarded not 895
 That th' Archapostate heard what he had said.
 The Fiend his transport witnessed, feeling deeply
 The certain triumph of Ithuriel.
 The venerable Nicodemus walk'd
 At the Aremathean's side, and said, 900
 On leaving him; Thou, Joseph, wert ashamed
 Of Jesus. — The reproof pierced Joseph's heart,
 In secret he already mourned, with tears,
 His want of resolution, on behalf
 Of Jesus the assembly to address, 905
 He turned with tremour from his faithful friend,
 Words he could utter none for poignant grief,
 He only looked with innocence to heav'n.
 The whole assembly' in consternation sate
 When Nicodemus and when Joseph left, 910
 And every soul with wounds, perpetual wounds,
 For th' awful day of general retribution
 Was branded, — wounds, the pains acute of which
 They now to stun endeavoured; but they once
 Will ope, and widely ope, eternally 915
 Then bleeding, when the sacred monitor,
 Whom God hath placed within the human breast,
 Will loudly speak, not longer then repress'd. —
 They all sate dumb, The whole assembly now
 Had separated had not Escariot, 920

Disciple of the hated Jesus, enter'd.
 Iscariot was led into the hall.
 All, wondering, saw how he the numerous
 Assembly passed and, with collected mien,
 The Highpriest's chair approach'd. And Caiaphas 925
 His smiling countenance to him inclin'd.
 They privately conferred. The Highpriest, then,
 To th' Elders turned and said: There are yet some
 In Israel, who donot bend their knee
 Before this Idol. In this man ye see 930
 Of his disciples one, yet he adheres
 With firmness to the statutes of the fathers.
 He be rewarded. — Judas took their gifts
 And, proud respecting honours thus conferr'd
 By eye of the assembly, he retir'd. 935
 He thought, indeed, the recompence was small.
 But prospects that he soon should more obtain,
 When once the work that he had now begun,
 With zeal and caution should be finished, cheer'd him,
 With hatred Philo down on Judas look'd, 940
 Yet with approving smiles he fired him on,
 Of treachery to prosecute the work,
 Thus after warriors who contend for spoil,
 When rushing on into the desperate fight,
 The Chief of murderers gazes with disdain 945
 And triumph! 'Twas himself who fashioned first
 The hero, who instructed him in th' art
 Of cruelty deliberate, in his breast
 Of philanthropy every sense suppressing,
 Now, th' empty dream of everlasting fame 950
 Flaps round his eye, and shows the wreath that crowns
 The sanguine victor's brow. And men, he none regards,
 Save those who, to' immitate the deathless hero,
 Become a herd of monsters like himself.
 Behold the lion tear athwart the dale, 955
 Blood, death, and carnage breathing. To his ear
 The thunder of the iron field resounds
 Delightful! of emotion void he hears
 The doleful cry and groans of dying men,
 Forgetting that he also to the bond 960
 Of mild christianity had been invited,
 And also will be summoned by the voice
 Of thunder to the awful judgment-bar. —
 Iscariot in golden dreams absorb'd,
 And by the wishes of the Pharisee 965

Attended; went in quest of Jesus forth.

The Saviour from the umbrage of the palms,
Near Kidron, through the silent dale advanc'd.

Before him he beholds his type, the temple,
Within the city of Jerusalem;

970

Sees there th' assembly of his enemies,

And on the first assembly' of christians looks. —

Behold, said Jesus to his followers,

Doth not Jerusalem against herself

Bear testimony! I will weep no more,

975

Nor longer for her wretched children mourn.

Here see the tombs of prophets and of saints!

She murdered them all, yea, every one.

But many of her sons will once be mine,

To testify with you respecting me.

980

The purpose of my Father I will now

Accomplish. This ye comprehend not yet,

But all shall shortly be to you reveal'd.

Now, Peter, go, and John, into the city.

Ye there will see, within her walls, a youth

985

Who bears a pitcher water. He will turn

Repeatedly and kindly on you look,

Delighting in the strangers whom he sees.

Him follow to the house which he shall enter.

The good man of the mansion thus address,

990

And say: The Master sent us, he intends

To celebrate the festival with thee.

With assiduity and with a kind

Simplicity he, to an upper room

Will lead you. Every thing is ready there. —

995

So the Disciples found it, and the lamb,

As they desired, was speedily prepar'd.

Then Peter rose and to the house's roof

Ascended, looking tow'rd Bethania,

Much longing the Redeemer to discern.

1000

While eagerly he thus with roaming eye

Explores th' environs, he at once observes

The loving mother of his dear Messiah

Approaching, by some friends accompany'd.

Afflicted and fatigued (she during days

1005

Had sought her son, and passed the night in tears;)

Her person still superior grace display'd,

She moving silent on amid her friends,

Unconscious of the awful dignity,

From innocence derived and ever guarded

1010

By strictest virtue. Meek and humble in heart,
 By pride unsully'd, she possessed a soul
 So amiable and in all so pure,
 That, had our parent Eve not fallen by sin,
 Mary (if mortal could such honour claim,) 1015
 Was worthy' of Eve to have been the First-born.
 Sublime in every gesture like her hymn,
 Benign and gentle and affectionate
 Like Jesus, and beloved of her Son;
 Serenitude alway and sacred joys 1020
 Attended her. — With her came Lazarus,
 Whom the Messiah from the dead had rais'd.
 Certain of everlasting life, his thoughts
 Were heavenly, and his down-cast eye express'd
 Sensations sweet, profound and dignify'd, — 1025
 Sensations that no language can depict,
 Felt by the christian who can smile on death.
 In meditation Lazarus was wrapp'd
 Respecting his so recent dissolution,
 And rising from the tomb at Jesus' call, — 1030
 When trembling and with silent awe profound,
 He rose as though to vision beatific.
 His sister Mary who, at Jesus' feet,
 Chose, with humility the better part,
 The everlasting portion, followed him. 1035
 A deadly paleness deck'd her tranquil face,
 And in her eye a sympathizing tear
 Dolorous stood, which still she strove to hide.
 Nathaniel, a fond Youth, whom the Redeemer
 Pronounced ingenuous, faithful and sincere, 1040
 Had gained her heart. He and her brother shar'd
 The pious virgin's thoughts. She was resign'd
 The cold embrace of death to meet, but mourn'd
 For her Nathaniel and for Lazarus,
 Whom Jesus from the grave to her restor'd, 1045
 And from whom now she must be severed soon.
 At Mary's side the modest Cidli walk'd,
 Jairus' fair daughter. In her innocence
 Twelv vernal seasons had saluted her,
 When Cidli in the gayity of youth 1050
 Began to droop and, in the dell of peace,
 Softly, as if to slumber, closed her eyes.
 The mother saw the lovely Cidli dead.
 Then the Messiah came, restoring life
 To Cidli, — Cidli to her mother's arms. 1055

With sanctity sublime she bears the traits
 Of resurrection, in celestial smiles
 Developed. Yet she knows not, how her life
 Is crowned with glorious charms, and how she now
 Displays th' unfolding beauty of her youth, 1060
 And knows not how her heavenly heart is form'd
 For the impression soft of the most kindly,
 Most noble passion of the human breast.
 So walked the youthful beauteous Sulamite,
 Most fair of Israel's daughters, when beneath 1065
 The spreading apple-boughs, where in cool morn
 She first inhaled the animating breath,
 She was from slumber by her mother woke.
 With softest accent and with gentlest voice
 Her mother to her called: Rise, Sulamite! — 1070
 She rose and followed her conducting parent
 To th' umbrage deep of waving groves of myrrh,
 Where, in the hovering clouds of balmy odours,
 Love dwelled and in the maiden's breast infus'd
 A tremulous desire, the Youth to find, 1075
 For her created, who should likewise feel
 This sacred and most generous emotion,
 Thus Cidli on the arm of Mary lean'd,
 Sister to Lazarus. — With flaxen curls,
 Still in the bloom of life, resembling much 1080
 The youthful David when at Bethlehem's fount
 He sat and heard, with transport, in her oozing
 Th' Almighty; but enstranged to David's smile,
 Semida near the modest Cidli walk'd,
 The Youth whom the Redeemer, near the gate 1085
 Of Nain, had recalled into life.
 Now Jesus' mother lifted up her eyes
 And, with surprise and joy, discovered Peter.
 She hastened to the house in hopes to find
 There, with his faithful followers, the Messiah. 1090
 And Peter quickly from the roof came down,
 And hastened, with the amiable John,
 To meet her. But, when she approached them, both
 Stood awed; so was the greatness of her mind
 Developed in her person, port and mien. 1095
 She was invested with such dignity
 By Him who was Creator, ere the form
 Of man he condescended to assume;
 Who will again, with bodies glorify'd,
 Vest souls immortal at the end of time, 1100

When he will bid the grave resign the dead.
 Her two female attendants who, among
 The daughters of Judea, also were
 Two of the loveliest, meriting the love
 Of Jesus' mother; both with modest grace 1105
 And mutual confidence, walked at her side.
 E'en as among the mountains of Judea
 Mount Tabor supereminent appears,
 A splendid testimonial of the Son's
 Transcendent glory; — lovely is the height 1110
 Of Sion; on Mount Olivet the Son
 Devoted oft the night to fervent pray'r;
 Moriah bears, and trembled oft beneath
 The sanctuary: yet Tabor is of all
 The mountains of Judea most sublime, 1115
 The witness of the Saviour's transfiguration.
 So among these Vestals Jesus' mother stood. —
 Not finding Jesus with th' especially
 Beloved disciples, Mary, greatly oppress'd
 With apprehension and with grief, stood still. 1120
 When words at last found utterance she, to John
 Inclining, said, still smiling through her tears:
 He whom mine arm hath borne, who oft with looks
 Of filial love hath pressed my throbbing breast;
 I dread to call him son! he is in all 1125
 Far too sublime to have his orgin
 With me, a mortal mother! all his deeds
 Are far too wonderful, too miraculous,
 And show him too exalted for the love
 Of Mary; where, dear John, O where is he? 1130
 Where is the Son of the Eternal God?
 With anxious fear I sought him every where,
 Have sought to find him, lest he should return
 Into Jerusalem, this merciless,
 Unholy city. Oh, they seek his life! 1135
 They will destroy him whom mine hands have borne, —
 Him whom my breast hath nourished, on whom,
 While still a child, my weeping eyes, insatiate,
 Were fix'd with love and ecstasy maternal! —
 And pious John, with gentle voice reply'd: 1040
 By his injunction we are here, to dress
 The paschal lamb. Himself will soon be here.
 He now is coming from Bethania,
 To celebrate the festival with us.
 Await him here, O Mary! then pour forth, 1145

Unto thy Son, the feelings of thy fond
Maternal heart, so worthy of him, our Lord
And blessed Master, our divine Instructor.

Now all were silent, and the pious sister
Of Lazarus, who oft to Jesus' words 1150
With transport listened, gently leaned on her
Beloved Cidli; and Semida now

To Cidli nearer stepp'd, but still was mute,
Looked to the ground and heaved a gentle sigh.
Not to the pain enstranged, that long depress'd 1155
Semida's heart, she, with a sideward glance
Beheld the Youth and, in his pensive eye,
Read th' inmost feelings of his soul, and saw
That dignity which, with an Angel's mien,
The countenance of suffering virtue adorns. 1160
Her tender breast dissolved, and Cidli, fond,
These sympathizing sentiments indulg'd:

O generous Youth! on mine account his days
In sadness and in sorrow still pass on! —
Ah, am I worthy of thy tender love? 1165

Worthy of thine affectionate regard?
Long since I wished with ardour thine to be,
From thee to learn how virtue ever is
So heavenly; to love thee with sincere
Affection, even as in antient times 1170

The daughters of Jerusalem did love;
E'en like a lamb thy kindly wishes meet;
Like roses in the valley, nourished still,
And by the breath of th' early morning reard, —
So in thy pure embrace I would be form'd, 1175
And would be thine and love thee evermore! —

But, ah, my loving mother, why didst thou
Give such a stern injunction! Yet for me
It is enough, in silence to observe 1180

The wise directions of a loving parent,
In which I hear the voice of the Most High.
To Him I am devoted! his the pow'r
That raised me into life again when dead!
I bear not now th' affinity to th' earth,
To bring her mortal children. — But, fond Youth, 1185
Thou must desist those plaintive sighs to vent,
And must not longer mourn! Semida, ah,
That I again could see those cheerful smiles
That deck'd thy face when thou wert still enstrang'd
To tears, except they were the tears of joy; 1190

When thou, a boy, delighted saw'st me escape
Thy mother's fondling arms to come to thine. —

Such were the Damsel's thoughts. A silent tear
Bedewed her cheek. Semida saw the tear,
Although soon hid beneath her flowing veil. 1195
Mute he retired and, when alone, dejected
Within himself said, looking to the ground:

Why doth she weep? that lovely countenance
In tears to see, — it pierced me to the heart! —
Ye precious, tender, most affectionate 1200
And silent tears, formed trembling in her eyes!
Ah, flowed but one of you on my behalf!
One only would be soothing to my breast!

I mourn and pass my days in dole and pain, —
Within my thoughts dwells Cidli evermore! — 1205

O Thou, Immortal Part, Inhabitant
Of this terrestrial mould, Exalted Being,
Offspring of the divine Creator's breath,
Formed in his image, heiress of the life
Eternal, O my Soul, or what the name 1210

May be, bestowed by Angels at thy birth;
O answer my entreaties, solve to me
This hidden, this mysterious part of fate, —
Disperse this hovering gloom, and answer me!
For I am weary, ever thus to weep, 1215

Am weary thus to cloud my life with grief:
Why, when I see her who, perhaps, is now
Not longer mortal; or when I from her
Am absent; why doth she my thoughts engross?
Why swells my heart with palpitation strange, 1220

With feelings which before I never knew?
Why do all my ideas, all my thoughts,
Trembling dissolve in love? why doth that sweet,
That silver voice, from Cidli's lips forth flowing, —
Why doth her look, full of serenity 1225

And full of soul; so powerfully affect
Mine heart with feelings, so ineffable?
With feelings radiant, which around me throng,
E'en pure as innocence, and generous
Like deeds of great and venerable sages? 1230

Why doth distress, with sable midnight-wing,
O'erwhelm me with the sleep of death, when I
Imagine, O intolerable thought!

That Cidli loves me not? — I then behold
The dreary grave that opened for me once. 1235

Dead silence answers then unto my moans.
 And if the powers of reason I arouse,
 To combat with my sorrow; if I say
 Unto my soul: Be firm, and be thyself!
 Thy dignity assert, and recollect 1240
 Thine origin, celestial in thy nature,
 Immortal! — Then she trembles and beholds
 Her wounds, and mourns, and weeps. — Why am I doom'd
 To love, and to despair of ever gaining
 The love of her who thus inflames my soul? 1245
 Why strives my heart to love more ardently
 Than e'en the noblest hearts are wont the cherish
 This dear and noble passion? and what voice
 Repeats to me, for ever, Cidli's name?
 Can e'er of her remembrance I destroy? 1250
 What voice is this, that evermore with sweet
 Harmonious accents, only heard by souls
 Of tenderest feelings, whispers to my heart,
 The heavenly maiden evermore to love? —
 I will then, Cidli, love thee evermore, — 1255
 Although thou art thus silent and reserv'd,
 Thou e'er shalt be the object of my most
 Affectionate regard and tender love.
 Ah, when I ventured, trembling, still to think,
 Thou wert for me created! Oh, my heart 1260
 How tranquil then, my breast how full of bliss!
 I then dwell'd in the valleys of delight.
 Most pleasing thought, may I yet harbour thee?
 And will my pain not violate thy peace? —
 I deemed thee, Cidli, mine for ever, mine 1265
 To all eternity. 'Tis this, I term'd, —
 For me created. Every charm sublime
 Of virtue, that before I had not seen,
 Thy love first taught me rightly to understand.
 With tremulous solicitude my heart 1270
 Obeyed her precepts. And remotely I heard
 The gentlest accents of her breathing voice, —
 Heard every utterance that none else perceiv'd,
 Enjoining me: With childhood innocence
 To keep my dearest treasure, Cidli's love. 1275
 God's choicest gift, Dear Maid, thou wert to me!
 As borne on pinions of thine innocence,
 I nearer still approached to Him who is
 Supremely amiable, who endued
 And vested thee with such transcendent charms, 1280

And rendered my heart so tender, thine
 So heavenly! — E'en with that ecstasy,
 With which thy mother pressed thee to her breast,
 And gazed on thee with transport at thy birth;
 And with that anguish which oppressed her soul 1283
 When she lean'd over thee, thou in her arms
 Expiring, — ere she heard the voice and steps
 Of Him who, in all need, is Judah's helper:
 So, Cidli, I the blissful thought indulg'd,
 Thou wert for me created. And my soul 1290
 Surveyed the thought with satisfaction, such
 As rarely streams from heaven into man's heart.
 But overwhelmed with sad and boundless grief,
 With sleep of death, she viewed the dreadful thought
 Of night, of dark and dreary solitude, 1295
 That I were doomed the victim of despair.
 Oh without thee, Dear Cidli, I am lost!
 The wide world is to me a spacious void,
 A wilderness if I am without thee. —
 By all things holy, by thy virtue and love, 1300
 And by those charms which, with a spotless soul,
 Exalt and dignify thee to an Angel;
 And if aught be more dear and more sublime,
 By thine awaking from the silent dead,
 And by thine immortality, in which, 1305
 With radiance robed, among Celestials thou
 Wilt once rejoice; Yea, by the crowns and great
 Rewards of virtue: I conjure thee, Cidli!
 Tell me, what says thine heart, what does it feel?
 Ah, can it spurn my bleeding heart that, thus, 1310
 Is lost in thee? — The solemn, awful thought, —
 The pleasing thought, that she hath from the grave
 Been raised, and that I was rais'd again;
 That we perhaps shall die no more, and shall
 Together be exalted to a higher, 1315
 A better life — But, hold, presumptuous thought! —
 I soared too high, too vehemently I lov'd.
 Too vehemently? how can I love the maid
 With too much ardour, whom I more desire
 For th' higher life than this life in the dust! 1320
 Beloved by her, in heaven or on earth,
 I shall love our Creator with more zeal.
 But is not now the Son of the Most High
 In danger? is not Jesus, my Redeemer,
 In danger? Even now they seek his life! 1325

But I cannot — nay, how can I believe,
 That he can die, who hath restored life
 To Cidli and to me? and hath not he
 So oft eluded the inveterate rage
 And persecutions of his crafty foes? — 1330
 Yet, did not I transgress in giving heed
 To my dolour, when danger threatens him? —
 If I have failed, vouchsafe thy pardon, dear,
 Divine Redeemer! — Henceforth, O my soul,
 Disclaim thy grief which, peradventure, will 1335
 Not last for ever; which disturbs the peace
 Of thee but individually; and fix
 Thy whole attention on the issue which
 Th' Eternal hath appointed for thy bless'd,
 Exalted Saviour's hallowed concerns. 1340
 Such were Samida's thoughts. With utmost haste
 He to the lonely rock retired, in which
 But recently his sepulchre had been hewn.

Meanwhile the mother of the Saviour rose
 And said, with anxious fear: He comes not, John! 1345
 I will advance to meet him. Horrible thought!
 I dread that his inhuman persecutors
 Already numbered him with the dead prophets.
 If he still live, if my dear Son be still
 Alive, if I am worthy once again 1350
 His face to see, mine eyes once more to see
 That gracious countenance, in which I trace
 The Prophet and my Son; if with his looks,
 Which beam celestial love, he once more view
 His loving mother: Oh, then I will venture, 1355
 Prostrating humbly to embrace his knees:
 Yea, Magdalene, though she is not his mother,
 Wept pardoned at his feet: then also I,
 With trembling reverence, will embrace his knees
 And, likewise, will bedew his feet with tears, 1360
 And, with solicitude maternal, will
 Look up to him and say: Regard my tears,
 As I regarded thine when thou didst weep
 In infancy! and by that ecstasy,
 By that transporting rapture, through my soul 1365
 Diffused when th' Immortals hailed thy birth
 With heavenly songs of triumph; If I have
 Been ever dear to thee, and if thou yet
 Dost recollect how thou with filial love
 Thy mother's joy and transport didst reward, 1370

When, after I had search'd for thee with pain,
 I found thee in the temple, e'en among
 The venerable sages who, with mute
 Amazement on thee gazed; how I rejoic'd,
 (Forgetting I was in the holy temple!) 1375

To press thee to my throbbing bosom, then
 How I looked up to heaven with a sweet
 Anticipation of beatitude,

Adoring the Eternal: Oh, by that
 Munificence which thou dost e'er display 1380

To mankind; yea, by thy humility,
 And by that power with which thou didst recall
 E'en from the grave some that slept with the dead:
 Oh, have compassion on me! disappoint

The malice of thine enemies, and live. — 1385

So spake the mother and, with haste, departed,
 Jesus to meet. A pious meditation
 Speeds thus to heaven, to the Eternal's Throne.

But the Eternal Son (not with the eye
 Of man, but with divine, intuitive 1390

Perception that observes the grain of dust,
 On which the insect lives and breathes and dies,
 And that foreknows the heavenly Seraph's thoughts;)
 Beheld his mother as she still advanc'd:

When risen from the grave I, verily, 1395

Will have compassion on thee more than e'er

A mother had on th' infant of her breast. —

These thoughts passed silent through the Saviour's mind,

And he proceeded by an other way. —

Twilight began now on the hills to sink. 1400

And all were silent, so th' invisible

Attendants, still advancing with slow pace

Until to Golgatha they nearer came.

Not from the hillock far, in massive rock,

A lone sepulchre recently was arch'd. 1405

It never had received a mouldering corpse.

The pious Joseph of Aremathea

Would there arise when all the dead awake,

Nor knew for whom the silent cell he form'd, —

Knew not that he had reared a temple, nor 1410

What corpse should in this temple first repose.

The Son, with heavenly looks of thought profound,

Stood near the grave, beholding Golgatha.

These were the thoughts which, silent, he indulg'd:

: The day declines. The longed-for night descends. 1415

With gentle breezes on Gethsemany.
 Soon from yon hill that now, unheeded, rises
 Amid the evening's gloom, a day the shades
 Of night will chase, — a day on which thou art,
 O Golgatha, receptacle of the bones 1420
 Of grossest sinners, destined to become
 An altar. — Even there the sacrifice
 Is willing to be slain. It soon will bleed. —
 Death for the human race, I wellcome thee!
 My Father will look on me from the Throne, 1425
 Whence I for man descended. Seraphim
 Will see me. And of them, whom I redeem,
 Many will witness my accomplishing
 The work that brings salvation. I salute thee,
 Death for the heirs of everlasting life. — 1430
 In glory, at the Right hand of my Father,
 I, the Creator of the human race,
 And friend to the redeemed, sate enthron'd.
 In my humility I have assum'd
 The nature of a brother unto man, 1435
 Soon with the glory of redeeming wounds
 To be invested. Gladly I will pour forth,
 On Golgatha, my life, for man, a ransom.
 Then, (Jesus now to the sepulchre turn'd,) 1440
 E'en in this cool and silent cell, some hours,
 As in the fields of bliss, I will repose.
 For my short slumber will be gentler far
 Than th' iron sleep of death, the Sire of men
 Imagined when the mystery to himself
 Began to be unfolded, what it is 1445
 To die; when, on, a melancholy Even,
 One of the sacred Guardians of the earth
 To him imparted the divine decree:
 He must lie down to die, and slumber centuries,
 When over him his progeny would walk, 1450
 And he not hear the accents of their voice.
 His sons are likewise dead: o'er their remains
 Their children walk'd, then laid down with their sires.
 Ah, can the joys of all eternity
 Be likened to the bliss that fills my breast? 1455
 They shall awake! with exultation loud
 And triumph, all the righteous shall awake,
 On the great day shall rise and weep with joy.
 When once in the maternal lap of th' earth
 The Son of man reposed and rose again, 1460

The power of death despoiling, then the plaint
Of tears shall never more to heaven ascend.
Appalling death will then become a friend
That leads the combatant to glory on high.
No fearful grave will open in the fields 1466
Of blessedness in the renewed earth.
Transporting thought which man cannot conceive, —
With palms the righteous are advancing, rob'd
In radiant white! and many are adorn'd
With splendid wounds e'en like the Son of man! 1470
With shouts they call the Victor, Son and Brother! —
Who can recount their number? who in heav'n?
Myriads of thousands, lo, they all are mine!
Old things are passed away, behold, I have
Restored primeval innocence on earth. 1475
But first, on Golgatha, my life must flow,
And in this silent cell I must repose. —
Such were the Saviour's thoughts. He now advanc'd
With quickened pace on tow'rd Jerusalem.
Iscaiot beneath the city-wall, 1480
There couching in the evening's hovering gloom,
The Saviour and his followers awaited.
Observing now their coming, he the garb
Of innocence assumed, and circumfuz'd,
Though sorely smitten by his conscious guilt, 1485
Serenitude, feigned, o'er his countenance.
The traitor mingled silent with the saints.
Ithuriel who had advanced before
His wretched charge, heard from a palm th' approach
Of the divine Messiah. When he pass'd, 1490
The Seraph in the silent shade descended,
And walked invisibly at the Saviour's side,
With faintest accents thus addressing him,
Faint like the dying christian's last perception
Of things external, to the soul scarce known: 1495
Iscaiot's deplorable condition,
O Lord omniscient, unto Thee is known,
And th' Ingrate's great transgression Thou hast seen.
He hath betray'd Thee! He whom thine example
Instructed, who thy miracles beheld, 1500
To whom thy lips the mystery of life
Beyond the grave unfolded, and whom Thou
Didst deign to honour with the name — Disciple:
He now conspires against Thee with thy foes.
Still on mine ear sublime Eloah's voice 1505

Resounds demulcent, still the Seraph's lips
 Breathe the delightful summons to thy Throne,
 Whence I received th' injunction, to the earth
 To hasten, and there take into my charge,
 As Guardian Angel, mine Iscariot. 1510
 But now th' obnoxious sinner I resign,
 I am not now his Guardian. But before
 The dread tribunal, in the great decision,
 Against his soul a witness I will rise, —
 Yea, with the voice of thunder I will arm. 1515
 The accusation, — 'mid a hovering gloom,
 E'en from among the splendid thrones of those
 That are found worthy at thy feet to sit,
 With Thee to judge the world; I will advance,
 And raise my hand against the awful night 1520
 That shrouds the Judgmentseat, and say: By Him
 Who from the cross' hight, in crimson streams,
 To death betray'd by him that was belov'd,
 Poured forth his life: Iscariot his soul,
 Against the day of retribution, branded! 1525
 Himself hath imprecated everlasting
 Destruction on his head! his flagrant crimes
 Call on himself, aloud, th' eternal doom
 Of the Rejected! he deserves th' infliction
 Of judgment, and deserves to be cast out 1530
 For ever from the presence of the Son!
 Yea, he deserves to walk the paths of death
 Interminable! his blood be on himself!
 I am not guilty of the sinner's blood.
 Th' Immortal in the Mediator's eye 1535
 Read, he might still indulge his rueful feelings,
 And farther said: Ah, very different thoughts,
 Far brighter prospects opened to my views
 When, fondly, I indulged the pleasing hope,
 My Judas, follower of the Friend to man; 1540
 Should in his death, with splendid martyr-wounds,
 Unto his mission testimony give;
 And hear the songs triumphant, which our choirs
 Chant when we to the victor give the palm. —
 Hadst thou died thus, Iscariot, thy soul, 1545
 In pure refulgent white arrayed, I should
 Have taken by the hand to introduce
 Her to the First of Victors, the Messiah.
 Remotely I had pointed out to thee
 Thy lofty throne, one of the golden chairs, 1550

Appointed for the Saviour's Faithful Twelf.
 Seeing it's effulgence and the glory of Him
 Who sits on heaven's eternal throne, thou hadst
 In ecstasy dissolved. And I should then
 Have nominated thee: Friend, Brother! nay,
 1555
 A kindred Seraph. My Iscariot
 Had then in mysteries instructed me,
 Not known save to the christian; how he felt
 Within his soul when on him, from on high,
 The Spirit of the holy Seers descended.
 1560
 Thou wouldst have told me, Judas, how thy breast
 Was fortified at the approach of death;
 And how thine heart, taught by the Holy Spirit,
 Ejaculated prayers unutterable;
 1565
 And how, to paradisiac innocence
 Restored, thy soul felt when thou couldst not sin.
 But these delightful prospects are no more.
 E'en like the smiling vernal season; like
 The flower of life that often droops, before
 1570
 The hopeful youth maturity attains;
 So they are passed away. Iscariot
 Hath left me. I so recently, to a saint,
 Was Guardian. Now, as lost in solitude,
 Forlorn, among the Seraphim I roam.
 1575
 With silent sympathetic tenderness
 They mourn around me. God Messiah, deign
 To enjoin, shall I to heaven now return?
 Or have I been found worthy to remain
 On earth, thine so mysterious death to see! —
 1580
 Jesus with fervour to the Seraph turn'd,
 And said: Th' inveterate fiend will likewise vent
 His rage against Simon Peter. Be to him
 A Guardian. John hath twain Protectors; Simon
 Shall have them likewise. He will hear your songs
 1585
 Triumphant, and resemble me in death.
 The Seraph scarce heard the divine command
 When he already glowed, with heavenly joy,
 In th' arms of his celestial friend Orion,
 The Guardian of their, henceforth, mutual trust.
 1590
 Now the Redeemer hastened, the last feast
 And cordial cheer with his attending friends
 To celebrate. By splendid palaces
 Of sumptuous vice still passing, now th' obscure
 But peaceful dwelling of unheeded virtue
 1595
 He entered. Silent they reclined around

The paschal lamb. Near the Redeemer's side,
 With gentle smiles, th' affectionate John reclin'd.
 And Jesus looked with more tranquillity
 On the assembly. From his countenance
 Composure, peace contemplative, and bliss 1600
 And gentle sadness was suffuzed around.
 Such Joseph's feelings were when he amid
 His brethren stood and when the first emotion
 Of transport now subsided, when his tears
 Ceased flowing, words found utterance, when he wept 1605
 Not longer on the neck of Benjamin,
 When he was certain that his father liv'd.

Recite, my Soul, in easy-flowing strain,
 The parting of the loving Mediator
 From his beloved disciples, — the discourse 1610
 Of mourning friendship sing. E'en as the son
 Of thunder (nominated thus with James,) —
 Who' on Patmos the revealing vision saw;
 As he on Jesus' breast, with ecstacy,
 Gave utterance to the feelings of his soul, 1615
 And looked from his Messiah's face to heav'n;
 Thus feeling flow my numbers, with a bless'd
 Simplicity and heavenly conception.

With tenderness the Saviour looked around
 On his disciples, saying now: I greatly 1620
 Desired to eat with you of this repast
 Before I leave you, parting from you hence.
 For, all that by the prophets hath been said
 Respecting me, will shortly be fulfill'd.
 You know the prophet who was worthy found, 1625
 To see the glory of the Deity;
 Who heard the voices of the Seraphim
 That loud and festal hallelujahs sung —
 To Him upon the Throne, till with the sound
 The firm foundation of the temple shook, 1630
 And th' inmost sanctuary was filled with clouds
 That rose convolving from the sacrifice.
 I then was present with my heavenly Father,
 I also was; The Holy, Holy! acclaim'd.
 To me likewise the sacrifices rose 1635
 From golden altars, In my presence too
 The firm foundation of the temple shook.
 I was, anterior to Abraham.
 Before the solid land and mountains rose
 Above the waters, ere the world was made, 1640

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I being had. But th' amplitude of this,
 Ye are not able yet to comprehend.
 Moreover, the inspired prophet saw,
 Remote in dark futurity, a man,
 Such as you are, respecting whom he said : 1645
 The comeliness and beauty of his form
 Are not seen more ! The smile of peaceful years,
 And life's every tranquillity is lost,
 The misery of sinners came on him !
 Men are appalled when they behold his griefs, — 1650
 Their countenance they turn from him away.
 Yet our griefs he, our sorrows he hath borne.
 We deem'd him smitten for offence his own,
 Thought, the Most High had visited th' offender.
 But, lo, for our transgressions he was wounded, 1655
 And sorely bruised for our iniquities ;
 He suffers thus, that peace might come to us,
 That to salvation we might be receiv'd,
 For we, like sheep, have wandered all and stray'd,
 And every one to his own way inclin'd. 1660
 Therefore th' Avenger laid our guilt on him.
 He is our great Redeemer, and for us
 He bears the judgment, is for us oppress'd,
 Afflicted, is obedient unto death,
 And yet his blessed lips no murmur vent. 1665
 E'en like a lamb unto the altar led,
 He bears with resignation and is dumb.
 But when the heavy judgment he hath borne,
 Who can the blessed host of them recount,
 Whom he redeemed? whom he hath rendered just? 1670
 And since he gave his life a sacrifice
 For sinners, generations will be born
 Anew to him, — his life will have no end. —
 So the divine Messiah spake and look'd
 To heaven, and, after a long pause, resum'd : 1675
 This supper is the last, Belov'd Disciples,
 Of which I shall participate with you.
 I shall no more taste of the cheerful grape,
 Nor of the lamb, brought from the valley, eat,
 But in the realms of everlasting peace, 1680
 Where splendid mansions are for you prepar'd,
 There ye again shall your Messiah see,
 And, in conjunction with the patriarchs,
 Then celebrate new festivals of bliss,
 By parting never interrupted more. 1685

Now Jesus ceased. All were profoundly silent.
 The congregation on Moriah thus
 Was silent in the temple, when the king,
 The wisest of the sons of Abraham,
 In presence of th' Eternal, laid his crown 1690
 At th' altar's foot, and humbly there implor'd
 The favour and protection of Jehovah;
 When, in convolving clouds, the glory of God
 The temple filled that the ministering priests
 Could not proceed in offering sacrifice; 1695
 When suddenly the hallelujahs ceas'd,
 When all the choirs were mute, mute every one.
 Only when of the congregation one,
 At intervals, with sacred awe impress'd,
 Upraised his face toward the hovering gloom 1700
 Of heavenly vision, and with trembling voice
 Exclaimed, his arms tow'rd heaven spread: Holy, holy! —
 So all were silent, and Lebbæus thus
 With tremulous voice Iscariot address'd,
 And said: Alas, I am convinced, our Lord 1705
 Will surely die, whatever ye may think
 Respecting his discourses unto us. —
 Then let me also die! Come, Death, Relief
 From misery, to the weary a sweet repose, —
 Oh, have compassion on me. When the Best 1710
 Of men is led to th' altar like a lamb
 Unto the sloughter, thou be my consoler! —
 His voice grew louder now, but heaving sighs
 Repressed his words. The Saviour on him look'd.
 And, Judas, the Messiah looked on thee! — 1715
 With philanthropic calmness, then, the Lord
 On his disciples looked around, and said:
 Beloved, I must now impart it to you, —
 One is with you assembled here, e'en one . .
 Now present, of the Twelf, who will betray me. 1720
 Fearful amazement on th' assembly fell.
 All ask'd: Lord, is it me? — Jesus reply'd:
 One of the twelf who now with me partake
 The pascchal lamb. Indeed, the Son of man
 (The rigour of the Judge now formed his brow!) 1725
 Goes th' awful path divine, as it is written.
 But woe to him, by whom he is betray'd.
 'T were good for thee, that thou hadst not been born.
 Severity beamed now from Jesus' eye.
 And Judas asked again: Lord, is it me! — 1730

With low voice Jesus answered: Thou hast said it.

But blessed thoughts of peace again illum'd
The Saviour's countenance. Contemplating
The weal of man, he rose to institute
The hallowed memorial of his death. 1735

He uttered now those solemn words which many,
To imprecate destruction on their heads,
With lips impure, licentiously, repeat.
The dissolute he knows not. He gave not
His life for those that live and die in sin. 1740
All took the bread that he had consecrated,
And they received the consecrated cup.
In pensive silence, humbly, all approach'd,
The sacrament from Jesus to receive.

When John approached and viewed the proffered cup, 1745
He prostrate sunk to the Redeemer's feet,
Kissed them in tears, and dried them with his locks.

Looking to heaven, the Mediator said:
O Father, let him see my glory? — John
Arose and saw th' assembled Seraphim. 1750
And the Celestials knew that they were seen
By the disciple. John enraptured stood
And, lost in wonder, on th' effulgence gaz'd
Of Gabriel. With reverent awe he view'd
The radiant form of Raphael, and beheld 1755
The youthful Salem also, who appear'd

In human form resplendent, stretching forth
His arms tow'rd the disciple. Loving John
In transport turning, in the tranquil eye.
Of Jesus saw the traits of deity, 1760

And, speechless, sunk on the Messiah's breast.
Then Gabriel, reclining on the air,
With ardour said: Oh, Mediator, deign
To clasp thy Seraph also to thy breast! —
Him Jesus answered: Thou shalt minister 1765
To me in glory, even where Eloah
Presideth, in the sanctuary divine. —

The Seraph lowly worshipped the Messiah.
Judas Jscariot came last, and sunk,
Like John, to Jesus' feet. The Saviour said: 1770

Judas, arise! and gave to him the cup,
The hallowed memorial of his death.
With calmness he received it. Jesus view'd
His countenance, and shook in Spirit. Now
He raised his voice and spake with solemn import: 1775

I know them whom I for myself have chosen!
 Yet one of these my chosen, will betray me.
 I tell you so that, when 'tis come to pass,
 Ye may believe. And that ye all may know
 How I reward, who faithful is to th' end, 1780
 Observe the honours that await the victor:
 He that receives him who, from me, is sent,
 Receives me also; and who thus receives
 The Son, receives the Father who sent me.
 This Diadem no Traitor will receive. 1785
 Once more I tell you so: In very sooth,
 One of the Twelf betrays the Son of man,
 With sad and fearful apprehension, all
 Again looked on each other. Simon now
 Beckoned to John. He leaned on Jesus' breast. 1790
 Who is it, Lord? sued John with gentle voice. —
 E'en he, O John, to whom, with cordial love
 And with fraternal kindness, I this sop
 Am giving, he it is, that doth betray me.
 So saying, the Messiah gave the sop, 1795
 With friendly kindness, to Iscariot.
 John saw and trembled, but, humanely, still
 Forebore to' impart to others what he saw.
 With sullen perturbation, Judas hence
 Departed. Night had spread her sable wings, — 1800
 Terrific to the guilty. He felt all
 Her terrors, stared into her ebony shade
 And, by himself, said: So, he surely knows it!
 Th' insinuating John who ever smiles,
 Will soon divulge the whole, at Jesus' breast 1805
 To him intrusted, — all will know it now.
 Well, be it so. But ere these kings obtain
 Their thrones, they first shall flee and be dispers'd.
 John, peradventure, then will cease to smile.
 And Peter, when in bonds, will be less bold. 1810
 And e'en (the dream did not excite him thus,
 But rankling passions in his breast fermenting;)
 Jesus himself, — how stern — how with a tone
 Imperious, he said: Judas, arise! —
 Doth he so sternly speak to favoured John? — 1815
 But kings, indeed, are not to be commanded.
 Yet I will see them once again, before
 Their crowns they gain, — in fetters I will see them. —
 But will their friend not die? — shaw, spurious thought!
 Can he die, who restored the dead to life? — 1820

Die! — hah! — the thought unmans my breast, it shakes
 My resolution! — But, my suffering heart,
 Be not so tender, be not so humane! —
 If he can be in jeopardy of death,
 Then it was all fortuitous event, 1825
 That he so oft his enemies escap'd;
 Then, after all, he is a visionary,
 And was not missioned by the Deity.
 And are not our sage fathers and the priests,
 Are not they wise and prudent? are not they 1830
 The ministers of God? Yet they abhorr'd
 Him always! and they stedfastly adhere
 To the Mosaic Statutes. Th' Elders have,
 Moreover, confidence in me repos'd.
 But, surely, Jesus — ah, he will not die? — 1835
 However, I will see him once in bonds,
 And hear his conversation then, — perhaps
 He will forget the higher dignity
 Of the beloved, and look on Judas too.
 But I must hasten hence, — Jerusalem's 1840
 Assembled Rulers now await my coming. —
 Such were th' obnoxious Traitor's sentiments,
 And to the Highpriest's palace he repair'd.
 The company of disciples now was pure.
 So the assembled christians, in the sight 1845
 Of Him, the Victor, whose redeeming wounds
 Effulgent now in glory shine, appear'd
 In purer beauty when, from the interment
 Of Ananias and Saphirah who,
 Deliberate, sinn'd against the Holy Ghost, 1850
 The young men of the congregation turn'd.
 No selfish and no sordid disposition
 Was now among them, to disturb that sweet
 And sacred unanimity of saints. —
 Established in his greatness, and revolving 1855
 Th' approach of man's redemption, and the bliss,
 Awaiting the Redeem'd through all eternity;
 The Saviour, with celestial dignity
 And awful calmness, said to his disciples:
 Behold, the Son of man is glorify'd, 1860
 And God is glorified in him. And, which
 Remains a mystery profound in heav'n,
 The Father in the Son will be both just
 And merciful to man. He therefore still
 Will glorify the Son. Degenerate man 1865

Will shortly be revealed, before his Maker,
 In innocence and dignity primeval.
 Your sadness interrupts me! — Donot weep,
 My children! — Truly, I shall leave you soon,
 And whither I go ye cannot follow me. 1870
 But cease to weep; ye shall see me again.
 Children, I give to you a new commandment;
 A new commandment, nobler, more sublime,
 Than all the Statutes: Love eachother so,
 As I have loved you. The world will see 1875
 That ye are mine, if thus ye love eachother. —
 Now Simon Peter rose and nearer stepp'd
 To Jesus: Whither art Thou going, Lord,
 That we may not attend and follow Thee? —
 And the Redeemer answered: Simon, thou 1880
 Shalt follow me hereafter, but not now. —
 The ardent Simon, with the warmth of zeal,
 Still added: Why not follow Thee e'en now?
 Behold, for Thee I will lay down my life? —
 Wilt thou lay down thy life, Simon, for me? 1885
 I tell thee once again: Thou, verily,
 Wilt thrice deny me ere the morning dawns.
 The Saviour stood, was risen from his couch,
 And kneeled to pray. With him th' Eleven kneel'd.
 With pensive accent the Redeemer ask'd: 1890
 Is every one now present? — All reply'd:
 Behold, Lord, we are here. — Jesus rejoind:
 The voice of one I hear not; are ye all here? —
 Lebbæus trembling answered: Judas, Lord,
 Is not with us. — The Mediator rais'd 1895
 His eyes to heaven and, with loud voice, pray'd:
 The hour is come, O Father! glorify
 Thy Son, and be Thou glorified in him,
 In thine Only-begotten. To his pow'r
 Thou gav'st all mortals, that he from the grave 1900
 Should raise them unto everlasting life.
 This is eternal life: Aright to know
 Thee, and Thine Only Son, whom Thou hast sent.
 In spirit I e'en now behold the work
 Accomplished. Thee I glorified on earth, 1905
 And executed our divine decree.
 Crowns now and regal honours me await
 At thy right hand. Thou wilt again bestow
 The splendour which was mine ere we created.
 Thy dreadful name I freely have declar'd 1910

To them whom Thou, out of a sinful world,
To me hast given. Thou gavest them to me.
They have maintained thy truth as they were taught.
I taught them e'en as I was taught by Thee.
With reverend joy they have received thy words, 1915
And kept them in their hearts, where they have lodg'd
The truth divine that, Father, Thou hast sent me.
Father, I pray for them, not for the world.
Lo, they are mine, and I am ever Thine,
We all are one in everlasting bliss. 1920
I pray for them, they are to me a crown
Of glory and rejoicing. I now leave
The earth, and unto thy celestial throne
Return; but they remain yet in the world.
Into thy bosom, Father, I return; 1925
But they will be exposed to distress
And peril. Father, keep them in thy truth, —
Still keep them in the knowledge of Thyself.
And let them be united, as we are,
A house of brethren. In my manhood I 1930
E'er over their immortal souls have watch'd.
And here they are, O Father, I lost none.
The son of bale perdition, he forsook me,
And testimony to the prophets bore.
I now return to Thee! This I reveal, 1935
While I still with them dwell upon the earth,
That they may know my glory and rejoice
As I rejoice. They heard the words of life.
And they are persecuted e'en as I am.
But I pray not that Thou may'st from the earth 1940
Remove them, only I pray that Thou wilt shield
And guard them from the persecuting foe,
The spirit of perdition. They belong
Not to the world of sin. And let them walk
In innocence as I have walk'd with Thee. 1945
And clad them with the buckler of thy truth.
Thy word is truth. And as Thou hast sent me,
So I again send them into the world;
And give my life for them, that they may stand
Before Thee, void of blame, in righteousness. 1950
Yet, Father, I pray not for them alone.
By their words, generations will be born
Anew to me, devoid of number, e'en
As dew-drops of the morn. Behold, I pray
For them too in likemanner. Let them love 1955

Each other, that the world see, they are mine,
 And that I, Holy Father, came from Thee.
 I have bestowed eternal life and bliss
 E'en on as many as Thou hast given to me,
 That they may evermore in concord live 1966
 And, like ourselves, to one object divine
 Be perfect. And let sinners of the earth
 Soon see, that Jesus was from heaven sent;
 And let the whole world testify, that Thou
 Lovest the Redeemed as Thou dost love Thy Son. 1965
 I will, O Father: My Redeemed all
 With me shall be assembled, and shall be
 Where I am, that they may my glory see,
 Which Thou on me bestowedst e'er heaven was made!
 The world, O Righteous Father, knows not Thee; 1970
 I know Thee! and to these my faithful friends,
 The mystery of my mission divine,
 And of thy love to man, I have reveal'd,
 And will still more reveal it, that thy love
 May fill their hearts, and that th' immortal soul 1975
 May none desire but him who died for sin.

Now the Messiah rose, beyond the banks
 Of Kidron to advance and there to meet
 The Father in the judgment. The disciples
 Attended him. When he approached the brook, 1980
 And nearer the nocturnal rustlings heard
 Of th' olive, Jesus close an eminence
 Stood, saying: Gabriel, lo, innermost
 The garden, near the basis of a hill,
 Thou see'st a lonely spot which twice ten palms c 1985
 Are shading, over these lower sable clouds
 With midnight-darkness sinking down from heav'n,
 E'en like a range of pendent mountains; there
 Collect the Seraphim. — The Saviour thus.

He now proceeded to accomplish feats, 1990
 Far more exalted and mysterious
 Than aught e'er by Almighty Power perform'd,
 Since Seraphim, since worlds their being had.
 But no external pomp, no stunning noise,
 That charms the vain and feeble sons of earth, 1995
 Attended the Messiah. He went forth,
 To conquer sin and death, silent and calm,
 As when he, by the power of his word,
 Brought countless smiling systems forth from nought.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO V.

But, on his everlasting Throne, Jehovah
 Still sate in solemn majesty sublime.
 Bloah in God's awful presence stood
 And said: How, Dread Eternal, how is now
 Thy countenance so terrible! how thine eye 5
 Beams judgment only! how thy thunders roll
 Denouncing! this with tens of thousands spake;
 An other, more tremendous still, succeeds;
 Remotely, I already hear a third!
 Stars in their orbits moved, — Thou didst look down 10
 Upon them, — they are flown! — I donot hear
 The harmony of the revolving spheres?
 Wherever, God, thy countenance thou turn'st,
 The spheres keep awful silence! Seraphim
 Are silent! all the Cherubim desist 15
 Their harps to strike! the myriads numberless
 Are hush'd, none sing to the Eternal Son!
 Should I recount you, centuries would pass
 Ere I had numbered all; yet none of you,
 Not one is heard to sing th' Eternal Son! 20
 In presence of the awful Deity,
 All veil their faces, prostrate to adore! —
 Dost Thou arise, God, dost Thou rouse thy terrors,
 To sit in judgment o'er a sinful world?
 The terrors of thy countenance denounce 25
 Destruction! lo, thy mien is stern, vindictive,
 Relentless justice! Or, omnipotent,
 Hast Thou resolved to' exterminate the pow'r
 Of Satan? th' Archblasphemer to destroy?
 Dost Thou go forth, in darkness and in night, 30
 Th' egregious sinner to annihilate,
 And with him the abyss profound of hell?
 Wilt Thou erase his name from off the books
 Of the existent spirits, whom thy word
 Gave being? shall the Fiend no more exist 36,

Among th' immortal essences that live? —
 Ah then; Vindictive Judge, I shall behold
 The Archdestroyer vanquished — crush'd beneath
 Thine anger, and o'erwhelmed with nameless torture;
 The yell of his despair then penetrating 40
 The gates of the abyss, — in heaven heard,
 And heard by countless worlds; and all the stars,
 In their perpetual motions, to each other
 Will shout: Behold the Archapostate crush'd! —
 Till in a whirlwind, in devouring flame, 45
 Thou then dost deign to terminate his state.
 Is such, Vindictive Judge, thy dread resolve,
 Then gird me with thy power, let me go forth,
 The frowns of the most hideous Fiend to meet!
 Me with a thousand of these thunders arm, 50
 Envelope me with night and power divine,
 'That I, e'en in the very gates of death,
 And in thy presence, God, by thousands may
 These Wild Revolters slay, who curse remorse.
 Thy countenance, Eternal, is terrific! 55
 Thine eye beams wrath and judgment! Judgment void
 Of mercy! — O Jehovah, I recount
 Vast scope of being, an eternity!
 Aonian ages by Eloah roll'd
 Ere thou, O Earth, hadst being, and my days 60
 Are not the days of mortals who grow up,
 And die, and then again return to dust.
 An eternity revolved since I beheld
 Thy countenance, Jehovah: but I ne'er
 Have seen Thee so appalling! Thou hast rous'd 65
 Thy judgments all, and all thy terrors, God!
 Thy glory, ever wont to beam thy love,
 Is now transformed and doth thine anger show! —
 And I presumed, I ventured to address
 The Deity, I who am but a cloud 70
 Of which thy hand did form me, by thy breath
 Animated, every wise a finite Seraph!
 Vouchsafe thy pardon, Lord omnipotent,
 And donot look in anger down on me,
 As thou dost look on th' earth, God, lest I die; 75
 Lest I be from the books of the Immortals
 Erased, then to minister no more
 Before Thee, in the sanctuary divine.
 Seraph Eloah, I descend to judge
 The Mediator, the divine Messiah, 80

Who stepp'd between the human race and me.
 There, in the form of man, he stands, awaiting
 My judgments. I descend. My Chosen Seraph,
 In thine effulgence follow me, remote.
 So saying, on th' eternal throne, God rose. 85
 The throne, when the Most High arose, resounded.
 The mountains of the sanctuary divine,
 And with them the Redeemer's altar, trembled.
 And of heaven's sacred gloom the hovering clouds
 O'er the Redeemer's altar mov'd, — mov'd thrice. 90
 Again they move and, lo, the awful light
 Of heaven's terrific judgment-seat appears
 Developed. God descended from the throne.
 As when, through all the heavens, a festal day
 Is celebrated, th' omnipresent God 95
 Unfolding now the universal import;
 The Seraphim, on all the suns and spheres —
 More radiant with th' effulgent thrones of gold,
 By thousands of ten-thousands rise, their thrones
 Of gold resounding, mingled with the peal 100
 Of harps that breathe devotion, and pervaded
 By clangour of their crowns, cast to the ground:
 So the celestial throne resounded when
 Jehovah rose. — The Deity advanc'd,
 Ascending on the path, by suns illum'd, 105
 That tow'rd the earth descends. A Seraph rose
 Tow'rd heaven with six souls, when the Most High
 The last of the refulgent suns now pass'd.
 They were six righteous souls that, recently,
 Escaped their mortal bodies and the earth. 110
 More sunk, meanwhile, into th' infernal gulph.
 The Seraph glorified these, robing them
 With heavenly splendour and ethereal light.
 They were the souls of those sage men who came
 From th' East at the Incarnate Saviour's birth, 115
 Conducted by a star; who incense brought,
 And adoration, to the heavenly Babe;
 The first who, with Celestials, paid him homage.
 Hadad, such was the name of one, had left
 His dear espoused love, virtuous and fair, 120
 Amid Bethurim's grove. When he expir'd,
 She every heaving moan and sigh repress'd.
 This, in a blissful hour of tender love,
 She to Hadad had vowed. And, well assur'd
 That both should endless life inherit, she 125

Refrained from tears; yet both more dearly lov'd,
 More fervently, than mortals most are wont.
 Hoar Selima, with pious fortitude
 And resignation, huge affliction bore.
 He died and now, for evermore, was happy. 130
 And Simri was a teacher of the people,
 The people all disclaimed his pious lore,
 And still persisted in unrighteousness.
 Yet Simri, in his death, prevailed on one
 To lead a godly life. He then expir'd. 135
 Mirja had reared five sons, and these he taught,
 By precept and example, e'er to love
 And cherish virtue. Wealth he left them none.
 Yet they were bless'd, and saw their father die.
 Beled died smiling, and his eyes were clos'd 140
 By his once deadly foe, whose sorrow now
 Surcharged his heart and flow'd in gushing tears.
 On him Beled, with magnanimity,
 Avenged his wrongs, by giving him the half
 Of his possessions to avoid contention. 145
 He now lived in the manner of Beled.
 Sunith, amid the haunts of Parphar's grove,
 Had oft, with his three pious daughters, sung
 The Babe of Bethlehem. Jedidoth's rills
 That lave sequestered banks, with sighing sound, — 150
 Umbrageous cedars oft, in gentle rustlings,
 Have answered to the soft and plaintive strain;
 When now, Sunith, thy daughters, clad in vails,
 With mourning voice sung thee; their harps, bedew'd
 With virgin-tears, reverberating thee. 155
 These souls the Seraph with immortal beams
 Of heavenly light had vested. Now with sight
 Enlarged, they kenned immeasurable space,
 Ordained, once the glory' of God to see.
 Aerial in their form and more refin'd, 160
 Endowed with heavenly senses, they aspir'd
 And soared tow'rd heaven aloft, e'en for a state
 Not less than everlasting life created.
 And by th' immortal souls the Glory pass'd
 Of the Eternal. Their celestial Guide 165
 Exclaimed with adoration: The Most High! —
 Anon the Soul of Selima her thoughts
 To utter ventured, and, with sweet surprise
 And wonder, was transported, when she heard
 The swelling music of her silver voice 170

Harmoniously forth flowing. She proceeded:
 Thou Source of effluence beatific,
 How may I venture, humbly, Thee to' address!
 With what sensation, with what ecstasy
 May I adore Thee, O my God! Jehovah! 175
 Dread Judge supreme! Creator! Gracious Father!
 Or shall I rather name Thee, Th' Inexpressive?
 Or Father of th' Eternal Son who, e'en
 At Bethlehem the form of man assum'd;
 Whom we have seen, whom hosts of Seraphim 180
 With us have worshipp'd? Hail, Eternal Sire
 Of the Eternal Son! Hail! Hallelujah!
 Th' immortal soul, the offspring of thy breath,
 Adores Thee ever. O, Unspeakable
 Creator; I, among my mortal kindred, 185
 Heard Thee denominated — Love! but, Oh,
 How dreadful, how appalling is thy glory!
 Thy looks are armed with death and with destruction! —
 Thy Seraph, at my dissolution, calm'd
 My fears and told me, he conducted me 190
 Not to the judgment that no finite being
 Abideth; but how fearful to behold,
 How dreadful Thou my God and gracious Father?
 Yet me Thou dost not judge, such feels my soul
 Adoring, which Thou for thyself hast made, 195
 On whom Thou hast eternity bestow'd,
 For whom Thou gavest thy Son, the great Redeemer! —
 Dost Thou descend, Judge of the world, to smite
 Thine enemies? wilt Thou exterminate
 The race of ingrate and remorseless sinners, 200
 Who disavow the mission of thy Son? —
 But Thou wilt not appear in judgment thus
 Against thy finite creatures! Thou hast giv'n
 Thy Son, the great Messiah, e'en for all
 That will believe and live, — yea, therefore, Thou 205
 Wilt not appear against them thus in judgment,
 Hail, hallelujah! hail, Eternal Sire
 Of the Eternal Son! Vouchsafe to us
 A distant view of thine eternal glory. —
 Thus Selima and, prostrate, all ador'd. 210
 Remote, beyond the solar path, sublime
 Eloah mounted his resplendent car,
 On which he once to heaven Elijah took;
 On which he, Chieftain of the heavenly hosts,
 O Dothan, on thy cloud-developed mountains, 215

Was by Elisha seen. — Erect and high,
 Eloah on his blazing chariot stood.
 A mighty wind, with thousand voices, blew,
 When he advanced, against him through the heav'ns. 220
 The golden axles of his car resounded,
 His locks and vest, like fleeting clouds, flew back.
 But, in his strength, th' Immortal stood unmov'd.
 In his right hand, high lifted, he upheld
 A tempest. And his mind a thought sublime
 Conceiving, from the storm it thundered forth. 225
 Eloah followed thus the Deity.
 Aloof he followed, thousand solar miles;
 The space from sun to sun is of each mile
 The measure. — Now the Deity advanc'd
 By thronging stars which we denominate 230
 The milky way, but by the Seraphim
 Of heaven 'tis named — The resting-place divine.
 For when the first of heavenly sabbaths saw
 The earth completed, the Eternal there
 Saw the unfolding of the sabbath-day, 235
 And deigned thence his glorious works to view. —
 Jehovah now passed a refulgent sphere,
 Inhabited by human beings, form'd
 Like us, but they retained their innocence
 Primeval and are, hence, exempt from death. 240
 Their general Sire, though many centuries
 Of being he recounted, stood rejoicing
 Amid his undegenerate progeny,
 Still glowing in the bloom of manly youth.
 His eye became not dim, to view his bless'd 245
 And happy children; nor was he, by age,
 Enstranged to the flowing tear of joy.
 So neither was his ear less quick to hear
 The voice of his Creator, the discourse
 Of Angels, and the blissful appellation 250
 Of Sire and Father, uttered by his children.
 Close to his side, the General Mother stood,
 In beauty blooming, e'en as though the great
 Creator, in her immortality,
 But now had brought her to the fond embrace 255
 Of her beloved spouse. With dignity
 And charms distinguished from them all, she stood
 Among her numerous immortal daughters.
 His Left was graced by his First-born, a son
 Worthy of his father, in his image form'd, 260

And innocent as he. To his glad view,
Around him, ever-verdant hills and dales
The youngest of his progeny presented,
Who sought his bounteous smiles. Their hair adorn'd
With flowery wreaths, their infant-bosoms panted, 265
The virtues of their father to imbibe.
When once o'er these revolved a vernal season,
Their mothers brought them, from their general Sire
The first embrace and blessing to receive. —
From this transporting scene his eyes to heav'n 270
Upraising, he beheld the passing Deity.
With reverent awe profound, he bowed and said:
That is Jehovah who, assembled children,
Created me and you, and gave us life;
Who beautified the dales with odorous flow'rs, 275
And crowned the hills with clouds and fleeting dew!
But he gave not unto the hills and dales
Immortal souls, as unto you he gave!
Nor did he form the hillocks and the dales
So beauteous as your bodies he has form'd, 280
Which are invested with immortal charms,
With countenance so wonderously expressive
Of every emotion of the heart,
And every thought and tendency of the mind;
Nor are the hills and dales endowed with pow'r 285
To look on high to heaven, the eye o'erflowing
With grateful sense of benefits bestow'd;
Nor have they voice, with Seraphim to join
In adoration of that Power benign,
The Great Creator, bounteous Lord of all. 290
'T was He that first, amid the waving groves
Of paradise, to me deigned to appear,
When of the earth he formed and made me man,
When he with benediction led me on, 295
Th' embraces of your mother dear to meet.
Speak, thou majestic Cedar, rustle, speak;
For by thine umbrage the Eternal pass'd!
Stand still, thou gushing Flood! stand even there,
Where over thee his awful glory mov'd.
Soft breath of gentlest breezes, whisper now 300
Respecting th' Infinite and Bountiful
Creator as thou didst when from yon hills,
Benevolently smiling, God came down!
Stand in thine orbit, Earth, as once thou stoodst
Before him, when God deigned o'er thee to pass, 305

Revolving heavens the surpassing glory
 Of his revealed countenance surrounding;
 When in his dread right hand he poised the sun,
 And balanced in his left the stars of morn. —
 May I presume again thy countenance, 310
 Eternal, to behold? But, deign to bid,
 That those nocturnal, that those midnight clouds
 Which shroud thy gracious countenance, disperse!
 Let not this rigour fill thy gracious eye,
 Which none of thine Immortals can abide! 315
 Who can be the devoted, the unblest
 And hapless objects of those looks incens'd? —
 Yea, of a truth, not creatures whom Thou lovest!
 Some race forlorn of Spirits, disobeying
 And, Oh, I cannot hold the direful thought; 320
 Who ventured to incense the Deity! —
 Ah, know it then, my children, — long I hid,
 I long concealed from you the direful truth,
 Lest sympathy should mar your blessed peace.
 Remote from us, of those revolving spheræ 325
 One is inhabited by beings — men,
 Formed like to us; but, oh, their innocence
 In which they were created, they have lost,
 And thus they now are subject all to death.
 Ye wonder, Children, how a creature whom 330
 Jehovah formed for everlasting life,
 Can forfeit his original condition,
 Become unblessed and be doom'd to death.
 But not their souls, — they are immortal still,
 Immortal as they were at their creation; 335
 Their bodies only do return to dust,
 Of which they first were fashioned. This is term'd
 Death, dissolution. The immortal soul,
 Despoiled of her beauty — innocence,
 With which she was created, then appears 340
 Before the judgmentseat of the Most High,
 And hears a dreadful sentence. — Awful Thought,
 Flee! none may harbour thee but the Eternal,
 The Father and the Judge of all his creatures.
 Too gloomy is the thought of an Immortal, 345
 To die — to be again reduced to dust.
 When the appointed time of dissolution
 Approaches, then the mortal's eye is shrouded
 With darkness; it becomes extinct, it breaks,
 And sees no more. The heavens and the earth 350

From him devolve, and are obscured in night.
 He hears no more the sound of human voice,
 Nor the affectionate plaint of mourning friends.
 Himself can speak no longer, scarcely can
 With faltering tongue articulate a faint 355
 And sorrowful farewell; he breathes more heavy,
 A rorid, fearful anxiousness oppresses
 His labouring breast, and pours huge drops of cold
 Dew o'er his morbose visage; and his heart
 Beats slower and, anon, stops; then he dies. 360
 The daughter, thus, dies in the mother's arms,
 In th' arms of her who gladly would die with her,
 But must survive. And in the close embrace
 Of the afflicted father dies the son, —
 The hopeful, blooming youth, ere he attains 365
 The years of manhood, th' only son, expires.
 Surrounded by their weeping children, parents
 Die, from their helpless progeny must part.
 Absorbed in grief, the much beloved bride
 Dies on the breast of the affectionate youth. 370
 Love, that celestial passion, and whate'er
 The blissful and the noble emotions are,
 That love inspires, — though in a faint degree
 To what it was by their first parents felt,
 While in primeval innocence they liv'd, — 375
 Is by some few, some generous few still felt.
 But soon, ah, very soon the lovers part;
 Soon they are severed by the blow of death.
 Just and relentless, God compassionates
 Not their distress, compassionates not the last 380
 Smiling farewell of pious lovers, not
 The breaking of their eyes that fain would still
 Weep, not the agony of their throbbing bosoms
 That only sue yet for another hour;
 Compassionates not the anguish and despair 385
 Of the distracted youth who, dumb and trembling,
 Holds th' object of his love claspp'd in his arms;
 Nor Thou, solicitous virtue, to whom love
 And her sweet train of feelings had devoted
 The twain affectionate objects, art regarded. 390
 So spake the Sire of men, interrupted now
 By sympathetic tears around him wept.
 The fathers all embraced their sons. Alarm'd,
 The mothers claspp'd their daughters in their arms,
 And pressed them to their throbbing hearts and sigh'd. 395

The infant held th' inclining father's knees,
 And kissed the manly tear. The brother press'd.
 The sister's downy hand, both on each other
 Affrighted gazing. The immortal youth
 Sunk down the bosom of his loved bride, 400
 And felt the life beat with unusual pow'r
 In the celestial maiden's heaving heart.
 But now the Sire of this immortal race
 Of human beings, calmness had resum'd,
 And while, affectionately, his loved spouse 405
 Leaned on his shoulder, he anon proceeded:
 I dread, the angry Deity now tends
 Toward that sphere. Alas, they have, perhaps,
 Too much incensed the Judge and he descends,
 To extirpate th' unholy progeny! — 410
 Ah, dear, fraternal, kindred Beings, once
 Immortal also; if ye knew how much
 We love you; how we all compassionate
 Your pitiable condition; ye had not
 Provoked the Judge, in anger to descend 415
 From heaven, to exterminate you all.
 Ah, Kindred Beings, if your earth become
 Your general grave; if God into her depths
 At once precipitate you; We will oft
 Look on the vast receptacle of the dead, 420,
 And weep for you! — But, O Thou Gracious Father,
 Thou gavest the divine, the dear Messiah,
 To rescue them from death; and wilt Thou judge them? —
 On this the Seraphim, in transport, all,
 These regions traversing; on this the heav'ns 425
 Around us, oft most solemnly discourse.
 He is to save, and raise them from the grave!
 The dead shall once awake and we shall see them!
 And, Father, wilt Thou judge them? — Oh, behold,
 He turns his countenance away and still, 430
 With terrors clad, descends toward the earth. —
 Profound and awful are thy judgments, God!
 Mysterious thy ways, but holy art Thou,
 Eternally the same! for ever just
 And righteous. Hallelujah, Great Creator! 435
 Immortals on their sacred earth adore Thee!
 And mortals whom thy justice slays, bowed low
 In kindred dust, thy majesty extol!
 Th' exalted Seraph near th' eternal throne,
 With countenance enveloped, worships Thee! 440

Unceasing hallelujahs rise to Thee
 For ever. — Thus he spake and still beheld
 The distant glory of the Deity.

God now approached the earth. From lofty clouds
 Seraph Eloah saw the Deity 445

And the Messiah. There the Seraph stood
 And said, while thunders from his right hand burst:
 Son of the Father, how incomprehensive
 And great must be thine essence, to support
 This judgment! O that light divine would beam 450

On finite minds, this dread profundity
 To luminate, this mystery to unfold
 Of godhead! But be silent, veil thy face,
 Eloah, and adore God's matchless wisdom.
 Hail, human race, soon thou shalt be redeem'd 455

And be, as I am, blessed. — Thus Eloah.
 He stood and spread his arms and, silent, pour'd
 Forth benediction, tending tow'rd the earth.

The Deity descended to the brow
 Of Tabor, viewing, from amid the gloom 460
 Surrounding him, the spacious globe; and saw
 That all the face of th' earth was covered round
 With fanes of idols and with sins and sinners;
 Saw that her spacious fields were full of death,
 An everlasting testimonial, teeming 665

For the vindictive judgment: Sins that were
 Committed and would, in futurity,
 Be perpetrated; sins of sacrilegious
 And slavish worshippers of stocks and stones,
 And sins of the Eternal's chosen people, 470
 And the more heinous more terrific sins
 Of christians; all rose, trembling, to the skies —
 E'en to the presence of the awful Judge.

Constrained, they all came forth from their recess
 Obscure and dark, in which the human heart, 475
 That rises in rebellion e'er against
 It's bountiful Creator, them conceals.

With everlasting infamy, with shame
 And with confusion branded, all appear'd;
 Those also, whom the fleeting thought, the heart's 480
 Transient emotion, their existence gave.

The gloomy van of the nocturnal host
 Was led by sins of those superior souls
 That, Sacred Virtue, thy celestial charms
 Attested, yet neglected thee; who felt 485

The impulse thee to honour, yet profan'd thee.
 They rose and tower'd to monstrous magnitude,
 Advancing nearer to the awful thunder.
 Stern conscience summoned all, with potent voice,
 Unto the judgment-seat of the Most High: 490
 And named them all, although devoid of name
 With men who, zealously, deceive themselves,
 And disavow the certain testifier
 Between the soul and God. — the hour of death.
 The circumvolving heavens resounded now 495
 With general accusation. Fluttering wings
 Of the Almighty's gentlest breezes wafted
 The secret sighs and moans of suffering virtue,
 A lonely lamentation. Vehement,
 Tremendous like the burst of coming seas, 500
 Resounded, from the sanguine battle-field,
 The agonizing groans of dying men,
 Against ambitious warriors testifying.
 And lo, the voice of the Almighty's thunder
 And hurricanes, was given to the blood 505
 Of martyrs; it resounded through the heav'ns:
 Thou who presidest on th' eternal throne,
 And holdest in thy dreadful hand the balance
 Of universal judgment: I am guiltless
 And holy blood, blood shedden in thy cause. — 510
 The Deity contemplates now Himself,
 And the celestial Spirits, countless hosts,
 That stood in true allegiance, faith and love,
 And God contemplates man, — the human race,
 A race of sinners, and is moved to wrath. 515
 Sublime on Tabor resting, God upholds
 The earthly ball, lest, to its centre shaking,
 It should to dust dissolve and be dispers'd,
 And lost in the immensity of space.
 Jehovah tow'rd Eloah now inclines 520
 His countenance, — th' Immortal understands
 The awful purport, and from Tabor soars
 Tow'rd heaven aloft. The heaven-supporting cloud
 High from the sacred convenant's cell thus rose, —
 A splendid testimonial to the Son 525
 At Bethlehem born, — and guided Israel
 When, by th' injunction Moses to them gave,
 Through tractless deserts they convey'd their tents. —
 The Seraph on a sable midnight-cloud
 Stood, downward to the mount of olives look'd, 530

Raised high his thundering trump, — the trump pronounc'd
Th' amazement of the final judgment-day,
And spake, and spake down tow'rd the trembling earth:
By the dread name of Him who is eternal,
Who measured the dimension of his justice 536
With infinite duration; who maintains
The everlasting keys of the abyss,
Who hath endued hell with a torturing flame,
And armed death with irresistive might:
Is one beneath the heavens who, instead 540
The human race, will in the judgment stand;
He now appear before the Deity. —
Eloah such, from heaven down, proclaim'd.

The Saviour viewed the Seraph's countenance
And heard the solemn import of the trump, 545
From heaven proclaimed. Then, in Gethsemany,
With quickened pace he hastened, still advancing.
Of his disciples three attended him,
And followed into the lowering gloom,
Into the terror-brooding shades of night. 550
But he extricates from these, and hastens on
Into the inmost solitude alone.

And the Eternal God commenced the judgment.

Thou hast, Celestial Visitant of Sion,
Into the sanctuary conducted me, 555
But not into the Holiest of Holies.

Were I endued with the expanded pow'rs
Of prophets, to transport th' immortal soul,
With potent arm, to scenes of future times;
And were I gifted with the voice sublime 560
Of Seraphim, with which they sing the praise
Of the Eternal; were the awful trump

Resounding from my lips, the blast of which
Tremendous from the heights of Sinai
Burst, till the basis of the mountain shook; 565

Could I command Cherubic thunders, thoughts
To utter, the sublime and awful purport
Of which the trump of Seraphim, resounding
Tremendous, were unable to proclaim:

I still were insufficient to rehearse 570
With aptitude, Exalted Mediator,

Thy sufferings, — insufficient to set forth
What Thou didst feel in conflict dire with death, —
Thy agonies when thine Eternal Father
In judgment inexorable remain'd. 575

Thou who, benignly, answer didst vouchsafe
 Unto the bold petition of the Seer
 Of the First Covenant, when he craved to see
 Jehovah face to face, him in the cave
 Concealing till God's glory by him pass'd, 580
 And he from far the awful splendour saw
 Of majesty divine, and heard the voice
 Of God, that spake to him respecting God:
 O Spirit of the Father and the Son!
 I am to death more subject, and to dust 585
 Far more affinity than Moses bear;
 Let me, in my obscurity remote,
 Securely in the shadow of thy wing,
 Behold the suffering Son, God the Messiah, —
 Behold him in the agonies of death. 590

Bowed to the earth that shook with silent dread
 Before the Judge and, trembling, moved the dust
 Of Adam's countless children, moved the bones
 Of all the dead, a countless race of sinners;
 The Saviour kneeled. His eyes, on Tabor fix'd, 595
 Saw no created object, saw alone
 The countenance of the Vindictive Judge;
 Depressed, and on his brow the dew of death,
 Speechless, he wrung his hands, and was assail'd
 With feelings inexpressive, — powerful. 600
 And irresistible like the blow of death, —
 And instantaneous like the thoughts of God, —
 Anguish on anguish, — terrors still on terrors
 Succeeding, — terrors of eternal death, —
 Appalling, overwhelming, still assail'd 605
 Him who was God and man. — Sunk to the earth,
 He suffered and was silent. But when now
 Th' o'erwhelming terrors still o'erwhelmed him more,
 When th' agony became still more intense,
 The hovering night more dark, the thundering trump 610
 More powerfully resounding; when hoar Tabor
 With more alarm beneath Jehovah shook;
 When now, instead the dew of death, huge drops
 Of blood fell from the awful Sufferer's brow:
 He from the dust arose, tow'rd heaven stretch'd 615
 His arms, tears mingling with his flowing blood,
 And pray'd aloud to the Vindictive Judge:

O Father, ere this world existed — — Soon
 The First of men died; soon each fleeting hour
 Received a dying sinner; centuries 620

Elaps'd thus, laden with thy dreadful curse.
Lo, now is come, O Father — Ere the world
Existed, ere the earth received a corse,
The blissful hour of sufferings was appointed:
And now that hour is come! — I greet you all, 625
That sleep in God! be blessed in your graves! —
Ye shall awake! For you I took on me
These direful sufferings! ah, for you I also
Was born to die! — Oh, Thou who liftest high
Thine arm in judgment, and dost, grievously, 630
Oppress my manhood with thy terrors dire;
This hour of agony, let it quickly pass!
Father, all things are possible with Thee;
This hour of agony, quickly let it pass.
O'erwhelmed with thine anger and assail'd 635
With all thy terrors, Thou still on me pour'st,
With outstretch'd arm, the cup of sufferings main.
I am alone, forsaken e'en by all,
By all I love, by Angels; and by men,
My brethren, more beloved; and, Father, Oh, 640
By Thee, by Thee forsaken! Deign to look
Down on my manhood, and commiserate
My sufferings! I am feeble like the sons
Of Adam; therefore cease to pour on me
The terrors of thy judgment and of death. 645
Yet not my Will, O Father, — Thy Will be
Accomplish'd! — I see nought but dreary night,
To weep unable; and my trembling arm,
In vain, to heaven is lifted for support;
I sink to th' earth, my grave. Deeply in my soul 650
Thought throngs on thought, terror on terror throngs,
All telling me: my Father hath disown'd,
Abandon'd me! — Ere death existed, while
The Father's peace still rested on the Son;
When Adam was created, evermore 655
To live, to live eternally in bliss — —
But, lo, my manhood is with deity
Endow'd! I suffer, but I am eternal
As Thou art! — Father, thy Will be accomplish'd.
So spake the Saviour, rising now from pray'r. 660
His drooping head leaned on his trembling arm,
And still into the gloom of night he gaz'd,
Appalling forms of everlasting death
Passed through his mind. He saw the hapless souls
That were rejected, cursing now the day 665

On which they were, for dire eternity,
 Created : heard the sullen sound of groans
 Ascending from the depths of the abyss ;
 Heard thundering floods, from rocks into the deep
 Precipitating ; on the thundering floods, 670
 The winged cries of anguish and of torture ;
 Then softly-gliding streams, inviting souls,
 Deceptive, to the peace of unconcern,
 And hence into nonentity to slumber.
 Then rose the clamour of the souls deceiv'd ; 675
 And now unceasing groans of black despair
 Arose at once from all the human race,
 Accusing their Creator and creation ;
 All rued existence, rued endless duration.
 And the Redeemer felt their misery. 680
 Adramelech from off a rock, long since,
 Had viewed the suffering Saviour. Now the Fiend,
 Descending from the rock, before him saw
 A suicide, still wheltering in his blood.
 Groans of despair, remorse and now returning 685
 Humanity, resounded from the hills
 And from the vales around. Amid this cry
 Adramelech advanced, and stood, and purpos'd
 The Saviour in his sufferings to mock.
 Destructive pride glared from his rolling eye 690
 And thoughts infernal deluged his whole mind,
 While still he fired himself with rancour on,
 His feelings diabolical to vent
 In gushing torrents, as from bursting clouds.
 But the divine Messiah on him turn'd. 695
 His countenance, and viewed him with the mien
 Of the last judgment. And the raging Fiend
 Felt who looked on him and, with impotence,
 Shrunk back into his misery. In the midst
 Of a towering diabolical thought, the Demon 700
 At once of thought stood void. He barely felt
 This voidness. He no longer saw the rock,
 The earth, nor the Messiah, only himself.
 He scarcely was still able hence to flee.
 Now the Messiah left the silence dole 705
 Of sufferings and the awful solitude ;
 And to his slumbering followers repair'd,
 To solace, after th' agony intense,
 His mind with looking on the face of man,
 The contemplation cheered the Saviour's mind, 710

CANTO V. Ellopstock's Messiah.**146**

And softly he approached his slumbering friends,

But all the heavens around to the divine
Redeemer triumph shouted, celebrating
The Second Sabbath since the world was made,
More festal, more resplendent than the first.
And when the final judgment terminates,
The Third of Sabbaths will be solemniz'd;
And it's duration is — eternity,
By the Messiah celebrated first.

715

The heavens celebrated now the Sabbath's
Most sacred hours. All knew, the everlasting
High Priest had entered now the Sanctuary,
The Holiest of Holies, to' institute
The Grand Atonement for degenerate man.

720

Eloah had, respecting the event

725

Instructed them, and had proclaimed to all:
When thunders from the poles around you roar,
The harmony of the revolving spheres
When suddenly changed to the turbulence

730

Of oceans; when, with agitation, stars
Move from their orbits, wandering now aloft
A thousand solar miles, and then again
Sink, e'en as lost in scope's immensity;
When terrors from Jehovah you assail,

When your resplendent crowns fall from your heads, 735
And, under you, your golden thrones are shook:
Th' Eternal God in judgment then presides,
Then the Messiah in his manhood suffers. —

The heavens now sung: The most transcendent hour,
That brought eternal peace to pious souls, 740
Is now gone by. — So sung the shouting heav'ns.

But the Messiah stood before his three
Disciples, and their quiet slumber view'd.
The countenance of James with fervour still
Was glowing. Thus, with fervour and with calmness, 745
A christian slumbers near the verge of life. —
Bold Peter on th' affectionate John lean'd,
But slumbered not with John's serenity:

The fancy of th' affectionate disciple
Still wak'd, and saw successive Salem-scenes. 750
Now the divine Messiah spake aloud:

O Simon Peter, canst thou be asleep!
Canst thou with me not watch a single hour,
While I am suffering? — Soon repose will flee,
Soon slumber will desert thy weeping eyes. 755

Continue to be watchful and to pray,
 Lest by the Tempter ye should be surpris'd.
 You are disposed, but lack the needful pow'r.
 The burthen of mortality depresses
 Your heaven-aspiring souls still to the earth.

760

Thus Jesus saw the three. But in a more
 Extensive view he saw, with infinite
 Discernment saw at once the human race,
 The various generations that had sinn'd,
 And died, and rose again. And the divine
 Messiah went to suffer for them all.

765

But, sideward of the mountain, Abbadona,
 Amid the gloom of the dole silent night,
 With tardy pace advanced and said: Ah where,
 Where shall I find him, where shall I behold
 This awful person, the sublime Redeemer?
 I am indeed unworthy him to see,
 The best of human kind; but Satan saw him!
 Ah, whither shall I go to find thee? where
 Shall I at last behold thee, man of God,
 Messiah? — I through every desert roam'd;
 I have been at the source of every stream;
 My trembling foot amid the solitude
 Of every silent and nocturnal grove
 Hath strayed; I to the lofty cedar said:

770

775

Dost thou conceal him, rustle then to me!
 I have invoked the mountain to regard
 My flowing tears, and let me see the Saviour,
 As there he, peradventure, might repose.
 His Maker, with solicitude, perhaps
 Hath thitherward conducted him, beneath
 The shading clouds of evening; or the love
 Of solitude, a mind contemplative,
 Perhaps withdrew him from society,
 In lonely nook or cell to pass the night.
 Such were my thoughts. But no where under heav'n
 I could the place of his retreat descry!
 I am unworthy to behold thy face,
 Unworthy to behold thy gracious looks,
 Thy smiles which, Image of the Deity,
 Proclaim salvation to the race of men.
 Alas, thou savest mortal man alone!
 Me thou dost not redeem! thou dost not hear
 The bitter moans of sorrow and remorse,
 Which I for ever vent and still in vain!

780

785

790

795

800

Oh, thou dost save the sons of Adam only! —
 So Abbadona spake, and saw the three
 Disciples, each in kindly slumber wrapp'd.

Th' affectionate and gentle John lay near'st
 To Abbadona, smiling in his sleep.

805

The fallen Seraph, suddenly, with fear
 And perturbation seized, started back,
 With trembling accents venturing scarce to say:

If thou art he whom eagerly I sought, —
 If thou art the divine Redeemer who

810

Appeared on earth the human race to save;
 With tears, with overflowing tears I hail thee;
 With fearful, with immortal sighs, Messiah,
 I bless thy gracious person. Yea, I trace

815

Heaven's innocence in thy celestial mien:
 How prominent thy countenance displays

The greatness of thy soul! Yea, thou art he!
 Thou art the gracious Saviour whom I sought!

Oh, how a soft tranquillity and peace,
 The meritted reward of thy benign

820

And most magnanimous virtue, from thee breathes!
 I tremble to behold that blessed peace

Which thy pure soul so abundant on thee streams.

O turn away that countenance, or I

Must turn my eyes away from thee and weep! —

825

Thus Abbadona spake and, ere he had
 Concluded, Peter turned to John who now
 Awoke, and said: O John, I saw the Lord
 E'en in a dream! he looked on me with fervour
 And mild rebuke and with commiseration.

830

The fallen Seraph hearing this, transfix'd

In wonder, stood. And, musing, he anon

Heard, through the doleful silence of the night,

From far a voice that breathed heavy accents,

Resembling dying moans. His listening ear

835

Inclining heard. The voice became more mournful

And more oppressed. And Abbadona stood

Astonished and dismay'd. And his dejected

Heart trembled with these thoughts: Shall I advance,

Shall I approach to see the hapless man

840

Who groans there in the agony of death,

With the dire thoughts of judgment stern oppress'd?

Ah, shall I go and see the reeking blood

Of murder? — Quiet and alone, perhaps,

He hastened through the gloom of night and long'd

845

To clasp his lisping offsprings in his arms,
 And greet his loving wife, when suddenly
 The ruffian rushed from ambush and inflicted
 The deadly blow; and yet his life, perhaps,
 Was virtuous, and his course the course of wisdom. 850
 Ah, shall I go and see him in his blood?
 Shall I behold the anguish of his dying,
 His breaking eyes, his countenance now deck'd
 With deadly paleness? shall I hear his groans,
 The loud, denouncing thunder of his blood? 855
 Ah, blood! blood of a guiltless man, by fiends
 And murderers shed, Oh, each purple drop
 Thus shed, against me will a witness rise,
 In that dire judgment which knows no compassion.
 For I too have seduced unhappy man. 860
 Blood of the guiltless, which distained the earth
 Since Adam's fall, and which will yet distain
 The dusty ground while centuries revolve;
 Oh spare me, cease my spirit to torment!
 I hear thy thundering voice, I hear thy sighs 865
 Terrific, that for vengeance rise to God,
 And render me the victim of Jehovah's
 Eternal vengeance! I must ever gaze
 On the dire spot, where thou didst gore the ground.
 I ever must the direful scence behold, 870
 Must see where sons of men returned to dust.
 Mine inward monitor, a warrior like,
 To the dire scence turns mine averted eye;
 For ever I must view the graves of men,
 Whose ruin I assisted to contrive. — 875
 Dead silence, thou o'erwhelm'st me with alarm!
 The awful Judge comes not against me, thus,
 In silence, not in the dead calm of this —
 This fearful night! He goes in tempests forth,
 On thundering clouds, walks in the hurricane! 880
 His lips speak death, and judgment void of mercy. —
 Such were the fallen Seraph's thoughts. He now
 The moaning voice, with tardy pace, approach'd.
 Now from afar he saw the Mediator,
 But saw not yet his gracious countenance, 885
 Nor yet his bleeding temples. The divine
 Redeemer prostrate, with uplifted hands,
 Prayed silent. Abbadona, o'er the turf,
 Aloof, was gliding dubiously around
 The Saviour. Meanwhile Gabriel came forth, 890

Advancing slowly from amid the gloom
 That shrouded him. And fallen Abbadona,
 Alarmed, trembled back. The heavenly Seraph
 Stepp'd nearer to the Saviour and inclin'd
 His listening ear and, in his eye that look'd, 895
 With reverence and with fervour, on the bless'd
 Redeemer, a dolorous tear repressing,
 He stood in thought profound, — and, listening still,
 Heard, with the faculties with which he hears,
 Thousands of thousand miles remote, th' advance 900
 Of the Eternal, and with which he hears
 The harmony of the remotest spheres;
 Heard that the blood, in the Messiah's veins,
 Languid and heavy flow'd, oppress'd with anguish.
 But louder were the sighs the Seraph heard, 905
 Arising from the inmost depths profound
 Of the divine Messiah's heaving heart;
 Those intercessive, inexpressive sighs,
 Sighs heavenly, that to the Father rise
 With sweeter sound than the harmonious songs 910
 Of all his creatures who, eternally,
 Chant their Creator's praises; more delightful
 Than the omnific accents which brought forth
 The universe from a nonentity;
 Sublime as the Eternal's accents, when 915
 His voice fills heaven with: I am Jehovah! —
 The Seraph thus perceived the inmost sufferings
 Of the divine Messiah. And, with dread
 And tremulous emotion, he uprais'd
 His head again, with reverential awe 920
 Stepp'd sideward, lifted up on high to God
 His folded hands and, silent, look'd to heav'n.
 The wretched Abbadona ventured scarce
 To lift his eyes when he saw Gabriel
 And, suddenly, beheld refulgent hosts 925
 Of Seraphim, all hovering on the air,
 The adoration of their eyes, the thoughts
 Of their deep silence in their countenance
 Expressive, down with awe profound address'd
 To Thee, Messiah. The rejected Seraph 930
 With terror shook and look'd, with languid eye,
 On the Redeemer who now slowly rais'd
 His blood-stained countenance up from the dust,
 Still with his suffering's sanguine drops bedew'd.
 And Abbadona, when he now beheld 935

The Saviour thus with bleeding countenance
 Uprising from the dust, he was afresh
 O'erwhelmed with th' appalling night of death.
 When able again to think, he utterance now
 To broken accents gave, again was mute, 940
 And now again the drear and fearful night
 Resounded with his rising plaint and sighs :

O Thou who art subjected, here, to death's
 Extremity, who art thou? in thy form
 A mortal son of th' earth? of th' earth that groans 945
 Beneath the burthen of th' Eternal's curse,
 Full ripe for the last judgment, trembling now
 With apprehension lest she should again
 To chaos be reduced? Such thine exterior seems.
 Born of the earth? Yea, — yet thy manhood bears 950
 Some traces that resemble Deity!

Thine eye beams such exalted majesty,
 It doth not hold communion with corruption!
 No, this is not a sinner's countenance;
 Not thus appears the alien to God. 955
 Thou art of nature far more dignify'd

Than human, — of mysterious essence thou, —
 A labyrinth which I cannot explore!
 I still discover more in thee! Who art thou?
 Withdraw from him, mine eye! I am an Outcast! 960

A powerful suggestion strikes my mind,
 Impetuous, like a bursting peal of thunder;
 An overwhelming, terrible suggestion!
 I see the awful Deity! Flee, flee,
 Surmising terrors! Donot thus o'erwhelm 965
 With terrors me of everlasting death!

Ah, he resembles the Eternal Son
 Who, from the bight of his exalted Throne,
 Borne on the pinions of his flaming car,
 Thundering pursued the routed, spoiled hosts 970
 Of Satan, and poured on us his destructions
 Devoid of mercy; when we were depriv'd
 Of glorious immortality, our state

To everlasting death and torture chang'd;
 When our creation's innocence, with all 975
 The joys of heaven, for ever from us fled,
 Among the hosts of righteous Spirits lost;
 When God appeared not longer as the Father! —
 I ventured once, fearfully, back to look,
 And saw him in pursuit, when I from him 980

With all th' apostate hosts of Satan fled;
 I saw the dreadful Son, beheld the lightnings
 That darted from the Thunderer's flaming eye!
 Aloft he stood on his tremendous car,
 Night rolled beneath him, and beneath him death; 985
 The Father had endued him with omnipotence,
 And armed the gracious, the compassionate Son
 With terrors and destruction! Woe on me,
 Woe! When the force of his avenging arm
 Hurl'd bellowing thunders, the profoundest depths 990
 Of nature shook, and answered to the ruin!
 Mine eye not longer saw him, I was lost
 In night and in perdition. I was stunn'd
 Amid the roaring tempests and amid
 The doleful lamentation of all nature; 995
 Felt nought but anguish and despondency,
 And felt, and rued, my being still immortal. —
 I see him yet, see him before me now!
 I trace him still in th' awful countenance
 Of apparently a mortal son of th' earth; 1000
 But, of a truth, he is no mortal being.
 Is he, ah, is he the Eternal's Son?
 Is he the great Messiah who was giv'n,
 To save the world? Is he the awful Judge? —
 But he, with sufferings dire, is here oppress'd, 1005
 With th' agony of death! He who stood high
 Aloft on the tremendous flaming car,
 In th' agony of death! Oppressed with anguish,
 With agony infinite! Low in the dust
 He moans and weeps! His rising veins emit, 1010
 In th' anguish of dissolving nature, blood!
 I who am not a stranger to the most
 Excrutiating torture, who through all
 Gradations dire of torment and despair
 Advanced, I, for the anguish of his soul, 1015
 Can find no name! have no capacity
 To feel as he feels, such continued death,
 A distant and impenetrable gloom
 Presents to my astonished mind new thoughts
 Of wonderful discovery, but obscure, 1020
 Involved in darkness and in tractless maze.
 Th' Eternal King of heaven, Jehovah's Son,
 The Image of the Father, from the throne
 Descended and assumed the human form?
 Is suffering now for man? — If I can yet 1025

Aright remember what in heaven transpir'd;
 I recollect prophetic intimation
 In heaven of this mystery proclaim'd.
 And Satan with his hissing serpent-tongue,
 Relating such miraculous achievements, 1030
 Confirms what I surmise. And th' Angels, how
 They throng around him, how with countenance
 Of reverent fear expressive and, with hands
 Close folded, they approach to worship him.
 And all surrounding nature seems impress'd 1035
 With silent awe of the Eternal's presence. —
 If for thy mortal brethren thou now stand'st
 In judgment; if thou art th' Eternal God's
 Eternal Son; then I, O Son divine,
 Must flee thy sacred presence, lest thou see'st 1040
 Me trembling at thy feet, and shouldst ascend
 Thine awful throne and shouldst in anger rise
 Against me. But thou lookest not on me!
 Yet thou art privy to my secret thoughts.
 Alas, may I the trembling thought indulge? 1045
 Degenerate man's Messiah thou becam'st,
 But, Oh, not the Messiah of lost Angels!
 Ah, hadst thou condescended to become
 A Seraph; hadst thou on the plains of heav'n
 Prostrated as thou art prostrating here 1050
 Low in the dust of th' earth, and hadst thou gone,
 Before th' Eternal Father, on behalf
 Of us, th' apostate Angels, into judgment;
 Thus clasp'd thy hands, thus looked up to the Throne
 Of the Most High: how then, with lifted arms, 1055
 I would have come into thy presence! how
 With hallelujahs, with the sound of harp
 And voice celestial, O divine Messiah,
 I would have ever bless'd and worshipp'd thee.
 But since ye are heaven's highly-favoured children, 1060
 Ye sons of Adam; O so light a curse
 And fire eternal on the heads of all
 That, basely, disavow and set at nought
 The sufferings of the Son! Each ingrate heart
 That virtue still profanes and, impiously, 1065
 Itself unworthy renders of such love; —
 All ye that once will come, ye numerous
 And countless generations of Redeem'd,
 If ye dishonour th' awful blood that here
 Distains the dust: O, may it be to you 1070

Eternal death! I add your awful name
 Which th' Increate, at your creation, first
 Benignly on you bestowed: Immortal Souls!
 When once in you a boding sense of dire
 Eternity, appalling dread excites, 1074
 And overwhelms you with desponding fear;
 And when the Judge whose proffered grace ye spurn'd,
 Pronounced your awful doom, — ye then, like us,
 For evermore rejected, and cast out
 For ever from the presence of the First 1080
 And Most Benign of Beings! — From the fields
 Of everlasting night and misery
 I then will look upon the bleeding wounds
 Of the immortal souls, and will exclaim:
 Hail, Death eternal! Torment void of end 1085
 Or interlapse, I bless thee! — Yea, indeed,
 Beholding the sublime felicity
 And blessed peace of the redeemed hosts
 Who, wisely and with care solicitous,
 Lived virtuously for th' everlasting state, 1090
 I from amid their glory, with alarm,
 Shall be constrained hence from heaven away;
 Yet from the fields of everlasting night
 And misery, then, on the bleeding wounds
 Of the immortal souls I still will look, 1095
 And will exclaim: Hail, everlasting Death!
 Unceasing Torment, I rejoice in thee!
 Spare not the soul, spare not th' immortal soul!
 Yea, I will tear from th' iron bonds of hell,
 And tow'rd the awful judgment-seat advance, 1100
 And will with thundering voice exclaim; that th' earth
 And all the heavens hear it; will exclaim:
 I am immortal like the human soul!
 Ah; why was grace not proffered unto me?
 Indeed th' apostate Spirits curse remorse 1105
 And mercy; but I am not one of them!
 I am a rueful sinner, I not longer
 Against Jehovah stand in opposition,
 One who, too long, wept tears of blood and groan'd
 Unheeded and, too long in vain, O God, 1110
 Lamented his interminable state,
 Alike of misery and existence weary.
 Abbadona fled. The Mediator rose
 A second time from the ensanguined dust,
 Desiring to behold the face of man. 1115

The heavens resounded then : The second hour
Of the divine Messiah's most profound
And most transcendent sufferings , that brought life
Eternal to all pious souls , is past.

With this the heavens on high resounded still. 1120

But the Redeemer once again withdrew
From his disciples who were wrapp'd in slumber ;
Went forth a third time , once more to devote
Himself a willing sacrifice to Him
Who yet , with dread uplifted arm , held high 1125
The balance , and pronounced the direful words
Of judgment and of everlasting death.

Dun lowering night with fearful horrors sunk
From heaven on the Messiah while he suffer'd.
The last of nights will thus from heaven descend, 1130
And shroud the earth before the judgment-day.
Close on her verge the awful day will throng,
When the last trump will thunder to the earth,
The trembling bones on the resurrection-fields
Resounding , to the grand decision now 1135
The Son of God descending from the Throne,
He also having slumbered with the dead.

But the Eternal Father on the Son
From Tabor looked , and saw the marks of death
In the Messiah's countenance display'd. 1140

Eloah at the mountain's basis stood
Amid nocturnal silence , in dun clouds
His head enveloped , and his pensive looks
Contemplative stedfastly fix'd to th' earth.
Jehovah , from amid the sacred gloom, 1145
Uttered the Seraph's name. With instant speed,
And mute , Eloah rose , the awful gloom
Entering , and stood before the Deity.
God then addressed the Seraph : Hast thou seen,
Eloah , th' agony that doth oppress 1150

Mine Coeternal Son ? Descend and sing
Loud triumph to the Son : Sing of the hosts
Of Saints that , by his sufferings and blood,
Have been redeemed ; sing the hallelujahs
That ever through the heavens will' resound, 1155,
In glory he enthron'd , the King at God's Right hand.

The Seraph , trembling , answered : But , O Lord,
How shall I name Thee ? how shall I set forth
Thy majesty , when to the Son I bring
The intimation that I come from Thee ? — 1160

Jehovah deigned to answer: Nominate
 Me — Father. — With adoring looks profound,
 And sacred hands in supplication folded,
 Eloah spake: But seeing, face to face,
 His countenance perspiring drops of blood, — 1165
 The Son divine with sufferings of death
 O'erwhelmed; when I see that, in his mien,
 The awful judgment hath obscured the traits
 Of his divinity: Will not my pow'rs
 Refuse their office? shall not I be dumb? 1170
 Will not, in consternation and amaze,
 My trembling heart deny me th' utterance faint
 Of harmony celestial? shall not I
 With terrors of thy judgment be assail'd?
 Will semblances of death not hover round me? 1175
 Shall not I sink before him to the dust?
 God, send me not! Too insufficient I,
 To the Messiah triumph high to sing, —
 Triumph to sing unto the Suffering Son.

With grace benign God answered: Who endured 1180
 Thy mind with enterprise above the heav'ns?
 And who enabled thee aloud to sing
 The songs of triumph on the signal day
 Of judgment, when the hosts of Rebel-Angels
 Were, with my thunders, from my presence driv'n, 1185
 And thou pursuing on a tempest's wings?
 Who did endure thine heart with fortitude,
 To see the death of Adam and, in him,
 The death of all his children? — Go, my Seraph,
 I will conduct thee. Though in nearness thou 1190
 Of th' awful Judge shouldst tremble more than now;
 He will enable thee still, with the voice
 Of trembling fear, to mingle song of triumph.

Jehovah thus. Amid the rushing sound
 Of Jordan, and the thunders bursting forth 1195
 From Tabor, — solemnly, Eloah now
 Descended slowly to the Mount of Olives.
 A dreary breeze nocturnal tow'rd him wafted
 The supplicating voice of the sublime
 Messiah; and a silent tremour seiz'd 1200
 Th' astonished Seraph. But when he beheld
 On the Messiah's countenance the marks
 Of dissolution, saw his looks divine
 Expressive of the judgment, saw the Son
 Forsaken by the Father; he, to th' earth 1205

Transfixed, stood, — divested of his high
 Effulgence and of every heavenly beauty,
 Seemed not to be a Seraph, seemed to be
 A mortal son of th' earth. But the divine
 Messiah raised his face, and looked on him 1210
 Sublime, and brightened into gracious smiles.
 And, suddenly, around the Seraph's form
 His wonted beauty and effulgence beam'd.
 And, e'en as ministering before the Throne,
 He soared on golden clouds and sung aloud: 1216
 Son of the Father, how thy gracious look
 With heavenly transport fired thy Seraph's breast!
 Hail me, I was found worthy, after Thee,
 To feel what Thou dost feel! and to behold,
 At humble distance, the Messiah's thoughts 1220
 Which, in the fearful and most trying hour
 Of his humiliation, fill his mind.
 The vail of mystery profound involves, —
 The spreading shadow of celestial night
 And th' awful solitude of deity, 1225
 Involving, hover o'er each thought divine;
 No finite Being ever saw God's thoughts:
 Yet I have been found worthy, from afar,
 From the obscure dimension of created
 And finite understanding, to extend 1230
 My views into th' Infinitude of God!
 I who am but a momentary thought
 Of th' Increate, — an atom of creation,
 A gleaming sun that lights a dust, called earth,
 Hail me, that I derived existence! hail, 1235
 My feelings that, th' Eternal Sire and Son
 Adoring, still with tremour, and with awe,
 And with the silent dread of the Eternal's
 Immediate presence, still my inmost breast
 Are agitating: be ye ne'er extinct! 1240
 Still, from the bounds of finite comprehension,
 E'en to the dread precincts of mysteries
 And light divine transport me! Oh, I feel
 The bliss that tho Redeemed once will feel,
 When they arise triumphant from the grave? — 1245
 As from dismay and from amazement now
 The blessed Mediator wrested me,
 From the sons of Adam, even so
 He wrest you from the silent grave.
 From the tremour, this delightful sense 1250

Of everlasting life, that I now feel,
 Ye shall experience once when ye arise
 To glorious immortality and bliss.
 Then He who, now, prays prostrate in the dust,
 In dreadful majesty enthroned will sit, 1255
 On yon tremendous day, in the last judgment,
 The judgment of all judgments! Then will be
 Completed the eternal covenant,
 Decree divine, that man shall not be lost,
 Of which these direful sufferings are an earnest. 1260
 Oh, with what feelings of creation new,
 Divine Messiah, those whom Thou redeem'st,
 With what surpassing transport they will see
 Thee on thine everlasting throne in glory!
 How they will, then, behold those radiant wounds, 1265
 The splendid testimonials of thy love
 To Adam's race! How they will shout thy praise
 In never-ceasing songs and hallelujahs!
 Ah, then, the Angel of death's tremendous tramp
 Will nevermore be heard, nor thunders, then, 1270
 O'er thy Redeemed from the Throne will roll.
 The depths will bow before Thee, and the heights
 To Thee, the Judge, will folded hands uplift.
 The last of days will evanescent die
 Before the throne, lost in eternity! 1275
 And Thou wilt gather all the righteous souls
 Around thee, that they, face to face, may see
 Thy glory and behold Thee as thou art.
 With transport they shall feel that they were born
 To live for ever; as Thou lovedst them, 1280
 They shall in immortality rejoice.
 So says He whom the heavens Jehovah name;
 Whom the apostate Spirits know — Th' Avenger
 Of proud rebellion; who is pleased to be
 The Father of his Coeternal Son. 1285
 Such was Eloah's song. And the Messiah
 Beningly on th' adoring Seraph look'd,
 And, more benignly, looked again tow'rd Tabor.
 But, of compassion void, the judgment stern,
 Still th' agonies intense and terrors most 1290
 Appalling, on the suffering Saviour pour'd.
 He bowed again, bowed lowly to the earth,
 And, speechless, wrung his hands on high tow'rd heav'n.
 The bleeding lamb, slain on the altar-pile,
 Writhes thus it's trembling limbs in pain of death. 1295

And thus, beneath the sinking clouds of heav'n,
To him nocturnal clouds, and in his blood
Extended, Abel died, when he saw not
His father. — All the Seraphim who, trembling,
With half-averted countenance till now
Had viewed the sufferings of the Son of God,
His agony not longer could behold.
All felt their being finite, turned and fled.
None now save Gabriel remained, himself
Involving, and Eloah likewise stay'd,
And sunk his head into a deeper gloom.
Th' earth stood. The Judge judg'd. Th' earth shook thrice,
to flee;
And thrice Jehovah held the trembling earth.
Now the Messiah, from th' ensanguined dust,
Rose — Victor; and the heavens sung aloud:
The third hour of the great Messiah's most
Transcendent sufferings, which brought endless life
To pious souls, is now gone over him. —
So sung the heavens. God turned his countenance,
And to his everlasting Throne ascended.

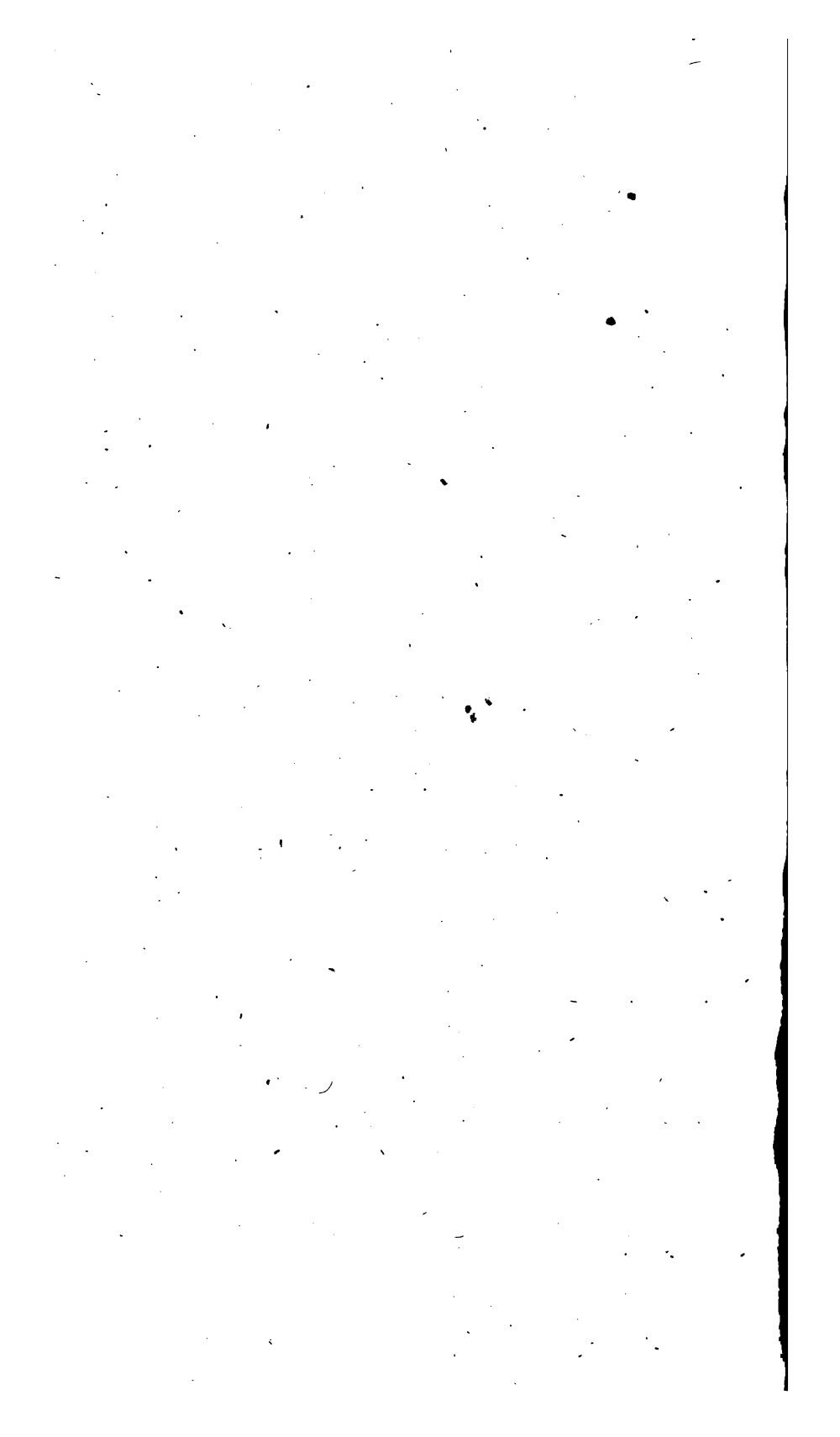
END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

This Translation of the Messiah being printed where the English is a foreign language, my readers, I trust, will kindly excuse some errors of the press, that have crept in, notwithstanding my care and solicitude to remove them. Their being corrected with a pencil, will obviate every inconvenience they might occasion.

E.

ERRATA.

- I. 156: *ef*, read — *of*; 182: I judgment — *In judgment*; 202: attonement — *atonement*; 209: mediation — *meditation*; 268: sillence — *silence*; 269: trilling — *thrilling*; 359: swim's — *swims*; 376: sulime — *sublime*; 580: judgment — *judgment*; 899: mediation — *meditation*; 1013: thy — *they*.
- II. 36: rentless — *relentless*; 54: Jude — *Judge*; 775: oh — *on*; 829: thy — *they*; 931: horror's — *horrors*; 1167: fee — *flee*; 1267: purset — *purest*; 1358: by — *but*.
- III. 6: until — *until*; 55: prononnc'd — *pronounc'd*; 229: O — *On*.
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Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO VI.

As by th' expiring Sage, when sense of death
Begins each trembling nerve to enervate,
The sacred moments more than days claps'd
Are valued, — moments by the Sovereign Judge
For virtue's final exercise and test
Appointed; and appointed to exalt,
With last obedience of the breaking heart,
The pious soul still nearer to perfection:
The Sage with fervour in devotion counts,
And crowns each fleeting moment with exploits, 10
Exploits of soul, which, in his mercy, God
Notes and with everlasting bliss rewards:
So the revolving hours of the sublime
And mystic sabbath still more solemn, more
Important and, e'en to the Deity, 15
More dear became, as now the sacrifice
Stepp'd nearer to the altar, — the divine
Redeemer hastening to resign his life,
Down from the cross to call aloud: Come forth,
Renewed creation! — then his sacred head 20
Into a hovering midnight-gloom to bow. —
Eloah, deeply' in contemplation wrapp'd
Of the revolving precious hours, by him
More valued far than the auspicious hours
Of his creation; now tow'rd Gabriel, 25
His heavenly friend, developed and began:
Saw'st thou his sufferings, Gabriel? I still
Am trembling! hast thou seen his agony?
No name celestial, no Seraphic tongue,
Can represent what then my feelings were, 30

When I beheld the sufferings of the Son!
 Yea, thou hast seen him! ah, and what will he
 Yet suffer! an eternity on each
 Revolving moment pends! — Eloah ceas'd.
 And Gabriel replied: Years thousands pass'd 35
 Since the profound mysterious event
 I pondered, but obscurely to discern,
 Not to explore it! Yet I widely err'd.
 Let us adore in silence! E'en the ground
 On which we stand, is holy. Here, indeed, 40
 We see the dole sepulchres of the dead;
 But, lo, from them Immortals shall arise! —
 Repose in peace, ye that have lived to God,
 Ye shall arise to life and endless bliss.
 But — O behold, who yonder, through the gloom, 45
 Infuriate and wild, with flaming torch,
 Is hitherward advancing? — Ah, Revolters,
 Ye had your mission from th' abyss of hell!
 A group of abject slaves! But the divine
 Creator of the grain of sand and suns, 50
 Th' Eternal reigns and, ever, executes
 His sacred purposes through the base reptile,
 Or through the agency of heavenly Spirits. —
 And who is their conductor! — ah, Eloah — —
 He will not thus advance when the last tramp 55
 Shall summon all the dead to the tribunal
 Of the Most High, forth from the dust that hid them!
 Not thus elated, Traitor, thou wilt then
 Advance to th' awful judgment. — Gabriel
 Was silent. Furious the group approach'd, 60
 Bore high the waving flame and stray'd, with looks
 Exploring, through the labyrinth of groves
 And lowering midnight-darkness. Jesus saw
 Th' advancing group. The most appalling night
 That lower'd around him, slowly now dissolv'd 65
 And rose in thick dun clouds. And from her skirts
 Sunk boding terrors. One of them assail'd
 The traitor. But he strenuously withstood
 The powerful admonition, cried aloud:
 Where is he? — Hah, the favourites aver, 70
 They saw him, in celestial splendour clad,
 On Tabor! Yea, but not as yet in bonds!
 They now shall see him, and shall soon forget
 To build them tabernacles of delight.
 And yet, my heart, with chilling damp appall'd, 75

Thou tremblest! can the gloom of night dismay
 The minds of men, on enterprise resolv'd? —
 Away, Remonstrance! Soon my purposes
 I shall accomplish! then I will erect
 Me tabernacles, not in vision form'd, 80
 Not in a dream, but of substantial goods. —
 Such were his thoughts and he advanced afresh.
 When the Messiah saw th' approaching group,
 He silently indulged these passing thoughts:
 Great is my humiliation, — from the heights 85
 Eternal of the throne descended, now
 By these ungracious sinners haunted thus. —
 Ye paths that guide my wandering feet through dust,
 I will pursue you! — Splendour vests them once,
 When the resurrection of the dead illumines 90
 These depths profound; and when the final judgment
 Displays, why the Eternal these paths walk'd. —
 Iscariot led the group. Th' assembled priests
 Commanded, that a chosen band be arm'd
 And sent in quest of Jesus; — him to bind, 95
 And to constrain him to appear forthwith
 Before the Priests and Elders. Judas knew
 The Saviour's lone retreat, when he devoted
 The night to prayer and ardently craved man's
 Salvation. — Judas said to th' armed men: 100
 He whom I kiss, is Jesus; take and bind,
 And lead him hence. — But the dan shades of night
 Had still compassion on th' atrocious traitor,
 And hindered him the horrible kiss to give.
 But with impatience the infuriate Band 105
 Anon on the disciples rush'd, who were
 Still wrapp'd in slumber. The Messiah, then,
 Advanced against the sinners and, with all
 His greatness, said: Whom seek ye? — More enrag'd,
 They all exclaimed, aloft their trembling torches 110
 High waving: Jesus, the Nazarene! — Now,
 Alarm'd, the rest of the disciples all
 Collected with their Lord; the Seraphim
 Who fled, looked on him now. And with divine
 And awful calmness, with which he beholds 115
 Th' unheeded worm expire, or to the sea,
 When agitated, says: Peace, and be still!
 The Saviour answered: I am he, ye seek! —
 With this the Son's omnipotence o'erwhelm'd
 And struck them, with amazement, to the ground. 120

Iscariot with them sunk. Thus on the field
 Of battle, sloughtered men together sink;
 And thus the furious aggressor oft
 Sinks dead with those whom he led on to war,
 While, in the midst of carnage, deep in thought, 135
 The Chief, — God to the conflict summoned him, —
 Calm and collected, sends destruction forth.
 But now th' amazement was gone by; and now
 The Traitor rose: and this was the most dire
 Hour of his being: irretrievably 140
 He now approached the judgment. Over him,
 Holding aloft the vengeance-flaming sword,
 Hovered with sable wing an Angel of death.
 The Traitor deck'd his rancour with a mien
 Of affiance. He approached the Mediator 145
 And kissed him! — He had now accomplished all.
 The blackest sin of perpetrated sins,
 Wan like a shade, rushed down to the abyss.
 But the Redeemer with compassion look'd
 The Traitor in the face, and said: O Judas, 150
 Betrayst thou the Messiah with a kiss?
 Ah, Friend, hadst thou not come — — So said the best
 Of men, and he submitted to be bound.
 Bold Peter seeing this, and roused with zeal,
 Rushed forward from his brethren, and smote one 155
 Of th' armed men, and gashed him with his sword.
 But the Messiah healed the wounded man,
 And looked on Peter, saying: Sheathe thy weapon,
 Be pacified, Disciple. If I would
 Sue succour from my Father, — lo, the heav'ns 160
 Would open, powerful legions would appear,
 To serve the Son! but how would then the words
 Be verified of the prophetic page? —
 And to the Band he said: Ye come forth arm'd,
 On me as on a murderer to seize, — 165
 As on some hideous miscreant, to death
 Devoted, who, with most egregious sins,
 Called judgment on himself with double vengeance!
 I have been with you daily in the Temple,
 And showed to you the ways of life and death; 170
 Ye did not interrupt with violence my lore!
 But th' awful hour of your accomplishing
 Your hideous deeds of darkness now is come. —
 The Saviour ceased, advancing near the brook
 Of cedars, and approached Jerusalem. 175

Meanwhile th' assembled council of the Priests
 And Elders in the lofty palace still
 Were tossed on waves of fluctuating hope.
 Their murmurs of precaution and of doubt
 From th' inmost hall, through marble balustrades, 170
 Descended to the listening fearful throng,
 That gathered round the palace. These, with wild
 Amazement staring, of the Prophet spake, —
 Some stammering praise, and others venting sore
 Invectives; and forgot, with wonder now 175
 The flaming lamps of gold round columns high to heed.
 But of the priests some said among themselves:
 Our messengers are not returning yet!
 Where are they all? Perhaps they missed the Band
 And Jesus? or th' obnoxious Traitor hath 180
 Betray'd us likewise? Or perhaps, as wont, —
 Hath the Nazarene, with deceptive deeds
 Of wonder, struck and terrified the men? —

So spake the priests. Then came, with panting haste
 And flying hair, into th' assembly-hall 185
 A messenger. With pallid countenance,
 Wringing his trembling hands, while chilling sweat
 Ran o'er his face, dismay'd, he thus began:

Highpriest! we found the place where Jesus was, —
 At last with him we met, beyond the brook, 190
 Near the sepulchres. Terrors of the tombs
 Assailed us not. But all-around the place
 Clouds hovered, dun, as human-eye ne'er saw.
 Yet all advanced undaunted: I alone
 Remained aloof. However, I beheld 195
 The prophet. Yet, I cannot tell what then
 My feelings were: dismay o'erwhelmed me:
 The Band beheld, but recognized him not,
 Although he stood before them: they assail'd
 The men around him. Then, with awful voice, 200
 He said aloud: Whom seek ye? — All reply'd,
 Nought dreading, not alarm'd, — nay, e'en with wrath
 All answer'd: Jesus, the Nazarene! — Then, —
 The dreadful sound still thunders on mine ear! —
 With th' utterance of death he made reply: 205
 Rais'd high his hand — said: I am he, ye seek! —
 These were the words! — All on their faces fell,
 And there they lie — all dead. None save myself
 From him escap'd, the tidings dire to bring.

Th' Elders and Priests the words of terror heard, 210

Delivered by the messenger; and stood,
 Pale, motionless, transfix'd in blank amaze
 Like resting rocks. Th' indignant Philo only
 Resisted the impression and reply'd:
 Thou art disciple of this Jesus, Wretch! 215
 Or nightly phantoms of the open tombs
 Thy fears inspired, Thou saw'st them all lie dead!
 The men that we sent live, — superior
 To terrors, — warriors, not subdued by words.

While yet he spake, another messenger 220
 Entered the hall, and said: We suffered much!
 We fell before him to the ground as dead.
 Terrific were his looks, his voice was death!
 Yet we secured and bound him. He resign'd
 Submissive, and held freely forth his hands 225
 To be securely bound. Now hitherward
 They are conducting him. All shake with dread
 And apprehension, lest he overwhelm
 Them yet with terrors, they ne'er knew before.
 Yet he advances unconstrained and mute, 230
 Already now within Jerusalem.

The messenger thus. And a third one came,
 Exclaiming: Heaven the fathers still preserve! —
 So th' adversaries all must perish, all
 The enemies of God, who vainly rise 235
 To you in opposition; yea, they must
 E'en perish like the Galilean, now
 Secured in bonds which neither words nor smiles
 Will easily cast off. His followers
 Deserted him. He is advancing near 240
 The palace. God give to your hands his blood.

When the infuriate slave was silent, Satan
 Entered the hall, — with him the joy of hell.
 Th' infernal spectre hovered o'er the priests,
 Assailed them with a dizziness, and hung, 245
 Before their rolling eyes, the semblance dire
 Of swelling wounds and paleness wan of death,
 And filled with groans of agony their ears.
 We now will silence him for evermore,
 Our feet shall stand triumphant on his grave. — 250
 Long they were with these thoughts malign absorb'd;
 But Jesus not appearing, they again
 Began to rage, and sent forth messengers
 A second time. Philo with them went forth.
 The Band took the Messiah, by the way, 255

To Annas, one of the chief priests, because
 The hoary man, while night with heavy wing
 Hung o'er Jerusalem, had left his couch,
 The man to see, who agitated Judah.
 John followed aloof. All quiet rest 260
 Had fled his eyes, that now with sorrow fill'd,
 And with distress. And on his faded cheek
 Dejection hung and languid heaviness.
 Remembering now, Annas was not the slave
 Of that malignity that sway'd the breast 265
 Of Caiaphas, he conquered his dole,
 The hall of judgment entered, and beheld
 How the Messiah stood before the priest,
 Who now began his questions to propose:
 Thou must be judged by Caiaphas: Wert thou 270
 But innocent, as all thy deeds are public;
 The numerous nations of the earth, the God
 Of Abraham and of his progeny,
 Would bless and honour thee! Tell me thyself,
 What hast thou taught, and who are thy disciples? 275
 Didst thou hold forth the law of Moses? didst
 Thou to his statutes stedfastly adhere?
 And thy disciples, have they done the same? —
 So saying, Annas wondered much to see
 How Jesus, even like a prophet, stood 280
 Before him, tranquil and with dignity,
 Devoid of ostentation and of pride.
 And the divine Redeemer to' answer deign'd:
 Before the people freely in the temple,
 Before the Elders openly I taught; 285
 Question not me, but those who heard my lore.
 While thus the Saviour answer'd, Philo burst
 Into the hall. Tumultuous, vehement,
 The whole assembly in confusion rose:
 And one, O abject wretch! a crime so base 290
 Now perpetrated, that in blackest die
 It showed the rancour of his brutal heart.
 Philo commanded, with imperious voice,
 That the Revolter be conducted hence,
 The words of death to meet. He was obey'd. 295
 John, seeing the Messiah in the pow'r
 Of Philo, was with anguish overwhelm'd;
 A deadly paleness deck'd his face, his eyes
 Grew dim, and all his limbs with terror shook.
 At last when, with unsteady pace, he left 300

The palace, seeing still the waving flame
 Of torches, in the anguish of his heart
 He stammered: No, I follow Thee not hence, —
 My prayers alone attend Thee, best of men!
 But, is it heaven's decree that thou shalt die, 305
 Thou whom my soul hath loved, whom I love
 More ardently than with fraternal love,
 Most Holy, ah, then let me die with Thee,
 That not mine eye thy breaking eyes behold,
 Not testify thy pangs in dissolution, 310
 And not thy last, last benediction hear! —
 Inhuman Murderers! — ah, where am I? —
 Is no deliverer near? is none on earth?
 In heaven none? and are ye slumbring too,
 Ye who with heavenly songs his birth acclaim'd, — 315
 Most hapless mother, little didst thou think,
 Thy son should fall to cruelty and murder
 A victim! — None of you at hand to help? —
 Thou only, holy Jesus, Thou alone
 Art the deliverer, Thou the friend in need, 320
 The aider of the living and the dead! —
 Father of men, God, in compassion hear
 Thy suppliant: Oh, suffer not the best
 Of all the sons of Adam thus to die!
 Inspire his foes with sentiments humane, 325
 Let them forget their cruel thirst for blood. —
 Alas, I can no longer see him, — all
 Their waving flames of torches disappear.
 Now, now they judge him! May their furious souls
 Convicted tremble when they testify 330
 Unsully'd, suffering virtue! may they once,
 But once in life, think of the awful day
 Of judgment that doth every soul await! —
 Whom see I here advancing through the gloom?
 How, is this Peter? saw he, when the priests 335
 Condemn'd him? — How he hastens! now he stands!
 Who was it? I no longer hear his pace! —
 How lone this spot! how silent this drear night!
 But now the silence of the night is past.
 What multitudes now tow'rd the palace throng! 340
 But, oh, they will destroy him ere the morn
 Begins to dawn, lest the humanity
 Of the assemblage should deliver him:
 They will destroy him in the shades of night,
 That none but Angels see the reeking stones, 345

Or gored blade, with which they took his life! —
Thou Father of compassion, Gracious Lord,
Have pity on me, and deliver him!

Let him not die, but free him from their hands. —

Such were the thoughts of the affectionate John, 350

In faltering accents vented, by his sighs

Oft intercepted. Now, with doubtful step

And slow, the highpriest's palace he approach'd,

And there remained amid the gloom of night.

But Philo, the conductor of the band

355

Attending Jesus, through the multitude

Infuriate burst, entering th' assembly-hall.

All saw, high triumph flashing from his eyes,

That he, who woke the dead, was now in bonds

And near the palace. But they had no time

360

To hail the priest, for Jesus entered now.

They looked upon him, yet could scarcely deem

It real what they saw. They shook with wrath

And exultation. But the Son of man

The lofty steps ascended and, amid

365

The concourse, stood before the judgment-seat.

All dignity, e'en that the mortal sage

Characterizing, Jesus now put off,

And stood serene as though he viewed the source

Of laving brook, — as though with gentle thought

370

Familiarly conversing, — after some

More solemn view of attributes divine,

Indulging now some moments of relapse.

Faint traces of his fervour now remain'd.

Yet Seraphim, aspiring, would in vain

375

Attempt such solemn fervour to assume,

As the divine Messiah still display'd;

But such was only visible to Angels.

So stood the Son. — Philo and Caiaphas,

Enraged, looked to the ground. The dignity

380

Of function gave to Caiaphas the right

Of speaking first. Nor was the latter less

Fired by malignant zeal. Yet both stood mute.

But from a side-ward palace, tow'rd the hall

Of the assembly, an arcade inclin'd,

385

'Long which a few lone lamps dim light dispens'd.

There, leaning on a marble balustrade,

Among her matrons Portia stood, the spouse

Of Pontius, blooming both in youth and beauty.

But her strong mind bore fruits of riper years.

390

Portia possessed the virtue, piety
 And learning of Sempronia who strove,
 In teaching her Tiberius and Caius,
 The too degenerate Romans to enrich.
 But in the counsel of those ministers 395
 Who o'er th' affairs of monarchies preside,
 Rome's fall but no deliverer was resolv'd.
 Impelled by curiosity, at last
 The great and wondrous prophet to behold,
 She to the highpriest's palace came in haste, 400
 By few attendants only accompany'd.
 This once she easily forgot the pomp
 And splendour of that pride, to Roman Rulers
 Inherent; God's eternal providence
 Directed her and brought her to the scene. 405
 And Portia saw him who awoke the dead,
 And who, with calmness, bore th' inveterate rage
 And rancour of th' indignant priest, and now
 With marvellous magnanimity stood forth,
 Resolved to act with greatness — unadmir'd, 410
 To beings so degenerate still unknown.
 With fervid expectation and with joy
 She stood, contemplating the holy man,
 And saw how he, sublime, with dignify'd
 Serenitude his base accusers fac'd, 415
 By the unsheathed awful sword of death
 Still undismay'd. The pharisaic priest,
 However, viewed him not with such benign
 Complacence; th' abject hypocrite began:
 Constrain him nearer, lay more heavy bonds 420
 Upon him. But before we judge him, lift
 Ye holy hands to Israel's God who now
 Pronounced his doom, with doubtful silence us
 No longer trying. — God, hear furthermore 425
 The prayers of thy children: So must all
 Revolters perish, all remembrance e'en
 Of them must be cut off, save on the place
 That, with the bones of such offenders deck'd,
 Received their flowing blood. Thanksgivings loud
 And exultation, near th' altar, to Thee, 430
 O God, shall rise, and Israel shall be
 A song of glorious triumph. — Thou shalt bleed!
 Judah till now hath closed her eyes, yet saw, —
 Till now she closed her ears, yet heard what was
 Transpiring. Now the fond delirium 435

Is over. Now we, in reality,
 Realities behold: we see him who
 To Abraham was prior, see him now
 In bonds of death. Indeed they often saw
 And, during moments, threw the iron bonds 440
 Of error off, with free and manly arm
 To take up holy stones and slay the gross
 Blasphemer; but they were again deceiv'd.
 This day, Revolter, terminates at last
 Th' infatuation and thy fraudulent 445
 Deceptions. Though the people, whom thou see'st,
 Are only few; yet many of these few,
 When called upon, are ready against thee to prove.
 These will be the commands of the Highpriest.
 But I do here accuse thee, and I call 450
 On Judah that it testimony bear
 To th' accusation; heaven and earth be judge:
 I do accuse thee a most aggregate
 Revolter! thou hast called thyself a God,
 Who wretchedly didst in a manger weep! 455
 The Slumbering thou didst wake, but not the dead! —
 Yet e'en the mothers and the sisters saw
 The dead expiring! hah, thy turn is come!
 'Tis thine at last to die, then wake thyself,
 But men will see thee in the sleep of death. 460
 Thou shalt not slumber quite so softly as those,
 Who by thy voice were brought to life again.
 With those, of God rejected, to the hands
 Of vengeful justice given, thou shalt lie,
 And sleep the long and iron sleep of death. 465
 The rising sun and the nocturnal moon
 The exhalation drinking of thy growing
 Corruption, until death is satiated,
 And Golgatha white with thy mouldering bones.
 So thou shalt sleep! such thy repose shall be! 470
 And if there be a still more heavy curse,
 More fearful malediction, that o'erwhelms
 With sevenfold vengeance, to which midnight listens,
 To which the howlings of the yawning tombs
 Dreadfully answer; may it light — — With this, 475
 The spouting lips of the blasphemer stopp'd;
 Paleness of death his countenance o'ercast.
 For in the moment he began to vent
 The most appalling imprecation, when
 In vain th' accusing power of conscience smote, 480

When e'en the God of heaven no longer awed him;
 An Angel of death (his Angel) on him look'd
 Destructive, and against the sinner stepp'd:

The curse thou wouldest utter, hideous man,
 Will light on thee! To God I raise mine eye, 485

My flaming sword to the omnipotent

Avenger, vowing solemnly thy death! —

Jehovah, shall I smite him now? — Not yet! —

But, lo, the gloomy hour of blood — of death,

Wings her last pace! 'twill hover o'er thee soon! 490

The most terrific death, egregious wretch,

That mortal ever died, I vow to thee!

Of commiseration and of mercy void, —

No mercy in the moment of thy hence

Departing, none deriving at the hand 495

Of the Creator, now vindictive Judge!

When night surrounds thee, and the direful hour

Through th' ebon shade advances, with the yell

And howlings of Gomorrah thee o'erwhelming;

When death inflicts the blow, thy fleeing soul 500

Amazed despairing; then within the dale

Benhinon, whither I shall summon thee,

Flagitious man, thou shalt behold my face.

So spake the Angel of death, his awful brow

With wrath contracting like a lowering cloud. 505

His lofty eye denouncing vengeance flash'd,

Down o'er his ample shoulders sable locks

Like sinking night descended, and his foot

Stood like a resting rock. But the Destroyer

Yet for a while the direful blow withheld. 510

He merely sent o'erwhelming terrors forth,

And vented accents that destruction bode.

And Philo the Immortal's terrors felt,

As man a Spirit's influence can feel.

But he was far more powerfully assail'd, 515

And instantaneous, with a potent gust

Of overwhelming terrors and dismay,

Than mortal ever was. For from the Judge

Vindictive came those horrors. Still he stood

Of animation void, still trembled loud. 520

And when at last again he faintly breathed,

He breathed only curses on himself,

For not resisting shadowy impressions.

Yet terrors from on high o'erwhelm'd him still;

He stared aghast, and shook still with dismay. 525

E'en like a worm, crushed by the traveller's foot,
 He raised his head and said: Whate'er I deck
 With silence, by th' accumulation shock'd
 Of his impieties, th' event at full
 Will manifest. 'Tis thine, Highpriest, to' arraign 530
 And judge him. Haste, and bring the whole to' a close. —
 He ceased and stared, unable still to rave.

Silence became profound. And Portia saw,
 How Jesus stood serene while Philo spake.
 Her eyes beamed gladness, louder beat her heart, 535
 And sentiments sublime flow'd on her mind.
 Impulse supernal fill'd her ardent soul.
 With eager look she now the throng explor'd,
 And strove among the multitude to find
 Some generous few who wonder'd, like herself, 540
 The Prophet's magnanimity so see.
 But vain her search for nobly-minded souls
 Among a people who, with flagrant sins,
 Had imprecated judgment on their heads:
 Now ripe to be rejected and to stand 545
 An everlasting spectacle to view,
 High on the ruins of their temple spoil'd,
 In which Jehovah now no longer dwells.
 One only she observed, with others near
 A cheering fire within a nether room. 550
 All fiercely' and with contention on him look'd,
 And he with fervour seem'd to contradict
 What they maintained. At last he seem'd dismay'd,
 Look'd round confused and pale, and look'd on Jesus.

Ah, this man is his friend! the Pagan thought; 555
 He fain would save him, striving to evince
 To the ungenerous ruthless populace,
 How the exalted Prophet walk'd the ways
 Of wisdom, how most righteously he liv'd,
 Benign of disposition and humane, 560
 Devoid of ostentation doing good.
 But Oh, they comprehend not what he says,
 And threaten him to bring him also forth,
 To meet the judgment of these cruel men.
 This menace daunted him and made him tremble, 565
 Much dreading that th' enraged multitude
 Might drag him to his doom. Yet he perhaps
 Was by th' afflicted mother of the Seer
 With tears besought to rescue him from death,
 This best of men and most beloved of sons! 570

Oh, how will the affectionate mother, (Sure
 She is affectionate who bore such a son!)
 How she will be o'erwhelmed with distress
 And anguish when she hears, what bitterness
 And rancour this malignant pharisee 575
 Did vent against her son! But what inspires
 My breast with such emotion and concern,
 A tenderness as I have never felt?
 Is it an ardent wish that I might be
 The mother of this nobly-minded man? 580

Is it a wish, that I had bore and giv'n
 Him to the world? Ah, gently and serene
 Thy days must flow, most blessed mother, who
 Barest such a son! proud mayst thou be of him!
 And may thy weeping eye ne'er see his death, 585
 Though his death ever would instruct the world.

The Highpriest now arose and said: Although
 Whole Judah feels the burthen which this man,
 Whom now we judge, on every shoulder laid;
 Although the world knows, how he did revolt 590
 Against the great Jehovah who presides
 High on Moriah, to avenge himself
 On sinners; how he did gainsay the priest
 In th' Holiest of Holies ministering;
 And how he in rebellion stood against 595
 The mighty César of Imperial Rome;
 Although the whole of Israel conjoins,
 Proclaiming him to be deserving death;
 And not alone the voice of Caiaphas
 Commands the sword to smite him: yet we will 600
 With legal testimony now proceed
 Against him, and will not disdain to hear,
 What he may urge to justify himself.

Now Jsrael indeed is not collected,
 Most of the witnesses are slumbring now, 605
 Deck'd with the shades of midnight; (Very soon,
 O blessed people, soon ye shall awake
 To festivals more sanctified than these,
 By this Revolter's presence still profan'd!)
 Yet, though th' assembled people are so few, 610
 We shall not call for witnesses in vain. —
 Whoever doeth what is right and just,
 Loving his country and to hallowed truth
 Adhering; now stand forth and freely speak.

Thus Caiaphas. Now men, taught how to act, 615

And by rewards incited, rose and spake.
 Especially Philo's calumny malign,
 And studied hypocritic wickedness,
 Concealed beneath the saintly garb of zeal,
 Had fired their grovelling, mean and passive hearts. 620
 One of the men, with wild and vengeful looks
 Askanse beholding the Messiah, said:

How he profaned the Temple, we all know.
 But ne'er did he so violate the place,
 As when he from the porches drove away 625
 The holy venders of the sacrifices.
 Ye were convened to offer up your pray'rs;
 But he, enraged, forced hence the sacrifice
 And vender. Sure, he does not honour God,
 To whom ye bring those offerings, else he had 630
 Not robbed the Temple of those sacred rights.

Thus he deposed. Another then appear'd,
 Who spake of the divine Redeemer's zeal
 With equal rancour and malevolence,
 And said: He purposed at that very time 635
 Conquest to make, the Temple to possess,
 That thence he might Jerusalem assail;
 But those who in the wilderness proclaim'd
 Him — King of Judah, stood not to his cause:
 And he again fled to the wilderness. 640

A Levite then stood forth, affecting high
 Disdain of Jesus, saying: Did not he
 Blaspheme Jehovah when, imperiously,
 Pretending he could pardon sin? — His friends 645
 Might violate the sabbath, gathering ears
 Of corn to eat; himself healed withered hands
 On sabbath; yet the impious perpetrator
 Pretended, he had power to pardon sin: —

Now spake the Fourth. A laugh of ridicule
 Rose in his mien and sounded in his voice. 650
 He said: I must depose against him too:
 Yet can there be of testimony a need,
 O Fathers, seeing his pretensions are
 E'en altogether founded on a dream?
 He openly declared, — the people who 655
 Resemble him, heard it and stood amaz'd, —
 He said: Destroy the Temple, in three days,
 Out of the dust, I will another raise! —
 This is what, in my hearing, he declar'd.

A hoary man also his age disgrac'd, 660

And said: With publicans (myself have been
 A publican) and sinners he resorts, —
 With them he learned that wisdom which contemns
 The Statutes, healing sinfully the sick, —
 Which teaches to profane the sabbath-day. 665

Thus they deposed: And allaround the looks
 Of expectation were on Jesus fix'd,
 Impatient all, to hear what the Revolter
 Would urge in his defence. So stand around
 The dying christian, with wan sentiments 670
 And trepid gladness that would fain be glad,
 A group of mockers of christianity.

All, whispering softly, expectation breathe:
 Soon will his dream of everlasting life
 Cease to inspire with fortitude his breast, 675
 And into air dissolve and disappear
 As he will disappear. — He still retains
 His former fervour and serenity!

But the expiring Sage remembers them
 In prayer with himself, and smiles on death. 680
 So they looked all on Jesus. But the bless'd
 Messiah still was silent. Caiaphas,
 Enraged, rushed forth and said: Reproachful man,
 Dost thou not answer to these various charges? —

The Saviour still was silent. Then the priest, 685
 Still more enraged, exclaimed aloud to Reply!
 I do conjure thee by the living God:
 Art thou the Christ? the Son of the Most High? —
 He, having spoken, stood, — inhaled more breath,
 His breast became expanded, from his eyes 690
 Destruction glared, — the Fiend look'd forth from him.
 Th' Angel of death, Obaddon, Philo's Angel,
 Down on th' assembled sinners look'd incens'd,
 And through his mind these thoughts impetuous pass'd:

If the Messiah deigns to answer them, 695
 It must be from compassion. But, lo, arm'd
 With vengeance and o'erwhelming terrors dire,
 Such as before the Countenance of God
 Advance when thunders from th' eternal throne
 Denouncing roll, stern judgment in his train, 700
 The last of days approaches! — Direful, gloomy,
 Tremendous Day of ultimate decision,
 I hail thy gloomy horrors, fairer thou
 Than all revolving days — eternity's
 Successive progeny! hail, festal day. 705

Of final retribution! then the staff
 Appears of vengeful justice, then aloud,
 The clangour of the balance will resound,
 And with the silver clangour heaving groans
 Of coming flaming worlds will intermingle! 710
 I hail thee, fatal day! compassion then
 Will hide herself among the hosts of those,
 That are invested with the victor's palm.
 This abject sinner, fashioned of the dust
 Since transient hours elaps'd, now swelling high 715
 Against th' Eternal; and that hideous Fiend,
 With us of happy heavenly origin,
 Infuriate since the creation piling
 Rebellion on rebellion; hail, hail me,
 That awful day will overwhelm them both, 720
 And dash them to destruction! therefore I
 Envelope me, maintaining silence still.
 But death is in my silence! my forbearance
 Is boding of th' impending fearful doom. —
 These thoughts in swift succession pass'd the mind 725
 Of stern Obaddon, and he still looked down
 Upon the furious priest who e'en condemn'd
 The answer ere the Saviour made reply.
 But Jesus looked to heaven, The Seraphim
 Looked on him with amazement when they saw, 730
 How deity was in his mien repress'd,
 How calmness and tranquillity conceal'd
 That power omnific, which created worlds.
 And thus, still more tremendous in the end,
 He still postpones the judgment of the world, 735
 And suffers, while long centuries revolve,
 The torrent of accumulated sins
 Still to increase, till for destruction ripe.
 Now Jesus looked the Highpriest in the face
 And said: I am e'en what thou sayst! and know, 740
 I am accomplishing, at present, deeds
 Which will be the commencement of the judgment.
 And him, whom now ye judge, and who was born
 Of a mortal mother, ye shall once behold
 Enthroned at God's Right hand, amid the clouds 745
 Descending from the heavens to judge the world.
 Thus he who, on the last of days, will come
 With greater terrors armed than hover near
 Angel of death when, in terrific night
 Descending from the heavens, with the most 750

Alarming psalm of the divine decree;
 Thus to a quickened glance he deigned to ope
 Awful futurity, and from th' amaz'd
 Beholder with as instantaneous
 Rapidity closed the tremendous scene. 755

And Caiaphas by torrents of his rage
 Impelled, not longer able to impose
 Bounds on his passion, more infuriate rush'd
 Impetuous forth; death lower'd around his brow;
 He trembled loud; his palliament he tore; 760
 With flaming looks exanimate he stood
 And, to th' assembly, who sate dumb, axclaim'd:

Speak! did not he the God of heaven blaspheme?
 Need we have further proof? you heard his words?
 What are your thoughts? Speak! he blasphem'd Jehovah! — 765
 And all exclaimed together: He must die! —

Malevolent Philo cried: Yea, let him die!
 I must vent th' overflowings of my heart;
 Yea, let him die the death of the Accurs'd!
 High on the lofty cross transfix'd, let him 770
 Expire with iron wounds! his mouldering bones
 Must not obtain interment, and no turf
 Must deck with verdure his dissolving dust!
 The sun drink his corruption! his remains,
 When God awakes the dead, must not perceive 775
 The summons of Jehovah from on high. —

So spake the man, now fully ripe for death.
 And, fired by him, in tumult wild the throng
 With furious uproar on the Saviour rush'd. —
 O Thou, Celestial Visitant of Sion, 780
 Bestow on me the veil which, when thou hover'st
 Before the throne of heaven, envelopes thee,
 That, with the Angels, I may deck mine eye,

Eloah and th' exalted Gabriel,
 Half turning now and still inclining tow'rd 785
 Th' Eternal Son, developed and commun'd:

E L O A H.

O Gabriel, mysterious and profound
 Are all th' Eternal's ways to finite views!
 I saw vast systems coming forth from nought,
 More splendid than Orion, — saw the wonders 790
 By the Almighty Word performed there;
 But rever during my existence saw
 A wonder so mysterious and profound
 As the humiliation of the Son!

CANTO VI. **Klopstock's Messiah.** 181

He, whom Jehovah 'amid his thunders erst 795
From Tabor judg'd; who th' awful judgment bore
Of Deity incensed; who with a look
Restored to me the splendour of Immortals, —

G A B R I E L.

Eloah, He! at whose command the dead
To the renewed creation shall arise, 800
The tempest of the resurrection shaking
The earth around, that she with bearing throes
Will yield the dust at his almighty call;
Who then will with the thundering trump, attended
By Angels and in terrors clad, that stars 805
Before him sink; descend to judge the world!

E L O A H.

He said: Let there be light! and there was light.
Thou, Gabriel, sawest how, at his injunction,
Th' effulgent light rushed forth! With thought profound
He still advanced; and lo, at his right hand 810
Thousands of thousand bright intelligences
Collected, and an animating storm
Advanced before him! Then the suns, rejoicing,
Rolled in their orbits! then the harmony
Of moving spheres resounded round the poles! 815
And then the heavens appeared!

G A B R I E L.

And at his word

Eternal night sunk far below the heav'ns!
Thou sawest, Eloah, how he stood on high
On the Profound! — He spake again and, lo,
An hideous mass inanimate appear'd 820
And lay before him, seeming ruins vast
Of broken suns, or of an hundred worlds
To chaos crushed! He summoned then the flame,
And the nocturnal blaze rushed o'er the fields
Of everlasting death! Then misery 825
Existed! then ascended from the depths
The cries of anguish and despondency!
Then was created the infernal gulph! —

Thus they communed. Portia no longer could
The Blessed Jesus' sufferings behold, 830
And lone ascended to the palace-roof.
She stood and wrung her hands, her weeping eyes
To heaven uplifted, while she thus express'd
The agitated feelings of her heart:
O Thou, the First of gods, who didst create 835

This world from night and darkness, and who gav'st
A heart to man! Whate'er thy name may be,
God, Jupiter, Jehovah! Romulus'

Or Abraham's God! Not of chosen few,
Thou art the, Judge and Father of us all! 840

May I before Thee, Lord, with tears display
The feelings of my heart, that rend my soul?
What is th' offence of this most peaceful man,
That he should be thus barbarously us'd,

And persecuted even unto death, 845
By these ungenerous, inhuman beings?

Dost thou delight from thine Olympus, Lord,
To look on suffering virtue? Is to Thee
The object sacred? To the heart of man,
That is not of humanity devoid, 850

It is most awful, wondrous and endearing. —
But he who formed the stars, can he admire
And wonder? No, far too sublime is he,
To admiration ever scope to give!

Yet th' object must, e'en to the God of gods, 855
Be sacred, else he never could permit

That thus the worthy and guiltless are oppress'd,
Oh, how wilt Thou reward him who affords
So dignified a pomp of human worth,

My tears of pity and compassion flow, 860
But Thou discernest suffering virtue's tears,
That flow in secret and to Thee appeal.

Great God of gods, reward and, if Thou canst,
Admire the magnanimity he shows. —

Now leaning on the marble balustrade 865
She heard, as of despondency the voice,
Dolorous accents from the portico

Ascending. It was Peter. Pious John
Who stood without the gate, the mournful plaint
Perceiving and acquainted with the voice, 870

In hasty accents called to him, inquiring:
O Simon, lives he yet? say, lives the Lord?
Thou weepst? thou still art silent? Prithee, speak! —

John let me, answered Peter, let me die
In solitude! Yea, I will die alone! 875
Lost is the Lord! and still more lost am I!

Iscaiot, Iscaiot! Ingrate,
Obnoxious man! by thee he was betray'd!
And I like Judas have betray'd the Lord!
To all who urged my being his disciple, 880

Alas, I in the anguish of my soul
 Deny'd him! Flee, John! turn from me away,
 Let me in silent solitude expire!
 Die, die thou also! He is doomed to death!
 And I, in presence of his enemies, 885
 Have faithlessly deny'd him! — Such his sad
 And woeful exclamations tow'rd his friend
 Who, with concern and sympathy, stood mute,
 Now Peter, in the anguish of his soul,
 Hence hastened, fled, sought where to mourn alope, 890
 Till in the silence of the night he stopp'd,
 And there, against a column dank with dew,
 He leaned his head and wept most bitterly.
 At last his trembling and disconsolate soul
 Gush'd forth in broken accents: O desist 895
 To terrify with hideous scenes of death!
 They pierce the very vitals of my soul;
 Desist and turn, turn from me th' awful look
 That smote me when the most heinous offence
 Was done, of all offences the most base, 900
 What have I done! Divine Redeemer, my
 Most gracious Lord and Friend, Thee I deny'd!
 Thee whom my soul with inmost fervour lov'd,
 Who lovedst me as never master lov'd
 Disciple, and in all thy deeds divine! 905
 Ah, my too fearful soul, what hast thou done!
 Now at the grand tribunal, e'en before
 The faithful company of his disciples,
 In presence of the Angels near the throne,
 He will disown — he will abandon me! — 910
 Abandon me, I have deserved it, Lord!
 Yet Oh, receive me, and compassionate
 The anguish of my soul! What have I done!
 The longer I reflect, the more with death
 I am o'erwhelm'd, Die! ah, if I could die! 915
 Yea, die I shall, but slow will be my death. —
 Now he was silent, wept, and merited
 That he to weep was able. At his side
 His Guardian stood, Orion, who beheld him
 With pity, but he felt Angelic joy. 920
 Now Simon turned, arose, and look'd tow'rd heav'n:
 O Thou most awful Judge, Father of men,
 Of Angels and of thine Eternal Son!
 Thou see'st the sorrows of my trembling heart,
 The anguish and affliction of my mind: 925

Thy Son, the blessed Jesus I deny'd!
 Commiserate my sorrow and look down
 In mercy! Father of the Son divine,
 In mercy on a contrite sinner look!
 He hath been doomed to death! I am not worthy 930
 With him to die; yet, ere he bows his head
 Down to the grave; and ere among his faithful
 Disciples he the last time shall dispense
 His benediction, last pledge of his love;
 Oh let me yet — yet once again behold 935
 The best of men, that, with his dying look,
 He may forgive my heinous perpetration.
 No blessing, only mercy I will sue!
 Too fearful and too base is my offence,
 That supplicating I should then exclaim: 940
 Hast thou but one benediction to bestow,
 One on the Just alone? — Ah, if my tears
 Forgiveness only obtain, I will go forth,
 And will proclaim to all the world, that he
 Is my Redeemer and my gracious Lord. 945
 While, O Creator, while it is thy Will,
 That I prolong my days upon the earth;
 The most delightful office of my soul
 Shall be, to find the Virtuous and the Pure,
 And I will to them with tears of grief recount: 950
 Yea, I have known the dear, the blessed Jesus,
 The best of men, the Son of the Most High!
 But Oh, I was not worthy him to know.
 I was his chosen follower, was belov'd,
 But was unworthy to return his love, 955
 For in the trying most distressful hour
 I loved him not, loved not the best of men,
 Best of the best! — His life was evermore
 Benevolence. He lived not for himself,
 But for the weal of others. The distress'd 960
 He comforted, the poor by him were fed,
 The dead he from the grave recalled! therefore
 The adversaries of benevolence
 Destroyed him! Rise, ye men, and let us go
 To the departed, o'er his grave to weep! — 965
 Ah, to his grave! appalling is the thought! —
 Divine Messiah, where will be thy grave?
 Where wilt thou slumber? if thine enemies,
 Infuriate, will grant to Thee a grave. —
 The contrite Simon thus address'd his pray'r 970

To him whom sinners of the earth in words
Acknowledge but in deeds deny. His tears
Obtained the honours of a martyr-crown.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO VII.

High on the ruby morn thou stoodst, Eloah.
Around him stood the Guardians of the earth.
His powerful harp accompanied his voice.
The Righteous on the resurrection-morn,
With exultation, thus will strike their harps
And raise their voice on high. Eloah sung:

5

Eventful Day, Day of the sacrifice,
On which Jehovah's everlasting purpose
Will be accomplish'd; Signal Day, come forth!
The orient portals open, it descends!

10

The heavens name it: The auspicious day
Of commiseration. Orientic orbs,

Around the heavens revolving, shout aloud
To all the lesser suns, the suns repeat

The acclamation to terraqueous spheres:

15

Hail, Day of the atonement! precious, fair
And bleeding Day, sent by eternal love! —

Let every harp the acclamation join,
Because this day transforms the silent dust

To radiant Spirits! everlasting bliss

20

And heavenly peace the triumph high attend.

I look around and I behold on th' earth

A silent hill which is to be the altar.

The Sacrifice approaching, shakes the altar.

Though the Almighty had collected stars

25

Innumerable' like pebbles from the brook,

And formed of the collected stars the pile;

It still with this day's sacrifice would shake.

I look around, — rejoicing, all the suns

Smile on the earth! How her diminutive

30

Attendant joyous in her orbit swims! —
 Thou Blessed Rest, Rest of th' approaching sabbath!
 Thou Sabbath of the Father and the Son!
 I hear the harps of all Celestials loud
 And jubilant acclaiming thine approach. 35
 All crowns Seraphic sink, all nature is
 Become a festal, universal sabbath. —
 O Thought profound, of the Eternal Son's
 Mysterious death! Years thousands will elapse
 Ere Seraphim from far can lift their eyes 40
 Up to thy hallowed light. Th' Eternal God
 Alone can fathom thy mysterious depths.
 So sang Eloah. Allaround, the heav'n's
 Answered his voice. But, blinded by their sins,
 And with Jehovah's judgment overwhelm'd; 45
 A group of mortals on the earth indulg'd
 Far different thoughts. And Satan thought as they.
 Divine forbearance suffered them to fill
 The measure of their sins. And Caiaphas
 In th' inmost hall of the assembly-rooms 50
 Convened around him th' Elders and the Priests.
 There they against th' Eternal God consult.
 They long since doomed the sacrifice to bleed;
 Therefore they merely counsell'd, how they might
 On Pontius, on the people how prevail. 55
 And how the Mediator was to die. —
 High on the cross, on Golgatha thou shalt
 Bleed and expire! — Th' indignant Philo scorn'd
 To be advised, left the assembly-hall,
 And found the Mediator with the Guards 60
 Around a sinking fire. With menacing
 Deportment wild, imperious, to and fro
 He paced and still with unaverted eye,
 That flash'd revenge, the Son of God beheld,
 Yet, much as he by furious rage was sway'd, 65
 He pondered, with precaution and with care,
 Obstacles and impediments, opposing
 Each with the power of eloquence, resolve,
 And th' influence of priestly authority;
 He e'en prepared for th' utmost, and left nought 70
 To be by chance effected. Yet a thought
 Obtruded of a powerful multitude,
 And now his heart felt th' impulse of dismay;
 But he repressed his fears, resolv'd to' effect
 His purpose, or to perish in th' attempt. 75

Again, reflecting on the purpose fell
Which he resolved to' accomplish, terror fill'd
His breast afresh; but he once more suppress'd
His terrors, and was deaf to all the calls
Of conscience that against him loudly prov'd. 80
Now, of his fervid resolutions full, —
An airy web that had been blasted soon,
If such had been the Will of the Most High! —
He to th' assembly hastily return'd:
Still do we tarry, Fathers? Now the dawn 85
Appears, and shall he live till evening comes? —
Too easily the Pharisee prevail'd.
They, forthwith, took the Son of the Most High
To Pontius, a most formidable group,
Expounders of the Statutes, Judah's Elders, 90
And the Chief Priests. The morning breathed cold,
When through the opening of the beauteous day
The blessed Mediator saw the Temple
Before him, yet for some few fleeting hours
The type of him, who would appease the wrath 95
Of the Almighty, he to heaven rais'd
His beaming eye. They hurried him along,
And multitudes were hurrying after them.
Ere now, the city all of the dread night's
Transaction had been generally inform'd. 100
Some hastened on before the multitude,
Pontius of the occasion to apprise.
And they approach'd. The Roman was amaz'd
At seeing, how all Judah thus appear'd,
An individual prisoner to accuse. 105
They throng'd aloft with him to the Gabbatha,
And there before the palace-portal stood.
There was the chair of judgment now, because
The festal-rights allowed them not the hall
To enter. Pontius took his lofty seat, 110
He a degenerate Roman, to each soft
Alluring vice and to voluptuousness
A passive slave, imperious, cruel, proud;
Yet politic enough, th' exterior mien
Of antient Roman justice, and the form 115
To show in his proceedings. Now he spake:
What is the charge that Judah's Elders bring
Against th' Accused? E'en Caiaphas I see! —
With dignity he spake so, and look'd on
The Saviour more than on the multitude, 120

The Highpriest, then, advanced and spake: We all
 Believe that our Dictator Pilate knows
 The Elders of the people, and is sure,
 That we had not constrained him to appear
 Before thee, if he were of guilt devoid. 125
 Yea he, O Pilate, is more guilty far
 Than ever man was, since thou Israel
 Hast judged. Fain the Fathers in their breasts
 Would hide the grief arising from his sins,
 Which are more heinous than I can express: 130
 How he against our Prophet's Statutes rose,
 Against the Temple and, with blinding lore,
 By miracles and speech deceptive vouch'd,
 A Sorcerer, the people he seduc'd! —
 The Roman interrupted: Judge him, then, 135
 According to the Statutes of your Prophet! —
 How, Pilate, answered Caiaphas, dost thou
 Bid us to judge him: Thou, a Roman Ruler,
 Well knowing, Israel may not inflict
 Death! — Here the Highpriest paused a while, to hide 140
 The indignation rising in his breast,
 On having to remembrance sad recall'd
 Lost freedom. But, proceeding now, he said:
 Thou know'st how with submission unreserv'd
 And fialty, we e'er have been attach'd 145
 Unto our Sovereign Lord Tiberius,
 The Ruler and the Father of the nations,
 Whose power and splendour ever must increase! —
 This Jesus who, O Pilate, now appears
 Before thee, hath inticed th' unwary people 150
 By multitudes into the wilderness;
 And, powerful in discoursing, he hath oft
 Persuaded them to extricate themselves
 From subjugation to the mighty Cesar,
 And to appoint him — their Anointed King! — 155
 Lo, I am he of whom the prophets spake;
 I am the Saviour who was to appear,
 To rescue Judah! — Such were his pretensions!
 And, his design the sooner to effect,
 The more indubitably to secure 160
 Their simple, unsuspecting credulous souls;
 That every individual's sentiments
 And inclination he might ascertain,
 And thus mislead them all: He, in the wastes
 And deserts of Judea, still retain'd 165

Innumerable multitudes, and fed them!
 And how, to favour him, they were inclin'd,
 His entering Jerusalem displays.
 Yet th' exultation I will not describe,
 And loud acclaims, that did profane the day. 170
 Thyself hast heard the suffrage of the people,
 Their frantic joy, triumphant shouts, and loud
 Hosannas, that shook e'en this edifice.

But Pontius smiled. Philo repressed his rage,
 And said: If I could momentary suppose, 175
 That show of meekness and humility
 Could e'en deceive our Ruler, and induce
 E'en him to deem this Jesus unassuming
 And unassuming, not to enterprise

By proud ambition fired; I would not speak: 180
 But thou, O Pilate, art experienc'd,
 Acquainted with the various artifices
 And subtilty of deeply-laid designs:
 This Jesus, unassuming as he seems,
 Since fast in bonds and placed before the Judge 185
 Of Judah; he was not so, while he dwell'd
 Still in the desert wilds of Galilee.

Observe the mazes of his crafty projects:
 First with his devillish sorceries, to which
 The highpriest now adverted, he entiz'd 190
 The people; then he strove to ascertain
 How far he had decciv'd and influenc'd
 Th' infatuated concourse. The presumptuous
 Revolter gained his point! Meek conference,
 Sublime discourses, (now we hear them not;) 195
 And captivating wonders prov'd successful.

He then excites his numerous followers
 To make him — King! They gathered, to him throng'd,
 The wilderness resounded with their shouts.
 He saw his project ripening and, a while, 200
 Withdrew that thus he might excite them more.

He was successful still, they all went forth
 In quest of the deceiver. And, with new
 Accessions, the vast torrent still increas'd,
 At last his followers were so numerous 205
 And powerful, he avoided them no more,
 Triumphant entering Jerusalem.

Yet, much as the infatuated throng
 Upheld him, howsoever loud their shouts,
 They were still too pusillanimous, 210

The Fathers of Jerusalem to force,
 With shouts their self-created king to meet.
 Had they on such indignity presum'd,
 These hoary heads, O Pilate, which thou see'st,
 E'en all that in the Temple minister, 215
 With joy would have advanced to bleed for Cesar.
 Thus Philo. The Messiah, deep in thought,
 Th' eventful moments ruminating stood.
 The sufferings of the great redemption rested
 Still on him, and excruciating death, 220
 Summoned him to the altar. Those, that rag'd
 Around him, were but sacrificers. Them
 He scarcely heeded. Thus the Paramount,
 By sore oppression summoned to the field
 Of conflict, proud Invaders to chastize, 225
 And let them feel of the Free-born the tears
 Indignant, who of liberty were robb'd;
 Th' ascending dust of battle disregards.
 But Pontius, though a Roman, wondered greatly
 At the Redeemer's silence: Dost not thou 230
 Reply to all, that these against thee urge?
 Perhaps thou art unwilling to defend
 Thyself in presence of th' assembly. Come! —
 The Mediator to the judgment-hall
 Attended him. — Uncertainty now mov'd 235
 With doubtful steps among th' assembled priests,
 And mark'd with trembling paleness every face.
 But one, a still more heinous miscreant
 Than any of th' assembly, the obnoxious
 Wretch who betray'd his gracious Lord and friend; 240
 Observing the approach of hideous death
 Which the inveterate and malignant priests
 Prepared for the Redeemer; he with haste
 Pressed forward, the Gabbatha to ascend.
 The tumult of the multitude withstood, 245
 And pressed him back. He to the Temple fled.
 There Caiaphas, in dread of a revolt,
 Had stationed chosen priests. The Traitor was
 Of this informed. Already through the porch
 And arches of the temple he advanc'd. 250
 Before the Holiest of Holies now
 The sacred veil beholding, he, appall'd,
 Stood, turned his face and shook with fear and terror.
 Now, furious and pale with dire remorse,
 He rush'd toward the priests, exclaiming: Take 255

Your silver! — took and dash'd it to their feet:
 The Righteous Jesus whom I have betray'd,
 His blood is sacred blood of innocence!
 And now his blood comes on my guilty head! —
 He spake it — rolled his eyes aghast — fled from 260
 The Temple, from the sight of man — rush'd through
 The city-gate — fled — stood, and fled again —
 Look'd with distracted countenance around —
 Stared — look'd if human eye observed him yet,
 And, when he saw no human being near, 265
 Nor longer heard the city's distant noise,
 All silent near him, — he resolved to die. —
 I cannot, no, I cannot, after death,
 Feel keener anguish than this nameless torture!
 Too-insupportable Torture, rage! rage on! 270
 Rage while thou may'st! When this mine eye is clos'd,
 When every sound is dead to this mine ear;
 I shall not see his blood, nor hear his groans
 And agony dire of death! — But He, on Horeb
 Presiding, says: Thou shalt commit no murder! — 275
 He is not my God! I no longer have
 A God to flee to! Nameless Misery, thou,
 Thou art my God! and thou aloud enjoin'st
 Death! — I obey! I will this torture end! —
 Why do I tremble? Terror shakes my breast! 280
 Wretch that I am, life rises yet, and strives
 To be prolonged! a traitor! shall I live?
 Live, branded as the most atrocious traitor
 That ever walk'd the earth? I? I should live?
 My guilt extends before me like a wide 285
 Tremendous grave! No mortal e'er reflected
 On guilt so black as mine! I have betray'd him!
 Die! ah and thou, my Soul, that still surviv'st
 The termination of this mortal life;
 Miserable too, now rising in my breast 290
 As though thou wert immortal, die thou also!
 Regard thy wretched state, and be no more!
 Thus he exclaimed, stared furiously around,
 And, with the lowest fall of black despair
 Accus'd th' Eternal, and resolved on vengeance! — 295
 Ithuriel and Obaddon, Angel of death,
 Together, followed his wandering steps.
 When now Iscariot stood, by every mien
 And gesture more to th' awful judgment doom'd;
 Ithuriel hastily with fervour spake: 300

Behold, Obaddon, he approaches death! —
 Yet once I wish'd to see him, for I was
 His Guardian Angel, but I now resign
 The sinner to thy hands and to the judgment.
 I was his Guardian; but, Obaddon, take him; 305
 I solemnly commit him to thy hands!
 Angel of death, he sacrific'd himself,
 So lead him to his doom — eternal death.
 Thou know'st the Will of the Vindictive Judge, —
 Fare with him as thou hast received injunction. 310
 But I envelope, and will turn my face. —
 So spake th' Immortal and, from the dire scene,
 With these words hastened. Judas had attain'd
 The rueful spot which, for his gloomy purpose,
 He had selected. The Angel of death, 315
 A hill ascended, stood, and raised his arm
 And flaming sword to heaven, and pronounc'd
 The awful words which ministers of death
 Pronounce when mortals fill with suicide
 Their measure of accumulated sins: 320
 By the dread name of him who is eternal,
 This man of earth, Death, I to thee consign!
 His blood be on himself. — Behold, Wretch, thou
 Extinguishest thy sun. Thou hadst the choice
 Of life and death, and thou hast chosen death. — 325
 His vital Sun, extinguish! Agonies
 Of dissolution, overwhelm him! Grave,
 Receive him! Bane Corruption, on him prey!
 His blood be on himself. — Obaddon thus.
 Iscariot perceived th' Immortal's voice. 330
 A wanderer thus, amid the shades of night,
 In forest lost, hears voices from afar,
 When distant storms o'er mountains hence remote
 The lofty cloud-aspiring cedar smite,
 He, raving with despondency, exclaim'd: 335
 Too well I know the terrors of thy voice!
 Thou art the dying, murdered Messiah!
 Thou art pursuing me, and claim'st from me
 Thy blood! Here, here I am! — He said it, star'd,
 And took away his life. Obaddon e'en 340
 Stepp'd back astonish'd when the Traitor died.
 The fearful soul still struggled, struggled thrice.
 The fourth time from her shattered mansion death
 Triumphant forced her. Now on th' air she hover'd.
 A vital principle, prime source of life, 345

Not by the power of death dissoluble,
 More fleet than thought, pursued th' escaping soul
 And, gathering round her, instantaneously
 Became a hovering body. But this only
 Enabled her, with far-descrying eye, 350
 More clearly to discern th' abyss profound,
 And with refined perception more acutely
 To feel Jehovah's terrors and, more quickly,
 To hear those thunders that denouncing speak
 From the vindictive Judge. Nor was it's form 355
 Auspicious; it was feeble, void of grace,
 Of misanthropic port, incapable
 Of gladness, only sensible of woe.
 The soul was now recovering from th' amaze
 Of dissolution and, anon, began 360
 Again to think: I still do feel? what am I?
 I swim on th' air! Am I invested still
 With flesh and bone? These are not flesh and bone!
 And yet, this is a body! But how gloomy,
 How darksome I appear! What am I now? 365
 Dire are my feelings! I am miserable!
 And am I Judas — he who now expir'd?
 Where am I? what dread object do I see
 Effulgent on yon high, assuming still
 More terrors? — Oh, that I had never seen 370
 This light again! Terrible more and more!
 Flee, Judas, flee! Woe, this is the tremendous
 Judge of the world! I cannot flee! and here
 I see my corse! — With this the trembling soul
 Sunk, gliding on the earth. — Arise, exclaim'd 375
 Obaddon from the hillock; Rise, approach!
 Glide not askance! lo, I am not thy Judge.
 I am Obaddon, Minister of death,
 Commission'd to intimate to thee thy doom.
 This is the first; more heavy doom succeeds; 380
 Thou art adjudg'd to everlasting death!
 Thou hast betray'd the Gracious Mediator;
 Thou didst revolt against the majesty
 Of heaven, and didst take away thy life!
 Perceive the words of Him who, in his dread 385
 Right hand supports the balance, in his Left —
 Death: Tortures, void of measure, numberless,
 Shall gather on the faithless head of him
 Who hath betray'd the Son! First let him see
 The bleeding Saviour, on the cross transfix'd; 390

Then show to him, remote, the blessed mansions
Of the Redeemed; then lead him to th' abyss.

Obaddon thus pronounced the dire decree.

The wretched soul, with terror overwhelm'd,
Grew blacker, and attended with constraint, 396
Aloof, the direful path of her conductor.

Jesus, meanwhile, was in the judgment-hall
With Pontius who interrogated him:

Art thou Judea's King? — With gentler mien
The Saviour viewed the Roman and reply'd: 400

Where I an earthly king, I should have hosts
That would for me contend, and would assert
My sovereignty and conquer as yo conquer'd.
But, lo, my kingdom is not of the earth. —

Yet, still thou art a king? — The Saviour answer'd: 405
I am a king. I to the earth came down,
Born of a woman, to reveal the truth.

All who themselves to sacred truth devote,
Regard my voice and comprehend my words. —

Here Pontius, like a worldling who with views 410
Contracted, yet with smiles, concerning things
Momentous judges; interrupting, ask'd:

What is truth? — Thus, to the assembled priests,
He led the Saviour back and said to them:

I find in him no guilt deserving death. 416

Ye mention'd Galilee and said, he there

Revolted. I, accordingly, will send

Him forth to Herod. He may punish him.

It likewise seems, the question more concerns

The statutes of your nation than the state; 420

'Tis Herod, then, who can more aptly hear

And judge the case. — Such the injunction giv'n.

Meanwhile the Mother of the dearest Son,
When morn appear'd, now, after fruitless search,
Dejected, to Jerusalem return'd; 425

And when she in the Temple found him not,

Not there the blessed Mediator found,

As she had hoped, she stood with grief oppress'd,

And was astonish'd; but anon was rous'd

By sullen noise, as of a tumult, rising 430

From palaces by Romans occupy'd.

She slowly tow'rd the noise advanced, nor thought

From what it might arise. Amid the throng

That tow'rd the palace pressed from every part,

Greatly distress'd, yet wholly undisturb'd 435

Respecting the vast tumult; she approach'd
 The judgment-seat of Pontius. There she saw
 Lebbæus. When Lebbæus now observ'd
 The mother, he avoided her and fled.
 Ah, he avoids me? — Why turns he away? — 440
 So Mary thought. And Providence divine
 Drew with this thought the sword that was design'd
 To pierce the Mother's soul. She still advanc'd,
 And saw her Son. When her attendant Angel
 Observed, how deadly paleness overspread 445
 Her countenance — how anguish fix'd her looks,
 He turned away his face. Yet Mary, when
 The dimness partly sunk from off her eyes,
 And torpor from her mind, pressed forward still,
 And trembled nearer to the judgment-seat, 450
 Once more to see her Son. She saw him there,
 Surrounded by his powerful accusers,
 In presence of the Roman, who presided
 In judgment. And the clamorous cry for blood
 And death, assailed her still from every side. 455
 What should she do? and whither should she flee
 For succour? Allaround her eyes were roving,
 But friends found none; the mother look'd to heav'n,
 But found no comfort. Now her bleeding heart
 Ejaculated prayer: O Thou on high, 460
 Whose Angels did apprise me of his birth,
 Who in the dale of Bethlehem bestow'dst
 Him to my arms, and didst inspire my breast
 With joy maternal, more exalted than
 E'er mother felt, joys which Angelic song 465
 E'en failed to utter all! Thou who didst deign
 To hear the Mother of Samuel, when she stood
 Before the altar, suing unto Thee;
 Compassionate God, look on my distress,
 Regard the anguish that afflicts my soul, 470
 An anguish more oppressive, more intense
 Than bearing-throes; Thou gavest me an heart
 Maternal, that with utmost fondness loves;
 Thou gavest me the best of sons, the best
 Of all the sons that mother ever bore: 475
 Let him not die! O Thou, who formedst heav'n,
 And badst the flowing tear to sue to Thee;
 Oh, save him, if such be thine heavenly Will! —
 Now her affliction overpower'd her heart.
 And the forth-rushing torrent of the guards 480

And multitude, rudely pressed her aside,
 And from her sight now took away her Son.
 She extricated from among the throng,
 Stood, walked again, looked round for friends, found none,
 Nor e'en of the dispers'd disciples one. 486
 She veiled her face and now in silence wept.
 At length she raised her eyes, and saw herself
 Near one side of the Roman's pompous palace.
 E'en here perhaps I may, so Mary thought,
 Meet with some heart humane, perhaps in this 490
 Luxurious palace may some mother dwell,
 Who scorns not, a mother's feelings to indulge.
 Should it be true what of the matrons many
 Report of thee, O Portia, that thou hast
 A tender and a sympathizing heart; 495
 O ye Celestials who acclaimed his birth,
 E'en at the manger, with your heavenly songs;
 If Portia were benevolent! — With these thoughts
 In some degree consoled, she dried her tears,
 Threw partly back her veil, the marble steps 500
 Ascended and advanced through silent halls.
 But soon from one of the majestic arches,
 That had communication with the hall
 Of judgment, yet remote, a Roman Lady
 Slowly advanc'd. The youthful Roman, pale 505
 And pensive — with disordered tresses — her
 Soft trembling limbs in loose attire array'd,
 Stood, on observing Mary, much surpris'd.
 Because the mother of the increate
 Son, in each mien a dignity display'd, 510
 Which Angels e'en with admiration view'd:
 A dignity of heavenly origin,
 Which, now with sadness shrouded, prompted man
 To wonder and astonishment, although
 Her heavenly charms obscurely now appear'd. 515
 At last the Roman spake: Say, who art thou?
 Whoe'er thou art, I never yet beheld
 Such noble charms in sadness, never saw
 Such dignity! — Mary, interrupting, said:
 If really thine heart doth foster such 520
 Compassion as thy countenance displays,
 Then, O kind Roman, lead me unto Portia.
 Still more astonished, and with gentler voice,
 The Roman answered softly: I am Portia. —
 Thou Portia? Much I wished, when thee I saw, 525

That Portia might be such as thou appear'st.
 So thou indeed art she? O noble Roman! —
 But thou canst little sympathize with griefs,
 Felt by a mother who doth appertain
 To' a people whom ye hate; yet I have oft 530
 Heard Israelitish Matrons speak of thine
 Humanity and thy benevolence! —
 He, now arraigned before the judgment-seat
 Of Pontius, never perpetrated crime!
 He, whom inhuman tyrants have accus'd, 535
 He is my son! — Thus Mary. Portia still
 Beheld her with astonishment and joy.
 Sublime emotion grew superior now
 To sympathizing grief and to compassion.
 At first she only could admire and wonder, 540
 But now exclaimed: He is thy Son? Thou art
 The blessed mother of so wonderful,
 Of so divine a Son? and Thou art Mary? —
 Now Portia turned and, much astonished, rais'd
 Her eyes to heaven: Ye Gods, she is his mother! 545
 To you I raise my voice, ye more sublime,
 Ye better Gods who, in a solemp dream,
 Display'd to me things mystic and profound.
 Not Jupiter, not Phœbus, not Appollo!
 But whatsoever names ye deign to' assume, 550
 Ye, ye have sent to me the blessed mother
 Of the exalted Jesus, best of men,
 If, of a truth, he is not more than human.
 To me she comes a suppliant? to me? —
 Sue not to me, but lead me rather forth 555
 To thine exalted Son, that he wrest me
 From darkness, from perplexities and doubts;
 That he may deign from far on me to look,
 And mysteries sublime to me unfold
 Of the Most High, which still embarrass me. — 560
 Portia again now turning, Mary's looks,
 With love o'erflowing, met the beaming eye
 Of the fair Roman, and the Mother said:
 Thy soul is much affected! — Portia loves me! —
 Yea, Portia, I indeed was the most bless'd, 565
 Most happy mother. Parent rarely loves
 So fervently as I have loved my son.
 But I beseech thee, Portia, as thou hast
 A tender and compassionate heart, donot
 Sue to thy gods! 'Thou, thou must succour yield! 570

They can afford no aid, nor thou canst help,
 If heaven the death of my dear son decree'd.
 But Pontius, if his soul not with the blood
 Of innocence be stained, will stand more glad
 In the dread judgment of the God of gods. 575

Fair Portia gazed on Mary, and began
 With gentlest accents: What shall I say first?
 What last? my heart with transport overflows!
 But first let this impart some consolation,
 If such thou may'st from Portia's help derive: 580

I will befriend thee to my utmost pow'r,
 Thou dear and noble parent! for, behold,
 I pray'd not to the gods of whom thou speak'st.

A sacred dream, from which I now arise,
 Taught me the knowledge of superior-gods, 585
 To whom I my petition now address'd.

My dream, it was terrific and sublime,
 And such as never hovered o'er my soul!
 This, hadst thou never come to me, O Mary,
 Hath spoke with powerful and imperious voice 590

To me on thy behalf. But, lo, it was
 Appalling and obscure in the conclusion.
 I then in utmost consternation woke,

Alarm'd and trembling. Yet I, to behold
 The mighty Jesus, now accused, hasten'd; 595
 And, lo, the gods to me his mother send! —

Here Portia ceased and turn'd, beckoning, from far,
 A Female-slave who in attendance stood.
 Portia on leaving her apartments bade,
 One female-slave distantly should attend. 600

To her she beckoned and injunction gave:
 To Pontius hasten, thus to intimate
 From Portia: The accused Jesus, whom

Thou judgest, is a great and righteous man,
 Whom heaven forefends and succours! Do not thou 605
 Condemn the Righteous! lo, on his behalf,

A most tremendous vision from the gods
 Hath terrified thy Portia in her sleep! —
 Calm then, fond Mother, calm thy troubled mind,

And come with me among the odorous flow'rs, 610
 That, in the morning sun, from noise remote,
 I may relate what I was taught this hour. —

Now to the silent garden both descended.
 The noble Pagan still, with stedfast gaze,
 Looked to the ground, and silence still maintain'd, 615

In wonder and in contemplation wrapp'd,
 Reflecting still on her mysterious dream.
 Her Angel had presented to her mind
 The sacred dream and, with her fervid musings,
 Involved still new and more aspiring thoughts, 620
 To touch the finest feelings of her heart,
 Still more to move her heavenly-minded soul.
 Now extricating from her contemplation,
 She unto Mary turned and thus began:
 Great Socrates, — perhaps thou know'st him not; 625
 But joy is always thrilling through my breast,
 Whenever I give utterance to his name.
 A life most noble and benevolent,
 He crowned with a death that threw still more
 Transcendent lustre on his virtuous course. 630
 This Socrates, — I ever view'd the Sage
 With wonder and, with admiration fond,
 Contemplated his virtues so sublime;
 Him I beheld before me in a dream.
 He stood and uttered his immortal name: 635
 I Socrates, whose maxims thou hast e'er
 Sincerely honoured, and whose life thou striv'st
 To make the pattern of thine earthly course;
 I from the regions come beyond the grave.
 Cease at my lore to wonder. The Most High 640
 Is not, what in severer virtue's shade
 We deemed and, at the altar, held him forth.
 But wholly to develope to thy view
 The awful nature of the Deity,
 I have not been commanded. Lo, I am 645
 Conducting thee but to the outmost court
 Of his effulgent temple. In these days
 Of wonder, days in which the most profound
 And most sublime event, that e'er the earth
 Will witness, is to be achieved: perhaps 650
 One, greater and far better than myself,
 Will nearer guide thee to the sanctuary.
 However, this I may to thee impart,
 Thus much the candour and simplicity
 Of thy ingenuous heart for thee procur'd: 655
 No longer by malignance of the base
 Is Socrates oppress'd. Elysium
 Is fictitious. So is the nocturnal stream,
 And Minos and the Judges. These were mere
 Faint illustrations that from error rose. 660

Another Judge in judgment doth preside;
 And other suns than in Elysium shine,
 Illume the scenes of bliss in yonder realms.
 Behold, the Judge recounts, the balance weighs,
 The staff of justice measures every deed! 665
 Oh, how the most exalted virtues, then,
 Shrink into nought! They all dissolve in air!
 Some are rewarded; most of them are pardon'd.
 And thus my heart's ingenuousness obtain'd
 Forgiveness. There, O Portia, there beyond 670
 The suns, how different from what we believ'd!
 Imperious and formidable Rome
 Appears to us, a molehill, habited
 By busy emmets; one ingenuous tear
 Of commiseration balances a world! 675
 Deserve to weep those tears! — The Blessed Realm
 Of Spirits now are wrapp'd in meditation
 And solemn worship, pondering a profound
 And wonderful event, to all obscure,
 Which I and all at humble distance view 680
 Astonish'd. Lo, the most exalted man
 Of all mankind, if he indeed be not
 Superior to humanity, he now
 Is suffering, suffers more than ever man
 Did suffer, and displays the most profound 685
 Obedience to the Will of the Most High;
 He therewith doth the greatest virtue' achieve,
 And for the human race all this is done.
 And, lo, thine eye hath seen him. Pontius now
 Presides in judgment over him, with whom 690
 Effect and cause of this originate.
 And, flows his blood, no blood of innocence
 So powerfully did e'er to heaven appeal. —
 With this the vision ceased and, vanishing,
 Exclaimed: Behold! — I looked and, allaround, 695
 The hills and valleys shook; the graves were op'd,
 Dun hovering clouds lowered o'er the open graves,
 The clouds burst and, anon, the heavens appear'd.
 And, lo, a man with bleeding wounds, e'en where
 The clouds were rent asunder, to the heav'n's 700
 With radiance ascended. Countless hosts
 Of men stood all dispersed about the graves,
 And with extended arms all upward gaz'd,
 Until the bleeding man amid the clouds
 Of heaven was seen no more. And many' of these 705

Beholders were with bleeding wounds distinguish'd.
The spacious fields, trembling, received their blood.
I saw them bleed and suffer, but they bore
Their injuries with fortitude of mind,
Men of exalted virtues, nobler far 710
Than men around us. Now a tempest rose.
It roared tremendous, every beam of light
Was suddenly swept hence from off the heav'ns,
The spacious fields were deck'd with shades of night.
There I awoke. — Abruptly Portia ceas'd. — 715
A venturous thought thus trembling stops, too far
Approaching the profound of destiny.
But Mary raised her thoughtful eyes to heav'n:
What shall I say to Portia? — I myself
Am far from comprehending all thy dream, 720
And far from understanding, what instructions
It doth convey; but I behold thee, Portia,
With reverence. Greater Spirits will conduct
Thee to the sanctuary of the Most High!
Yet this I may impart to thee, though gladly 725
I would be silent where Immortals speak;
He, who created the revolving heav'ns
With that facility with which he rears
These opening flowers; he gave to mortal man
This life of toil and trouble, transient joys, 730
Affliction and adversity, lest our
Affections should be wholly' engrossed with things
Sublunary, forgetting thus the worth
Of the more precious soul, and that beyond
The grave an endless life commences; He 735
Is only One. Jehovah is his name,
Creator, Lord and Judge of all the world:
The God of Adam, first-created man;
The God, then, of a number of the sons
Of Adam; after this He deigned to be 740
Especially the God of Abraham,
Our great Ancestor. But the mode in which
We worship him, whatever some by pride
Misguided may assert, is to the humble
And to the pious in obscurity 745
Involved. Yet the Eternal bade to be
Thus worthipp'd by the house of Israel.
He comprehends what we to fathom fail.
And He will once, and doth e'en now unfold
Those mazes and obscurities profound. 750

Th' exalted prophet Jesus who, by pow'r
 Divine, unprecedented wonders wrought,
 This minister of God! With nameless joy,
 With reverence and with astonishment
 I name him — son! — He came into world, 765
 Obscurity and darkness to dispel.
 I was to bring him forth! his name should be
 Jesus, because he was to save mankind.
 This was to me, anterior to his birth
 By an Immortal intimated. These 760
 Are Spirits whom we Angels nominate;
 They are however Beings who deriv'd
 Existence from the same Omnific Pow'r
 That fashioned man. Yet all the deities
 Of Greece and of Imperial Rome, were they 765
 Existent, in comparison with these
 Exalted Beings, would seem weak like men. —
 When I beneath an humble roof brought forth
 The babe of wonders — Jesus, splendid hosts
 Of these Immortals with their heavenly songs 770
 And loud acclaims triumphant hailed his birth! —
 Now Portia at her side sunk on her knees,
 Her open arms to heaven astonished rais'd,
 Would utter adoration, would pronounce
 With trembling accents the dread name — Jehovah, 775
 But still a secret awe repressed her voice;
 She felt within herself, she might not yet
 Pronounce the greatest of all names pronounc'd.
 She rose and looked with tenderness and love
 On Mary, saying: No, he shall not die! — 780
 Yea, answered Mary, die indeed he will!
 Alas, long since this dreadful apprehension
 With heaviness hath overwhelm'd my life,
 Because, O Portia, e'en himself hath said so!
 To me, and unto all his pious friends, 785
 This mystery most inscrutable appears:
 He hath resolved to die! — Ah me, this thought
 Opens in my soul the bleeding wound afresh!
 Thy sweet discourses of the Deity
 Did gently hush the anguish of my soul; 790
 Now opens my wound again and bleeds afresh!
 The God of heaven bless thee! Yea, the God
 Of Abraham shower blessings down on thee!
 But turn away from me thy weeping eye,
 It strives in vain to comfort and to heal 795

My bleeding heart: He has resolved to die!
 He dies! — he dies! — With this her voice forsook her.
 Long with averted countenance both stood.
 At last, e'en as a dying saint once more
 Turns to his friend, Portia to Mary turn'd, 800
 And said: O Thou, thou dearest Parent, I
 With thee will go and weep o'er Jesus' grave.

Thus they conversed. The priests to Herod took
 The Mediator. Pressing multitudes
 Thronged after them. In Herod's palace, soon, 805
 The cry resounded: Pontius to the Prince
 Of Galilee the mighty Prophet sends,
 E'en Jesus, — he must be by Herod judg'd. —
 That Prince with haste his counsellors conven'd,
 And took his royal seat, addressing them: 810

This day I will be finally convinc'd!
 Ye heard, how loud report hath magnify'd
 His miracles. With words to heal the sick;
 With words to raise the dead, and now in bonds?
 I am amazed as much as ye can be. — 815

So said he, but revealed not all his thoughts.
 Pride swoll his heart more than his tongue-confess'd. —
 The most exalted of our prophets, I
 This day arraign; to me he bows accus'd!
 I am his Judge, at my commands he works 820

A miracle! But how can he perform
 Things not to be performed? miracles?
 What are they but impossibilities?
 Yet if he do perform some grand exploit,
 He was by me commanded! if he fail 825

To do so, still he is the much renown'd
 And honoured prophet whom Jerusalem
 Acclaimed with loud hosannas, strewing palm
 Before him, who is now by Herod judg'd. —
 Such were the thoughts that still engaged his mind, 830
 Till interrupted by the entering priests.

But Jesus still was by the multitude
 Encompassed, who on all sides round him throng'd,
 And thousands forward pressed, his face to see!
 Now other thousands, all with uppour wild 835

Moved, stood, vociferated, were amaz'd,
 Dire imprecations uttered, moved again,
 Pressed forward, stood, groan'd, mourned, wept and bless'd.
 The Mediator still with that serene
 And silent sufferance advanc'd, which fain 840

The tongue would utter, but aspiring thought
 Ne'er soared so high, imagination ne'er
 The Saviour's silent feelings could conceive.
 The blessed Jesus 'mong the multitude
 Some of his pious followers observ'd. 845
 He knew the transport still for them reserv'd. —
 Ye were already, holy tears of transport,
 Recounted! — But, as yet, they wept the tears
 Of sadness and distress. Most of his friends
 Press'd on, his last benediction to receive. 850
 But still the rushing torrent of the throng
 Repulsed them; they again assay'd, and were
 Again repulsed, nor could they once approach
 Their blessed Lord. Simon with heavy heart
 And eyes with weeping weary and with dole, 855
 The tender John, Lebbaeus, the belov'd
 Nathaniel, many of the Seventy
 Disciples, many of the Female-friends
 Of the Messiah, Mary Magdalene,
 The Mother of the Sons of Zebedee, 860
 And others were among the multitude.
 But not of Lazarus the sister, — she
 Lay sick to death. — Now Mary Magdalene
 No longer could her fervent zeal repress,
 But, recognizing one who near her stood, 865
 To whom the Saviour had restored his sight,
 She said to him: If thou rememberest yet
 The hour when he recalled to thee the sun;
 Assist me that I may yet once behold him:
 Convey me through the maddening multitude, 870
 That I yet bless him! they will murder him! —
 She sued in vain. The grateful man could no
 Assistance render. Simon was too much
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, among the multitude
 Again to press. John on an eminence 875
 Stopp'd, saw the Mediator from afar,
 And silent pray'd. Lebbaeus now address'd
 Himself to Mary, mother of the sons
 Of Zebedee, and said: Veil not thy face!
 Rely on heaven and be still consol'd. 880
 But Oh, what anguish must oppress the heart
 Of the affectionate mother who brought forth
 The righteous, the divine, multipotent
 Performer of supernal miracles!
 Whithersoe'er I turn my face, her griefs 885

Before mine eye still hover! Ah, I feel
The anguish of thy soul, that strikes thee dumb!
Angels of death, compassionate her distress,
And lead the mother from the scene of death!

Let her the gored countenance not see 880
Of her dear Son! — Gentle Lebbæus thus.

The Judge of all the heavens and the earth
Now entered Herod's palace, and was led
Into that Prince's presence. Even so
Vain dizzy thinkers who beneath the frowns 895
Of vengeful justice do already sink,
In kindred dust God's providence arraign.
But God's eternal providence points tow'rd
The rising storm that will o'erwhelm them soon.
Herod was much astonish'd when he saw 900
The Saviour. So much dignity and such
Unshaken calmness ne'er to him appear'd.
Long he beheld the Saviour's countenance.
At last his pride preponderant became
To his amazement, and he thus began: 905

Reports of thy surprising deeds of wonder,
O Prophet, have resounded through the land,
And came unto my hearing. But report
Traduces oft and often magnifies;
And actions, thus promulg'd, but rarely do 910
Appear what in reality they are.
So let me then, O Prophet, testify

Thy power of working miracles; report
Hath peradventure not done justice to thee:
Not that I doubt thy power, or that I question 915
The verity of what has been reported

Respecting thee; I only would, mine eye
Should testify thy power, that I too may
Be wondering at thy greatness, and assert
Thy miracles from personal observance. 920

And as thou to our Father Abraham
Hast priorly existed, so thou art
Than Moses greater, greater than the prophets
Succeeding him; it therefore well becomes

Thy greatness to display superior pow'rs, 925
That thou by some transcendent miracle
Exalt thyself above them all. And, lest
Thou hesitate in choice, I will point out
Some few and only such as are sublime,

Consistent with thy greatness. There the brow 930

Of hoar Moriah rises! and behold
 The pinnacle of the Temple; say to it:
 Bow to the prophet! In the silent cells
 Of that effulgent edifice, the bones
 Of David rest; how would the pious king 935
 Rejoice, to see Jerusalem again!
 How we should be amazed to see him now!
 Injoin, O Prophet, bid the Royal bones
 Forth from their dark receptacle to come,
 And roam about, endued with animation! 940
 But thou art silent! — Speak then to the waters
 Of Jordan, — say: Arise thou Jordan-flood,
 And round Jerusalem thy course incline,
 Protect her walls and, to Genesareth,
 Thy stream return! Or else to Sion say: 945
 Rise nearer to the heavens, and the high
 Of Olivet surmount. The people all
 Will view his far-extending shade amaz'd.
 But thou art mute! — He said it, knowing not
 Whom he addressed, or he had been convinc'd 950
 That the imperious tyrant, whose domain
 Extends o'er mountains and o'er dales remote,
 Shrinks into abject dust before him, whom
 He thus address'd. Once more he said aloud:
 Still thou maintainest silence? — The divine 955
 Messiah, with a look of dignity
 Beheld him. But that prince, with pride inflam'd,
 Repressed conviction and conceiving, Jesus
 Contemn'd his power, he rose with furious wrath.
 The Highpriest saw his anger, and embrac'd 960
 The favourable moment, saying: Now
 We see, O Herod, who the Prophet is!
 Behold, since thou a miracle injoin'st,
 He stands abash'd! He miracles perform?
 On th' ignorance and gross credulity 965
 Of gazing crowds he hath indeed impos'd:
 Nay, some of Judah's Elders e'en by him
 Have been deceived. But one who rose against
 The covenant and the Mosaic law;
 Who, though his gross deceptions often were 970
 Detected and unmask'd, persisted still
 Most boldly to profane the holy temple;
 Did he receive a mission from on high?
 Is he endowed with power to perform
 A miracle? — But his profaning our 975

Most holy covenant, the smoking mountain
 Of Sinai, Jehovah's terrors there,
 The dread denouncing storm, the thundering trump,
 Moses amid the trembling mountain's gloom;
 This profanation Caiaphas will avenge! 980
 But he, moreover, rose against the State,
 Announced himself a king, collected all
 The people of Judea, entering,
 With jubilant and with acclaiming shouts,
 Jerusalem! They strewed his path with palm; 985
 Nay, they e'en cast their garments in his way,
 Exclaiming, — Sion, on Moriah's high
 The Sanctuary and all the temple's courts
 Resounded with: Hosanna to the Son
 Of David! Loud hosanna to the King, — 990
 The King of Judah, minister of heav'n!
 He cometh in the name of the Most High!
 Strew palm before him! Fill the air with shouts!
 And let hosannas to the heavens resound! —
 O Herod, by the Royal bones of David, 995
 Whose cold receptacle trembles with concern;
 Nay, I conjure thee by the bones of Herod
 The Great, thy Sire: Avenge this profanation! —
 The pharisaic Philo, notwithstanding
 His inward rancour, smiled on Caiaphas. 1000
 But Herod, with indignant taunts, injoin'd:
 Put on him the white robe that Romans wear,
 When in high kingly offices install'd.
 Pilate hath quick discernment of deserts,
 And with discretion and with wisdom rules. 1005
 He doubtless with the dignity will vest him
 Of Royalty, and make him Judah's king, —
 Will to the palm and the hosannas add
 The purple, placing on his head the crown.
 So saying, Herod with a frown retir'd. 1010
 The armed band the Saviour now array'd,
 As by their prince commanded. Herod then
 Directed, that to Pontius they return'd.
 The concourse vast of people still increas'd
 With multitudes that to Jerusalem 1015
 Were come, the festival to celebrate.
 All followed Jesus, countless was the throng.
 The city universally resounded
 With hideous uproar, all Judea mov'd.
 Philo observed the tumult, but nought daunted 1020

His firm resolve. The mariner thus views
 The towering surges, in the coming floods
 Rojoicing. — And the Pharisee' ascertain'd,
 That Judah still was powerfully divided,
 That thousands of the concourse still ador'd 1025
 The prophet; but this terrified him not.
 His priestly' importance and ambitious pride
 Still swoll his heart and tower'd above the clouds.
 Surrounded by a confidential group
 Of pharisaic priests, he hastily 1030
 Addressed himself to them. With instant speed
 They 'mong the doubtful multitude dispers'd.
 Thus from a deadly foe's cup venom flows,
 And every baleful drop engenders death.
 The confidants of Philo to inform 1035
 The people hasten; every one exerts
 His elocution and his rancour fires;
 Assays with soft persuasion, or with priestly
 And stern rebuke, various-tongued orators:
 Do ye believe, he miracles e'er wrought? 1040
 The Royal Herod proved him, bade him now
 Display his powers, but weakness he display'd!
 Ye saw how he stood foiled, nor made reply.
 Do any of the Elders with him side?
 Do they believe his falacy and lore? 1045
 A curse on him who dares to vilify
 Our Ancestor, our Father Abraham!
 His life was ever hostile to the law
 Of Moses! now the venerable fathers
 Of Israel, the ministers of God, 1050
 Accuse him! Did Jehovah mission him,
 And doth he now forsake him? Yea, he hath
 Forsaken him! He is in fetters bound,
 A Pagan is his Judge! yet he is judg'd
 With too much lenience, with too much forbearance. 1055
 The Roman knoweth not the gross Revolter.
 Urge not to have a prisoner set free,
 While he is living; the deluded people,
 By his deceptions blinded, peradventure
 Of Pilate his enfranchizement might sue; 1060
 And ye, prevailed on by the multitude
 To join in the demand, would thus devolve
 The guilt of such impiety on yourselves.
 Ye, Men of Judah, ye 'are the holy people!
 Your's is th' effulgent temple! and for you 1065

The sacrifice on lofty altars flames,
 And wafts a grateful odour up to heav'n!
 Rise, th' ashes of the prophets call on you
 Imperiously; the bones of Abraham
 Our Father, greatest of the Patriarchs,
 Demand that ye the violation avenge,
 Which this man offered to our holy temple. —

Thus they invidiously, with various wiles,
 Complotted all Judea to their complot.
 Thousands sway'd thousands, few of them remain'd
 Inflexible, — few deem'd the Saviour guiltless,
 Still fewer were disposed to entertain
 Veracity, fidelity and truth.

As when destructive hurricanes on vast
 Extensive mountains lengthening forests crush,
 Few solitary cedars still their heads
 Sublime erecting under sinking clouds;
 E'en so some solitary few remain'd
 Faithful and true among the countless throng,
 Adhering still to the divine Messiah.

Pontius meanwhile, desirous to deliver
 The guiltless Jesus, and to satisfy
 The clamour of the multitude for blood;
 Had caused a malefactor who, ere bonds
 Restrained his outrage, terrified the land;
 To be in private brought into the hall
 Of judgment. When the priests and multitude
 Return'd and throng'd aloft to the Gabbatha,
 The fettered malefactor was brought forth.
 He looked with glaring eye askance, furious
 Withheld his puissant breath; rage, not remorse,
 Pressed down his striving neck. He stood, of ire
 Swallowing the rising foam; his nervy arm
 Shook with the clirring fetters. — Pontius plac'd
 The Blessed Mediator on the right,
 The Murderer on the left. The malefactor
 Beheld the man in snowy vest array'd.
 He, or himself must die. Uncertainty
 With pungent fire his breast convuls'd assail'd;
 His heart with visible turbulence swoll high,
 And thrice redoubled rage flash'd from his eye.

But Pontius spake, and pointed to the right:
 This man ye brought before me, charging him
 With faction and sedition against Cesar.
 I have examined him, and find that he

Is guiltless. Neither Herod finds him guilty.
 I suffer not that he be put to death.
 Yet, as your Festivals I solemnize
 With the enfranchizement of some offender
 He shall be scourg'd, and set at liberty. — 1116
 But ye regard nor equity nor reason!
 Say then, indulge the tumult of your passions,
 Demand aloud, whom shall I set at large, —
 Barabbas, the notorious malefactor;
 Or Jesus, nam'd: Th' Anointed of the Lord? — 1120
 The Female-slave from Portia now arriv'd,
 And said: Th' accused Jesus, Pontius, whom
 Thou judgest, is a great and righteous man,
 Whom heaven foresees and loves! Donot, O Pontius,
 Condemn the Righteous! For, on his behalf, 1125
 A most tremendous vision from the gods
 Did terrify thy Portia in her sleep! —
 The multitude was silent, — silent still.
 This long suspense alarmed th' outrageous Philo,
 And more especially when his emissaries 1130
 Approached him and reported, that among
 The people some inflexibly adher'd
 To the Revolter. And at once arose
 Pathetic lamentation from afar,
 Of those who had been deaf, lame, blind, or dead; 1135
 And all nam'd Jesus: The benevolent
 Deliverer, and the holy man of God.
 But louder murmurs now rose allaround,
 And overpower'd their feeble admirations.
 The howling tempest in a forest, thus, 1140
 O'erpowers the feeble cries of some lost infant.
 And thus the modest actions of the Sage,
 By turbulent effrontery and blazon'd
 Exploits of arrogance are oft obscur'd.
 Philo observed, his project fell was menac'd 1145
 With overthrow. He knew what Pontius meant
 With having brought the murderer to view.
 Yet, though alarmed, he with a lofty mien
 Left Pontius and, proud of the shackles which
 His elocution should throw on the minds 1150
 Of the assembled people, he advanc'd,
 The wonder of obsequious ignorance.
 Pontius looked on him from his judgment-seat
 With mingled anger and disdainful scorn.
 Now Philo beckoned to the multitude. 1155

They listened. He, with fixed looks, began

Few hasty words, ye men of Israel,
I only can address to you this day.

Ye know me. I abhor the violater

Of Moses' laws and of our holy temple.

1160

Destruction on the head of him who, though

With specious show he would insinuate

The contrary; in every action doth

Display, that our great Prophet he contemns.

Lo, under this impression I advance,

1165

And set before you utter desolation,

And sanctified retrievance! Israelites,

Decide! Barabbas or this Jesus! — Yea,

We know, Barabbas is a murderer,

And Pilate knoweth this. And Pilate had

1170

Not brought him to your view, but with design

To actuate you to unsanctify'd

Commiseration on behalf of Jesus

Who, even here a Wizard, doth display

The borrowed garb of innocence and truth.

1175

But I forbear to dwell on Pilate's purpose.

We are a conquered people. We are silent.

But Philo, O ye Israelites, cannot

Behold in silence, ye should, on the verge

Perhaps of ruin tottering, choose your own

1180

Destruction. I address you with dismay,

Yet I will speak. It never shall be said

Of Abraham's descendant that so far

He is subdued as not his sentiments

To utter. Yea, this Jesus — — O ye men

1185

Of Israel, when should I cease to speak,

Were I his perpetrations to recount!

I have portray'd their hideous shapes before

Th' assembly of your Rulers. There his life

Was pending on my words. Your Elders utter'd

1190

Death. Holy stones e'er now would have been drench'd

And gored with his blood. But we may not

Deserved death inflict. This Jesus, that

I may call your attention but to one

Of his innumerable perpetrations;

1195

This barbarous man, he knoweth that the Romans,

When once he had completed his designs

Of faction and revolt, would come on us

And utterly destroy remembrance of us.

Some thousands constantly to his discourse

1200

Attended, when he openly proclaim'd
 How he intended to possess himself
 Of conquered Jerusalem, destroy
 Our Temple, and ye were with wonder struck!
 Such the delusion, such th' ascendancy, 1206
 That o'er your simple souls he exercis'd.
 He sees the misery of Jerusalem,
 Knows how he is the sole cause of her near
 Destruction; yet he, with contumacy,
 In his obnoxious practices persists. 1210
 He from Moriah sees the holy Temple
 Precipitating, ne'er to rise again;
 Th' oblation-altar levelled with the dust;
 Jerusalem, the holy city, in tears, —
 The Queen of cities doomed to mourn in ashes, 1215
 Her babes bereft, — they lie about the streets,
 The sun sees their corruption; those, alas,
 Who still survived the anguish and th' extreme
 Of hunger, are by furious warriors seiz'd,
 Remorselessly against the ruins dash'd 1220
 Of our dear city! he sees all, — for them
 No fathers weep, they in the battle died;
 No mothers o'er them yearn, the mothers sunk
 Long since beneath the pressure of despair;
 He sees it, and compassionates you not! — 1225
 When he thus ended, others of the priests
 Their plaudits still of Philo's argument
 Down to the populace vociferate.
 Yet neither his malignance nor their aid
 Were requisite to kindle, in their breasts, 1230
 A murderous passion, — they, by vice their own,
 Already to the dire resolve were fir'd.
 Pontius sate lost in thought. He ask'd again:
 Say, whom of these shall I enfranchise, whom? —
 Barabbas! now with uproar fierce resounded, 1235
 That the Celestials, who attended near
 The Saviour, trembling, turned their faces hence;
 Barabbas! still resounded allaround.
 The Roman, in his anger, still suppress'd
 Amazement and exclaim'd: What shall I do 1240
 With Jesus, your Anointed? — Now they rav'd,
 Stamp'd and vociferated more and more:
 Let him — let him be crucified! — But what,
 (Once more he strove their fury to arrest)
 What is his crime? No, he committed nought, 1245

Deserving death. — This still increased their rage;
 They roared, their hideous yell was animated
 By the vociferation of the priests;
 They stammered, all looked pale and gnash'd their teeth;
 With wild and flaming looks they all exclaim'd; 1250
 Crucify him! crucify him! let him
 Be crucified! — Mount Sion, on Moriah
 The now deserted Sanctuary, the town,
 Rung with th' infernal clamour, clouds of dust
 Convolving with the maddening tumult rose. 1255

Pontius, too fearful, saw he strove in vain
 Jesus' deliverance to effect; and now,
 Unworthy of a Roman, had resolv'd
 On him to utter death, whom he knew guiltless.
 Alarmed, his judgment-seat he had forsaken, 1260
 But now resumed it, issuing commands. —
 The Slave who a Corinthian vessel bore
 With silver fount, now hastily return'd.
 The gazing priests made way before the slave,
 He bore the vessel to the judgment-seat, 1265
 Pontius enjoined observance. All beheld
 With silent wonder. Now the fountain ooz'd.
 Pontius with solemn import washed his hands
 Before them all. The Angel who, at Goshen,
 The dwellings passed that sprinkled lamb's blood show'd, 1270
 Terrific hovered over Judah's fields,
 Now ready, with Jehovah's terrors arm'd
 And with destruction; the once-chosen people
 For ever to the judgment to resign.
 On the divine Messiah's countenance 1275
 His ardent eye was fix'd. He saw that Jesus
 Dropp'd, with rejecting Israel, a tear.
 And the Angel of death now utterance gave
 To those denouncing words which, to the heav'ns
 Unfold the awful sentence of the dread 1280
 Vindictive Judge, when nations are full ripe
 For judgment. As an earthquake, yet remote,
 Announces death, so the Immortal's voice
 Filled th' agitated air with omens dire.
 He then ingrafted, on a brazen tablet, 1285
 The words of death, to fix them near the Throne
 Of final judgment. — Pontius bade the slave
 Retire. Now to the multitude he spake:

Take on yourselves, Infuriate Men, the guilt
 Of this misdeed. Behold, I washed my hands, 1290

And am unspotted by his guiltless blood.
 He said it. Israel's Angel stood appall'd,
 He trembled, turned his face and from them fled.
 And they pronounced their fate, vociferating:

His blood come upon us and on our children! — 1295
 Amazement pale and silence, such as reigns
 Among the tombs, horror and agony
 As of dissolving nature now succeeded;
 But not remorse. Pontius enjoined. And Jesus
 Was led into the hall, to be there scourg'd; 1300
 The murderer was to the people led.

Barabbas, when he now no longer heard
 About him th' iron clatter, felt himself
 At liberty, he shook his nery limbs,
 Bellowing outrageous joy. He stood, was silent, 1305
 Ran, stood again. The people shrunk with fear,
 Where he approach'd. A fell offender, thus,
 Shrinks from his hideous purpose back, ere yet
 He perpetrates the meditated crime.
 But Philo viewed the murderer with delight. — 1310
 He gladly would have followed the Messiah
 To Calvary. Before the city-gate.
 He oft paced to and fro, now stood, and wish'd
 To see the suffering Jesus; gladly he
 Had heard the voice of anguish, and with joy 1315
 And triumph listened to his dying moans.

But, O Celestial Visitant of Sion,
 Who from the Blessed Mediator turn'st;
 Sing, sing the Scourge, the Reed, the Purple robe,
 The Crown of thorn! Yet, only with a sigh, 1320
 And only with a weeping accent sing them.

Now Jesus was surrounded by the Guards,
 A group of abject souls. With violence
 They tore his garment from him: Thus a tempest.
 In parched deserts, where no streamlet flows, 1325
 From a lone tree, the traveller's hope and cheer,
 Impetuous the umbrageous foliage tears.
 They forced him to a column, bend him, — blood
 Rose from the scourge. Thou saw'st it rise, Eloah,
 And thy amazement sunk thee to the dust. — 1330
 They now a purple mantle on him put,
 In his right hand they put a slender reed,
 And on his temples press a crown of thorn.
 Blood rose beneath the crown. — Low in the dust
 Eloah, like a mortal, worshipp'd him, 1335

Then — — But my harp sinks from my trembling hands.
I cannot sing the Saviour's sufferings all.

The Roman his dire sufferings testify'd,
And purposed to attempt once more to move
The concourse to that pity which he felt. 1340
He beckoned the Redeemer to attend,
While he to the Gabbatha now return'd.
The Saviour followed, faint, with doubtful steps.
The Roman pointed to him with his hand,
And said: Once more I bring him to your view, 1345
O Israelites, to tell you, he hath nought
Committed, that can be deserving death.

The Saviour now came nearer. They beheld
How he unto the judgment-seat advanc'd,
Array'd in purple, and his bleeding temples 1350
Entwined with thorn. And he before them stood.

Pontius exclaimed; with a compassionate tone:
Behold the man! — And, while the Roman spake,
The blessed Mediator gave commands
To the Celestials who around him trembled, — 1355
Not verbally, — his looks divine express'd,
How much he felt for th' anguish of his friends:
When, on the lofty cross transfix'd, I bleed;
Console my Faithful followers, in their breasts
Infuse celestial comfort, peace in trouble! — 1360

The Roman thus attempted once again,
To move th' infuriate concourse to compassion;
But soon they showed how destitute they were
Of tender feelings, ruthless, obdurate.
Still by the voices of th' invidious priests 1365
Their roaring cries were ushered. Still the air
With: Crucify him! crucify him! — rung.

Now Pontius, fired with indignation, said:
With hasty accent and in angry tone:
Then crucify him! I have found him guiltless. — 1370

So saying, he turned from them with disdain.
But Caiaphas, preventing, said: Our law,
O Pilate, hath adjudg'd him to the death,
Because he said he were the Son of God. —
The Son of God! — The Pagan trembled, — took 1375
The Saviour to the judgment-hall again,
And said: Whence art thou? — Jesus answer'd not.
But Pontius, still, with vehemence rejoind:
Thou answerest not my questions? knowing how
Thy life and death are rested in my hand? — 1380

The Saviour answer'd: Thine were not the pow'r,
 Were not it from above on thee bestow'd.
 Yet, guiltier are, by whom I am accus'd. —

And Pontius to the multitude returns.

They see his coming, from his fervid mien 1385
 Conjecturing his purpose, and exclaim'd,
 Ere he approach'd: Thou art not Cesar's friend,
 O Pilate, if thou liberatest him.

He made himself a king and, thus, he rose
 Against the mighty Cesar in revolt. 1390

The hideous clamour much embittered Pontius.

But, too pusillanimous to display
 A noble greatness, and too much deprav'd
 With generous magnanimity to act,
 He was content with showing bitter scorn. 1395
 They all surrounded Jesus and, exulting,
 With furious triumph led him forth to death.
 The Fearful Roman hied into his palace.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO VIII.

Thou who, on Sion, in thy hallowed
 Excursions, saw'st the most aspiring, most
 Of all Jehovah's prophets sanctify'd,
 And from him learnedst when he sang as taught
 By the Eternal Spirit, of the man
 Whom God in death deserted, greatest he
 Of all the dead; Fond Visitant of Sion!
 Instruct me furthermore; thou hast descry'd
 Celestial things: come, guide my doubtful steps,
 Conduct thy Vet'ary into the gloom 10
 Of the divine Redeemer's awful death.
 I tremble with the dread solemnity
 And terror of the scene. I will behold
 Th' expiring Mediator, I will see
 His dying looks, death in his beauteous wounds; 15

Redeeming Blood, I will behold thee flowing! —
 He trembled, was with th' agony o'erwhelm'd
 Of dissolution, poured his life-blood forth
 In crimson streams, he bowed his sacred head
 Into the gloom of night, and spake no more.

20

Eloah from the presence of the Judge
 Descended. Through the heavens he fleetly pass'd,
 Th' Immortals scarcely could discern his course.
 In his left hand he held th' effulgent crown;
 His right uplifted the Angelic trump.
 The trump resounds; revolving spheres reply
 To it's dread clangour. And the Seraph, next
 To th' Increate, through all the heavens proclaim'd:
 The Sabbath of the covenant celebrate,
 Loud adoration rise from every sun
 To th' awful throne of the presiding Judge!
 The hour is come, the hour of night is come!
 The Sacrifice is to the altar led.

25

30

The heavens all perceived the powerful voice.

35

But he already passed from Angel's ken.
 Few fleeting moments and, o'er Golgatha,
 Eloah hovered, To his summons came
 The Angels of the earth; with haste they form'd
 A radiant circle and enclosed their Chief.
 With fervour and solemnity, Eloah
 Descended from the circle of sublime
 Immortals, on the hight of Golgatha
 Alighting. With profound devotion thrice
 Th' Immortal lowered to the dust his face,
 Then stood erect, his far-extending arm
 Outstretching o'er the hillock, and look'd down
 On the Messiah who, yet distantly
 And slowly, on tow'rd Golgatha advanc'd,
 Attended by Judea, more oppress'd

40

45

With th' anger of th' inexorable Judge,
 Than with the ponderous burthen of the cross.
 E'en so Eloah saw him, held his arm
 Still o'er the hill extended, and exclaim'd:

50

Hear me, Ye heavens, and rejoice! Abyss
 Profound of hell, give ear to me, and tremble!
 In the dread name of the placable Judge,
 Of him who bleeds — th' adorable Redeemer,
 And of the Spirit who beams heavenly light
 On sinners: Golgatha, I consecrate
 Thee to the Blessed Mediator's death.

55

60

Inscrutable, just and adorable

Is He who was, is, and will ever be.

Th' Immortal consecrated thus the hill,

And stood astonish'd. His astonishment

Dimmed his effulgence. Now, no longer mute, 65

He tow'rd the Saviour stretch'd his folded hands,

Who, bending low beneath th' oppressive cross,

Came slowly nearer. The Immortal prostrates

And, trembling, breathes the feelings of his heart:

O Thou, approaching th' altar, now to die 70

With beauteous wounds, a most mysterious death;

How wondrous and incomprehensive is

Thy nature! God! Creator! Born a man!

Son of a race that slumbers in the grave!

A Babe at Bethlehem! There thou didst weep, 75

While we acclaimed thy birth with heavenly songs!

But thy humiliation now extends

To Golgatha: astonishment and wonder

Are dumb before thee, dumb to sing thy praise!

Son, Son of God, of a mortal mother born, 80

Son increate, no mortal celebrated

Thy wondrous birth; O Thou, who dost achieve

All, that is most sublime, most wonderful,

Most merciful, in glory and in bliss

Consummating! Adorable Redeemer! 85

Restorer of primeval innocence,

Omnipotent Reviver of the dead,

Destroyer of destruction, Sovereign Judge

Of all the world, or as thy followers

Denominate thee: Lamb of God, that bleedst 90

To expiate the guilt of sinful man:

Regard my humble prayer! hear the voice

Of a finite being, prostrate in the dust.

That will be sated with thy flowing blood:

When now thine eye in death is fixing; when 95

The final struggles of dissolving nature

Spread paleness o'er thy countenance, and when

The heaven of heavens trembling disappears;

Jehovah only, unaverted, still

Beholding the expiring Mediator: 100

Then, from amid the hovering night in which

Thy life dies gradually away, vouchsafe

Thy aid, Almighty Victor, to thy servant,

Lest, utterly o'erwhelmed with amaze,

I sink amid the opening graves of th' earth. 105

And when the wide creation sinks around me,
 In hovering gloom immersing, then enable
 Thy suppliant, although with swimming eye,
 Thy wondrous and mysterious death to view. —
 Death of the Son, I see thy near approach! 110

Thou art, to all the ruined progeny
 Of Adam, th' awful and the blessed source
 Of life eternal! They will be redeem'd,
 Creator, when thy lips once more proclaim:
 It is accomplish'd! — Death, death of the Son, 115
 Blood of Redemption, — to repentant souls
 Salvation! lo, I see them all advance
 With jubilant rejoicings, — they are clad
 In radiant vesture and in raiment white,
 They washed their robes in the Redeemer's blood. 120

Eloah then arose and stationed wide
 Round Golgatha the Angels of the earth.
 They gathered on condensed and lowering clouds,
 And on the mountain's eminence dispers'd,
 Or hovered o'er the cedar, deep in thought. 125

Advancing slowly o'er it's waving crown,
 Himself stood on th' effulgent Temple's high:
 A powerful and far-extending host,
 Dread Ministers of Providence divine,
 Angels of death and judgment, the Protectors 130
 Of pious souls, Guardians of those who would

The christian covenant enter, also Guardians
 Of them who with a martyr-death their life
 And constant faith would crown. And these, because
 They guarded martyrs, are the first in station 135
 At the exalted throne of Him, for whom
 The Bearers of the palm, the martyrs bleed.

But Gabriel, the Saviour to the sun
 Had mission'd him, with silver-sounding wing
 Alighted on th' effulgent temple, stood 140
 At once before the patriarchal souls,
 And thus with solemn import to them, spake:

Come nearer now, Ye Souls, and see your Lord!
 (He pointed, trembling, with his lifted hand)
 Behold, where your Messiah bears the cross! 145
 This is the hill of death. Amid the shade
 Of yon vast mountain which twain summits shows,
 He entered first into the judgment. Thence
 Ye shall behold him when he yields his life
 For you and for your children. Come, ye bless'd 150

Progenitors of those who, yet unborn,
Shall taste his grace, he goes, them to redeem.

With fervour the Celestial spake. With joy
Transported and with holy sadness mute;
The fathers followed. And they hastened on. 156
Th' aspiring contemplation scarcely soars
With greater speed, than the effulgent host,
Conducted by the Seraph, pass'd the air.
Their gliding feet already on the mount
Of Olives lighted. Adam 'lighted first, 160
Prostrated and, with fervour, kissed the earth.

Maternal Land, I see thee once again!
Revolving centuries elapsed since last
My foot stood on thy fields; since on the dole
And gloomy Even of death thou didst receive 185
My mouldering bones into thy peaceful bosom.
Now all the fields are covered with the dust
Of my deceased descendants. I salute thee,
O Earth! ye mouldering bones of my descendants,
Be ye saluted! Ye shall rise again! 170
My Children, O my Children, ye shall rise.
And, O thou blessed, thou approaching hour,
Be thou in triumph with rejoicings hail'd!
Thou from the earth remov'st th' oppressive curse!
Her sacred dust in silence hears the voice 175
Of her divine Deliverer. He comes!
Behold, th' Incarnate Saviour, hallelujah,
The Blessed Mediator comes to die. —

So spake our Sire. He yet sustained his heart,
That now began to heave with heavenly sadness; 180
Sustained it yet, beheld and silent stood.
But Great Eloah, from the Temple's hight,
Saw the approaching souls. And, turning now
His countenance, he saw Adramelech
And Satan, hovering, with infernal joy 185
And furious triumph, high above the cross.
Satan exulted in the work which he
Had now completed, and Adramelech
Was fired not less with what he meditated,
That should engender misery and ruin. 190
Eloah viewed the wild Revolters, how
They 'above the clouds with the revolving earth,
In roundings vast, the azure whelkin measur'd.
Eloah from the temple, in his glory,
Against the everlasting sinners rose. 195

He soared aloft, invested with the dread
Solemnity and splendour of that day,
Most festly' and sacred of all festly days.
Jehovah's terrors hovered around him.
The silent breeze by his advance became 200
A hurricane and roared! and his approach
Resounded like th' approach of powerful hosts
That shake, in their advance, the massive rock.
The splendour such, and such was the alarm,
With which th' Immortal Seraph filled the air. 205
Th' Infernal Demons heard and saw the coming
Of Great Eloah, and they strove, in vain,
Their consternation and surprise to hide.
They stood and deeper gloom around them spread.
Thus, in the dire abyss of lowest hell, 210
Two sable and nocturnal mountains stand
And, trembling, seem to threaten with their fall.
Eloah tower'd above them and, at once,
With the velocity of livid lightning
Dashing from his course, before th' Apostates stood: 215
Ye, the detested names of whom th' abyss
May utter: hence, avaunt! ye see the blaze
Of heavenly effulgence circling wide:
With speed depart thence, rid the sacred place
Of your unhallowed presence. Lo, the high 220
Effulgence of the Blessed, beams the bounds
To your rebellion. Press not there the clouds,
Nor in the earth's recesses dare to couch. —
The Seraph thus commanded. But as twain
Tremendous tempests, dun, amid twain alps 225
Frowning descend, (a more impelling storm
Resounds against them and disperses them)
As they, descending, fire their sulphurous stores,
With burating thunder winding vales to fill;
So the Apostates to' answer fired their breasts. 230
Th' enormity of rage, th' audacity
Of fell revenge, th' invidiousness of pride,
Gather'd on their brows, — flash'd from their flaming eyes.
But Great Eloah, with commanding look,
Beheld them, saying: First stand dumb, then flee! 235
Were I to move against you in the might,
With which Jehovah vested me, the thunder
Of this uplifted arm should hurl you hence.
But, lo, I come against you in the name
Of the Incarnate Saviour, born a man, 240

Who, — look on him confounded! — bears his cross.
 In the name of Him who conquers hell, — avault! —
 They fled, more dark than night. Pursuing terrors
 Impelled them tow'rd the ruins of Gomorrah
 Obliquely, in the gulph of deadly waters. 245
 The Angels saw them flee, the happy Souls
 Beheld their flight. Eloah, in his glory,
 Again descended to the Temple's hight.

The Saviour had attained the mount of death.
 Exhausted, he no longer could support 250
 The ponderous cross. But, eager for his blood,
 The Band a passing traveller constrain'd,
 For him to bear it to the hillock's hight.
 Some few among th' attending multitude,
 Not actuated by malevolence, 255

When Jesus they beheld, could not refrain
 From weeping. Yet, by things transitory
 And vain, all their affections wholly engross'd,
 They scarcely had a knowledge of the bless'd
 Redeemer. Their concern was fluctuant, 260
 Not noble, not compassion of the soul

When Jesus heard their wailings and their moans,
 He turned and said to them: Why do ye weep,
 Ye daughters of Jerusalem? Weep not
 On my account, weep rather for yourselves 265
 And children, for the fearful days approach
 Of anguish, days on which they will exclaim:
 Bless'd are the childless! blessed is the womb
 That ne'er conceived, the breast that ne'er gave suck!
 Then they will cry distracted: Hide us, Hills! 270
 Fall on us, Mountains! Shelter us, Destruction!
 Have they fared thus with me, how will they fare
 With sinners who for judgment are full ripe. —

The Saviour now had reach'd the altar's hight.
 He looked up to the Judge. The Crucifiers 275
 Among the mouldering bones upreared the cross, —
 It stood erect tow'rd heaven. The festal day
 Appointed for the awful act of grace,
 Still shone serenely forth. The minor part
 Of animate creation still rejoic'd 280

Around the globe. — Few moments, and the earth
 In her recesses, secret and profound,
 Began to tremble. On her surface, storms
 Began to brood, still labouring in her depths.
 The cross shook. 'Fore it the Redeemer stood. 285

The Sire of men beheld him, could no longer
 Sustain his feelings but, with glowing cheek,
 With flying hair, with open — trembling arms,
 Pressed forward to the promontory's brow,
 And prostrate sunk. From his uplifted eye, 290
 Not longer mortal, heaven beam'd. He wept
 Beatitude, — joys of eternal life;
 And soft dolour, astonishment and awe
 Poured in upon his soul. His feelings now
 His heart o'erflowing, articulate became, 295
 And Adam pray'd. The Angels heard his voice.
 He looked down on the graves and spake aloud:
 No, not the Seraph can set forth thy glory!
 Th' Immortals weep when, in thy love absorb'd,
 They still in vain attempt to utter, Lord, 300
 Thy thousand thousand glories! and, at once,
 Adoring, they stand mute! — Thee I name — Son! —
 With the Immortals I stand mute and weep,
 Christ Jesus, Son, my Son! O whither shall,
 Whither shall I turn my face, that I may still 305
 Support this inexpressive — this dolour
 And ecstasy? Christ Jesus, Thou my Son!
 O ye Immortal Seraphim, to me
 Anterior in existence, — not to him, —
 Lo, He, He is my Son! — I bless thee, Earth, 310
 Of which I first was fashioned! — Ecstasy,
 Eternal Joy, Fulness of transport, how
 Can I express, how can I utter thee!
 O most transcendent thought, — Jehovah, Thou
 Createdst, — Adam was created then, — 315
 Was fashioned of the dust, that he might be
 Progenitor of the Eternal Son! —
 Stop here, my Soul, explore the thought profound,
 The thought of transport! Ah, what moments dread
 Are these, that o'er Immortals now revolve! 320
 Each moment is divine, each fleeting moment
 Devolves eternities of peace and bliss,
 And Adam lives to see them! They are passing,
 But more sublime, more awful moments follow!
 Educ me, O ye heavens, with your voice, 325
 That I may through the universe proclaim:
 The Sacrifice stands on the verge of life. —
 Rise, lift thine head, thou Human Race, adorn
 Thyself with tears of gratitude and love!
 The Holy One of heaven stands on the brink 330

Of th' open grave! — My Children, O my Children,
 Ye, ye are the Belov'd for whom he dies!
 Come to your dying Saviour, Adam's Children!
 Ye, who within the gorgeous palace dwell;
 Put off your crowns; and come! ye who reside 335
 In clay-formed cots, forth from your humble roofs
 Advance, and to your dying Saviour come! —
 But Oh, they hear me not, they donot hear
 Of their affectionate father th' anxious calls.
 Nor ye, who slumber in the silent grave, 340
 Who paid the debt that is to nature due;
 Nor ye perceive my voice! — O Thou, who dost
 Devote thyself a willing sacrifice
 For man's offenses; Thou, in thy compassion
 Eternal, dost thy purposes complete! 345
 O Merciful Redeetner, lo, Thou dost
 Complete the great salvation! and — Oh, now —
 Unutterable sadness overwhelms,
 Pervades my inmost soul! — he is advancing
 To die. — Support me, I am finite, — me, 350
 The first of sinners, who corruption saw;
 Support me, God, Jehovah, who vindictive
 Dost hide thy face from him who dies for man.

Thus Adam. Meanwhile he, whose name the heav'ns
 Pronounce — Eternal, still up to the cross 355
 Stepp'd nearer, and upheld before his face
 His lifted hand, bowed low, and utterance gave
 To what no heavenly Seraph heard; what none
 Would be sufficient e'er to comprehend.
 Jehovah from the Throne of judgment answer'd. 360
 The answer fill'd the sanctuary's profound,
 The Throne of judgment trembled on his base.
 The Crucifiers approached the Mediator. —
 Now the revolving spheres impetuous rush'd
 With far-resounding tumult tow'rd their stations 365
 Within their orbits, whence they should proclaim
 The Saviour's death. They stood. Down from their poles
 Assuaged thunders rolled and died away.
 The universe stood silent, motionless,
 To heaven the awful hour of sacrifice 370
 Announcing. Also thou stoodst still, O Earth,
 A world of graves and sinners; and, with thee,
 The tomb of him that was to bleed stood still.
 The Angels in their immortality
 Now on him looked, Jehovah looked on him, 375

And held the earth that trembling from him sunk, —
 Jehovah, who e'er was, is, and will be, —
 Looked down on Jesus Christ. They crucified him. —
 O Thou who, in thy nature, art immortal
 Like those that saw him, who wilt likewise, see 380
 His bleeding wounds; bow, and embrace the foot
 Of Jesus' cross; envelope, O my Soul,
 And weep until thy trembling voice returns. —

As though o'er nature death omnipotent
 Extended, as though through the universe 385
 Silent corruption slumbered, and no Being
 Endued with animation now surviv'd

Death's general sway and havock: so, with dead
 And awful silence the Celestials all
 And Patriarchal Souls beheld Thee, Jesus, 390
 To the dire cross transfix'd. But when his life,
 When his immortal life began to wring
 With th' agonies of excruciating death;

When now his precious blood began to flow;
 Th' astonishment of the Celestials broke 395
 Their silence: They exclaimed, they wept; the heav'ns
 Resounded with their voices and with mingled
 Astonishment and worship. Yet once more .

Eloah look'd, — yet once again look'd on
 The bleeding Jesus; then, as Seraphim 400

Had never seen him, — to the heaven of heav'ns
 He soared aloft, with loud amazement soar'd, —
 Thus in their orbits rushing stars resound, —
 Exclaimed: His blood is flowing! — in the depths
 Profound of wide immeasurable space 405

Exclaimed: His blood is flowing! — And again
 With silent wonder to the earth ascended.
 While thus he through the wide creation flew,
 He saw the Angels standing on the suns,
 The most exalted of the Cherubim 410

By lofty altars standing, from which flames,
 Like ruby morn, ascended to the Throne
 Of th' awful Judge. Through the creation wide
 The sacrifices blazed, effulgent emblems
 Of the Grand Sacrifice whose life was now 415

In crimson streams descending from the cross:
 Most awful and transporting to behold.
 E'en so the Elders of the people — once
 Th' Elected, on Mount Sinai beheld
 Jehovah's Glory. Or thus rose on high, 420

Before the Tabernacle of the Ark,
 The flaming column, mingling with the clouds,
 Through desert wilds conducting Israel,
 But the divine Messiah bleeds. He look'd
 On Judah down, all from Jerusalem 425
 A thronging concourse till the mount of death.
 He bowed his head and cried aloud: O Father,
 They know not what they do. Have mercy on them.
 These words of love among the concourse vast
 Created silent wonder. Still they view'd 430
 The bleeding Mediator and beheld
 Death's paleness spreading o'er his countenance.
 This only was by mortal eyes observ'd;
 Th' already glorified souls from the Mount
 Of Olives, with discernment more sublime, 435
 Descry'd what was more hidden, — how his life
 (That life, not subject to the power of death,
 Had not death been commissioned by decree
 From the Most High;) wrung with death's agonies;
 How irresistible terrors overwhelm'd 440
 The suffering Saviour; by the Father how
 Forsaken, languishing on the lofty cross;
 His life-blood streaming forth, to wretched man
 To bring salvation; how immortal bliss
 For ruined souls flowed from his deadly wounds. — 445
 Behold, he lifted up to heaven his eye,
 And sued alleviation, but found none.
 Each dreadful moment in succession swift
 Inflicted still fresh torture and more death.
 In vain the Saviour sued alleviation. 450
 Sometimes, indeed, of the Immortals one,
 On heavenly plains which, this day, scarce display'd
 The splendour of terrestrial vernal scenes;
 With looking on him, momentary consol'd him.
 But Malefactors twain with the Messiah 455
 Were crucified. So far his humiliation
 Had been decree'd by the Vindictive Judge,
 And by the Mediator self-ordain'd.
 One of the Malefactors was transfix'd
 On Jesus' Right, the other on his Left. 460
 One of them was a hardened Reprobate,
 A horrible remorseless perpetrator.
 He turned his gloomy and distorted face
 To the Redeemer: Thou, thou art the Christ?
 Wert thou so truly, thou wouldst save thyself 465

And us, thou wouldst descend from the accurs'd
 And torturing tree, and wouldst not yield to death. —
 The other doomed Offender was a youth,
 Seduced in years of indiscretion, not
 To viciousness abandon'd, but become 470
 A victim to imprudence. Rising now
 Superior to his tortures, he rebuk'd
 The ruthless scoffer: Thou, so near to death
 And judgment, still forget'st the fear of God!
 Our sufferings are no more than our misdeeds 475
 Have merited; but this man (now he look'd
 On Jesus) suffers, of all guilt devoid. —
 He now with great exertion strove to turn
 Himself to the Redeemer, and express'd
 His reverent awe with bowing low his head. 480
 The effort still enlarged his gored wounds;
 The blood descended in more ample streams;
 But, disregarding the increase of torture,
 He moved to the Messiah and exclaim'd:
 Remember me, Lord, when thou enterest 485
 Thy glory! — The expiring Mediator
 Looked on the contrite sinner with a smile,
 Expressive of benignity divine:
 This day thou enterest paradise with me! —
 The rueful sinner heard the words of life, 490
 He deeply felt their blessed influence,
 A powerful emotion agitated
 His heaving breast, he felt within his soul
 With transport that he was for ever happy.
 With weeping eye he, unaverted, gaz'd 495
 On the divine Messiah; and, thus fix'd,
 It broke at last in death. And now while still
 He breathed life, he uttered broken accents,
 And stammered what he felt of endless bliss:
 What was I? and what am I now! Before, 500
 How wretched and forlorn, how happy now!
 This tremour! Oh, this sweet transporting sense
 Of inward peace and of felicity!
 To what am I transformed? what can he be,
 Who suffers at my side? A righteous man? 505
 Ah more, much more! He is the Son divine
 Of the Eternal Father! the divine
 Messiah! and his glory? — it transcends
 The glory of an earthly kingdom far!
 He is the promised Saviour of the world! 510

But how mysterious his humiliation, —
 To die — to die on the accursed tree,
 And Oh, to rescue me, an heinous sinner!
 But this I cannot fathom. Yet I know,
 He by his power created me anew.

515

Now, while I am by death subdued, he hath
 Invested me with life and endless bliss.
 So let me, then, though I cannot comprehend
 Thy wondrous nature, ever Thee adore.
 Thou art divine, much greater than the greatest
 Of Angels; for an Angel could not thus
 Anew create me, and transport my soul
 With ecstasy, and lead me to my God.

520

Such were his thoughts, and now he sunk absorb'd
 In silent rapture and in sweet amaze.
 The heavens above, the earth beneath, all smil'd
 On him benign. The peace of God, that passeth
 All comprehension, rested on his soul.

525

To one of the attendant Seraphim
 The Mediator beckons. From the high
 Effulgent circle, formed round Golgatha,
 Th' Immortal hastes, and stands before the cross.
 Such the divine injunction: Seraph, bring
 This rescued soul, when free'd by death, to me.

530

The Seraph to th' assembly of Celestials
 With haste returns. It was th' invincible
 Heroic Abdiel. The infernal gates

535

Were, on divine appointment, guarded now
 By an Angel of death. Th' Immortals thronged with haste,
 Interrogating, round him. Abdiel spake:

540

O thought of transport! I receiv'd commands,
 This rescued sinner's soul, by death dislodg'd,
 To the divine Redeemer to convey.

O Blissful mandate! Still, the more I ponder
 The gladdening thought, my joyful breast derives
 Fresh transport. A redeemed soul, redeem'd
 E'en in the hour in which the Sacrifice

545

For mortals bleeds, now pure and radiant, wash'd
 In the atoning blood, — to Love divine
 For evermore restored, — and mine the bless'd
 Appointment, to convey this rescued soul
 To the Redeemer! — Seraphim, partake
 My inexpressive transport. — Such the joy
 Of Abdiel, whom th' Immortals blessed prais'd.

550

Sublime Uriel, Guardian of the sun,

555

Stood on a promontory huge, prepar'd
 To hasten hence. . . And now was come the hour
 In which he was to execute commands
 He had received. With radiant majesty,
 Alone, he-soared aloft, and winged his way 560
 Through heaven, to a sphere remote, which he,
 By the Eternal's mandate, was to place
 Before the sun, that, O Divine Redeemer,
 Thy life should bleed away amid a gloom
 More awful than the sable gloom of night. 565
 Already the effulgent Seraph stood
 High on the distant sphere. Around this globe
 The human souls are hovering ere they are
 To their probationary state remov'd.
 Sublime Uriel looked upon the souls 570
 Of future generations, and pronounc'd
 Th' immortal name of the revolving sphere:
 Adahmida, He, whose omnific pow'r
 Gave thee existence and ordained, in scope's
 Infinitude, thine orbit; He enjoins: 575
 Move from thy course, tend sideward tow'rd the sun,
 Advance with speed and shroud the solar beams.
 All the Immortals heard th' injoining voice.
 And now the voice amid Adahmida's
 Vast mountains sinking, the commissioned sphere, 580
 With central tremour, turned his thundering poles.
 The motionless creation, far and wide,
 Resounded when, with such impetuous speed,
 With bursting tempests, with rebellowing clouds,
 Precipitating mountains, falling rocks 585
 And agitated seas, Adahmida
 Submissive to divine commands advanc'd.
 Uriel on the tropic of the sphere
 Stood, hearing not the thunder of it's speed,
 In silent thought so perfectly absorb'd. 590
 The subject of his thoughts was Golgatha.
 Adahmida impetuous still advanc'd.
 Now he attained the solar system, — now
 Approach'd the sun. Delighted and surpris'd,
 The souls beheld this new and radiant orb. 595
 All soared aloft above the hovering clouds
 And, wondering, still beheld. Adahmida
 Attained the sun and, gradually, decreas'd
 His rapid course. Advancing slowly now,
 He rolled before the sun and drank his beams. 600

Hush'd was the earth by the descending gloom.
 The gloom became more gloomy, th' earth more silent.
 Dun shades with faint and glimmering light, shades dreary
 And terrifying, covered the whole globe.
 The birds of heaven to th' inmost covert, mute, 605
 Of silent and nocturnal groves retir'd;
 Th' unconscious brute, the reptile e'en, alarm'd,
 Forsook the field, in solitary cleft
 To shelter. Not a fluttering breeze of air.
 Dead silence reign'd. Man, breathing heavily, 610
 Looked up to heaven: the darkness still increas'd,
 And now assumed the deepest gloom of night.
 The star stood, and involv'd the solar beams.
 Appalling, all the fields of th' earth lay hid
 In „darkness visible.” Every sound was hush'd. 615
 But on the lofty cross Christ Jesus hung,
 His head inclining in the shades of night.
 And with his blood the icy dew of death
 Mingling descended. Th' earth lay stunned with dire
 Astonishment. As the surviving friend 620
 With silent and with solitary grief
 Stands at the grave of the too soon departed
 Lamented object of his high esteem;
 As he who knows to estimate virtue
 Transcendent, at the noble patriot's 625
 Sepulchral-marble stands: With mien austere
 He stands inclining o'er the sacred ruins,
 And weeps not. But at once emotions far
 More fervid, agitate his panting breast,
 And shake his manly firmness. Thus the earth 630
 Lay stunned and, with astonishment, thus trembled,
 The agitated hill of death now shook
 E'en to the highest cross. The Saviour's wounds
 Poured forth his life more copiously as 'mid
 The dreary night the cross with Golgatha 635
 Shook. Direful were the sable shades that shrouded
 The mount of death, temple' and Jerusalem.
 Their pure effulgence e'en the Angels saw
 Obscured. His blood was flowing. Now the people
 With wild amazement looked up to the cross. 640
 The blood of the redemption flowed terrific.
 His blood now came on them and on their children,
 They strove to turn their eyes, but still, impell'd
 By irresistible terrors, all aghast
 Beheld the cross with unaverted gaze, 645

Uriel had one more divine command
 To execute. And, from Adahmida's
 Now resting pole, proceeded to the souls.
 These saw th' Immortal's coming, for they were
 Endowed already with a human form, 650
 Ethereal in their nature, moving like
 The evening-breeze, fair like the orient sky.
 Uriel spake: Attend, where I conduct.
 Ye know, we, from th' Eternal, come to you
 On blessed mission. Therefore follow me. 655
 He enjoins that I conduct you to the earth,
 Now shrouded in the shadow of this orb.
 Ye shall behold the Son of the Most High.
 Ye are encompassed still with hovering gloom,
 Not able yet to know Him. But, from far, 660
 A dawn of heavenly transport to your view
 Will be unfolding. Come then, Blessed Souls,
 Created for this high felicity!
 Behold, how all the heavens around are full
 Of solemn worship and astonishment. — 665
 All knees, Lord, bend before thee! every crown
 Before Thee sinks! E'en for Thyself Thou didst
 Create, and for Thyself Thou dost redeem
 The human soul that was by sin inthrall'd.
 Uriel led them hence. The hovering souls 670
 Surrounded him. As when the Sage, resign'd
 To contemplation, rendering thus himself
 More worthy of his everlasting state,
 Remote from tumult, 'mid the tranquil moon's
 Full-orbed beams, the solitary grove roams, 675
 Conducted by the hand of holy transport,
 Revolving, God, thine infinite perfections:
 As then, by thousands, new and luminous
 Conceptions hover with celestial joy
 Around his fervid and aspiring mind, 680
 So the Immortal hastened to the earth,
 Attended by the juvenile joyful souls.
 They came to th' earth. The Patriarchal Souls
 Beheld the countless and effulgent host,
 Amid dun clouds advancing, a sublime 685
 And solemn train, — Beings intelligent,
 Immortal in their essence, destined all
 For endless bliss, thousands of thousand souls.
 Now Eve, the Mother of the human race,
 Joyous and pensive, first turned from the cross 690

Her gazing eye, and saw the coming host.
 These still advanced, — her children, — all on earth
 Still in revolving centuries to live.
 Th' affectionate Mother viewed the radiant train,
 And thus addressed the Sire of men, yet fix'd 695
 Her eyes again on the ensanguined cross:
 See, Father of my children, where they come,
 All our immortal, blessed progeny! —
 Ah, who can utter thy transcendent love,
 Thou who art bleeding for them! — what hosanna 700
 May rise to him whose wounds pour forth this life! —
 Oh, that ye were already born on earth,
 Received into the christian covenant;
 That countless mothers, weeping tears of joy
 And gratitude, e'en now were to the cross 705
 Conducting you, and ye a knowledge had
 Of Him, the holiest of all the sons
 Of woman born, who in his infancy
 At Bethlehem wept! — But they are, O Adam,
 They are to know him, their and our Redeemer, 710
 The Loving Son, the Author of our peace,
 Ah, as before th' o'erwhelming hurricane
 The purple flower untimely sinks and dies;
 E'en so, Beloved Children, many' of you
 Will fall before the fell and sanguine sword 715
 Of raging and destroying persecutors
 And, beauteous e'en in falling, smile on death.
 Receive the blessing from your loving mother!
 You are appointed with your blood to seal
 Your testimony of the Saviour's death! 720
 I see your faded cheeks, your breaking looks,
 Your beauteous wounds, — they shine with heavenly lustre!
 I hear your faltering accents, holy martyrs,
 Which utter songs of heavenly joy in death,
 But the Redeemer lifted up his eye, 725
 And saw the souls. And the Celestials all
 Their cheeks with tears of ecstasy bedew'd.
 Because Christ Jesus viewed them with a look
 Of his redeeming love, that love which prompted
 Him to expire on the accursed tree. 730
 Celestial transport thrilled through every soul.
 Once more th' expiring Saviour's faded cheeks
 Momentary flush'd with vital hue; but this
 Vanish'd again, now to return no more,
 Dissolution on his countenance became 735

Conspicuous. By the judgment still oppress'd,
 His head sunk to his heart. Once more he labour'd
 To raise his head and lift his eyes to heav'n,
 But faint, it sunk again upon his breast.
 The lowering heavens arch'd round Golgatha, 740
 Like the sepulchral vault, inclosing bale
 Corruption, dismal, full of horror, dumb.
 The most nocturnal of the lowering clouds
 Involved the cross, there pended dun, diffuzing
 Silence of death around, terrific e'en 745
 To many of the Angels. But, anon,
 Not ushered by a gentler boding sound,
 A rising fearful burst convulsed the earth;
 Bones trembled in their cerements, from it's base
 E'en to the pinnacle the Temple shook. 750
 This was the ushering of an hurricane.
 The tempest rose and through the cedars roar'd,
 The cedars fell before th' impetuous ghust;
 The tempest roar'd o'er proud Jerusalem's
 Aspiring turrets, and the turrets shook. 755
 The hurricane was th' ushering of thunder.
 The heavens blazed. Tremendous was the crash
 That o'er the gulph of deadly waters burst.
 The sable waters boomed aloft tumultuous,
 The heavens and the earth convulsed resounded. 760
 Eloah now resolved on bold emprise,
 Nor did he not perform his bold resolve:
 E'en face to face to see the Judge, Jehovah,
 Now throning 'mid the gloom of majesty
 Terrific. Bowing thrice in worship low 765
 To Thee, Divine Messiah, he to heav'n
 Ascended. When Eloah had attain'd
 The distant suns, he scarcely could discern
 The heavenly way. All was in gloom involv'd.
 Yet seven suns to pass ere he attain'd 770
 The heavenly portals, twain Angels of death
 With covered face passed by him. Greatly awed,
 He yet continued to pursue his course.
 Again dead silence rested on the earth.
 The human race again, with mute amaze, 775
 The juvenile, the patriarchal souls
 And mortals, all beheld the suffering Saviour.
 But pensive more than all, with more concern
 And soft dolour, the first of mothers look'd
 Upon the Son who, manifestly, died 780

A lingering and excruciating death.

When, with the stedfast gaze, her swimming eye

Became with sympathetic sadness dimm'd,

Her looks on some one sunk before the cross.

Especially one attracted her regard,

785

A female mortal who, with drooping head,

With wailing countenance, with fixed eye

That still refused the heart-relieving tear;

Disconsolate, faint, mute as death, stood near

The lofty cross. Ah she, she is the mother,

790

She is the mother of the Son divine!

Thy anguish tells me, thou art Mary! Such

My feelings were when Abel, in his blood,

I saw at th' altar! Thou feelst what I felt!

Thou art the mother of the dying Saviour. —

795

With fond regard Eve thus on Mary look'd,

And still her eye had rested on the dear

Afflicted daughter, had not from the East

Angels of death twain, stern, with solemn port,

Descended. Slowly, silent, they approach'd.

800

Their look was flame, their countenance destruction,

And sable night their robe: Thus they advanc'd,

With steady course, against the mount of death.

They came with mission from the throne of heav'n.

Terrific was their coming to the cross.

805

The patriarchal souls, with dread o'erwhelm'd,

Sunk lower to the earth. As far as souls,

When glorified, can with the grave converse,

So far they all mortality approach'd;

Dire semblances of death, and of corruption

810

The horrors, overwhelm'd th' immortal souls.

Now the appalling ministers of heav'n,

Before the hillock standing, face to face

Beheld the dying Saviour. Then they turn'd,

One tow'rd the right, the other tow'rd the left,

815

And with prophetic silence seven times

On wing sublime passed round the lofty cross,

Boding of death. Two wings involv'd their feet,

Two trembling wings their faces, with two more

Th' Immortals flew. And these, extending wide,

820

Resounded with the iron clang of death.

Such is the sound that wafts from battle-field,

Heard by the man whose breast is not devoid

Of human feelings, thousands of the slain

Alrcady rolling in their flowing blood.

825

He flees averted from the dreadful scene,
Yet, wheresoever he may turn, he hears
A heaving groan, until the last expires. —
Jehovah's terrors hovered on their wings,
Jehovah's terrors were diffused around, 830
While the terrific ministers of heav'n
The lofty cross encompassed. Six times they
Had winged their way and now they flew once more.
Th' expiring Jesus, faint and languid, rais'd
His drooping head, beheld th' Angels of death, 835
And looked to heaven. With a voice, not heard
By man nor Angel, from his inmost soul
The Saviour cry'd: Desist to terrify,
Marred as I am with wounds! their flapping wings
Appalling, and the sounds of this amaze 840
Are known to me! Judge of the world, desist! —
He ceased, and bled. — Now from their awful course
Th' Angels of death turn'd, and to heaven soar'd.
Departing they, among the numerous
Beholders, gloomy sadness still diffuz'd, 845
And apprehensive musings and a mute
Astonishment, respecting mysteries
Inscrutable of attributes divine,
Still shrouded with impenetrable gloom.
They viewed with stedfast gaze the silent tombs, 850
Beheld each other, raised their eyes to heav'n,
But were again constrained to look on Jesus
Who, bleeding on the lofty cross, amid
The hovering gloom his drooping head inclin'd.
The throng was countless, yet, among the vast 855
Innumerable multitude, no eye
O'erflowed with so much tenderness as thine,
O Mother of the human race, express'd, —
Among th' Immortals none dissolved in grief
So fervid as the grief with which thy heart 860
O'erflow'd. — Her high effulgence died away
She sunk her head to th' earth, the general grave
Of her descendants, raised her arms to heav'n,
Touched with her mournful brows the dust, now lifted
Her swimming eyes and wrung her folded hands. 865
Half raised she sinks again, lifts from the dust
Again her head and looks amazed around.
She is with drear nocturnal gloom o'erwhelm'd.
She sees the yawning grave, and sees herself
Among the dead, — indeed beyond the grave, 870

Yet near the grave. At last the harmony
Of her immortal voice in sighs dissolv'd.

May I, Messiah, may I call thee — Son, —
Still venture to address thee as my Son?
Turn not away from me thy dying looks! — 875
My Saviour, and the Saviour of the dead,
Thou hast forgiven my sins, — the heavens resounded,
The Throne of the Eternal with thy voice
Of love resounded, which gave endless life, —
But Thou art dying! art expiring now! 880
It was, indeed, thine everlasting love
And mercy that forgave me, — but Thou diest!
The direful thought, like some tremendous storm,
Against me rises, tow'rd the fearful grave
Mine immortality impelling! O, 885
Divine Redeemer, let me weep to Thee!
Thou art, indeed, for the descending tear
Far too exalted; yet, Lord, let me weep
Before Thee! I am languishing for peace:
Forgive, forgive my tears! Divine Redeemer, 890
Thou bleeding, thou expiring Sacrifice,
Sole Source of consolation, Mediator,
Beloved, O Most Loving, Love divine!
Thou dost forgive! — Do also ye forgive,
My Children, who were born, again to die? — 895
Ah, when their heaving moans, their dying looks
Accuse me; then, Divine Redeemer, then
Let me find refuge in thy bleeding wounds! —
Donot, my Mortal Children, donot curse
Your loving parent! oft I sighed and wept 900
On your account; I wept for you in death,
Nor ceased my tears to flow until the last
Pang of dissolving nature broke my heart.
When ye approach the verge of life, my Children,
When struggling nature is by death subdued; 905
Then flows to you bliss from his bleeding wounds,
Bliss and immortal life! Ye shall not die, —
Death only will conduct you to the presence
Of your divine Redeemer. Then his wounds
Will with effulgence shine, those precious wounds 910
Of th' Incarnate, the Willing Sacrifice,
Who gave his life to ransom us from death!
Curse not your mother, ye are still immortal.
Christ Jesus hath the nature of a son.
Of Eve assumed, his brethren to redeem. 915

But Thou, alas! Beloved, most belov'd
Of my beloved sons, how can I utter
Thy greatness! No Immortal can set forth
Thy majesty; Thou dost submit to die!
Thou with dissolving nature's agonies 920
E'en now art struggling! Oh, that this most sad,
Most fearful hour on wings of light would pass!
Distressful thought, my Saviour groans and dies!
His visage still becomes more wan! his wounds,
They still pour forth his life! his sacred head 925
Sinks nearer to his heart! These heavy moans,
Death, are thy direful harbingers! Oh this,
This is the voice of death! Where — where am I? —
But Oh, to me his countenance he turns! —
Ye Seraphim, repeat it in the heav'ns, 930
He looks on me! Let th' everlasting gates
Of heaven repeat: The dying Mediator
Looked on the mother of the human race!
Again my heart beats with celestial joy;
The bliss of everlasting life, again, 935
Dwells in my breast. Again I may look up
To my Creator, and stretch forth my hands
To him who dies for me and for my children.
In the dread name of him whose glory' extends
Beyond the heavens, who scans infinitude; 940
Who hath restored primeval innocence,
Who once will raise the dead and o'er the world
In judgment sit; who counts our flowing tears;
Whose agony e'en in Gethsemany,
Whose wounds, whose flowing blood and drooping head, 945
Whose breaking looks and marred countenance,
Whose groans and anguish dire of dissolution,
To th' awful Judge now intercede for you;
In his dread name I bless you, O my Children.

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO IX.

Eloah was returning from the Throne
 Of th' awful Judge. Absorb'd in thought profound,
 On slower wing he passed the temple's high,
 Approached the patriarchal souls, and said:
 First join me in devotion. Ere my thoughts 6
 I utter, I must worship. — Silent, all
 Prostrated, with profound humility
 Adoring the Eternal, th' Infinite
 Jehovah. And in silence they arose.
 Eloah still stood mute; at last he spake: 10
 O Thou, Most Holy, whom no name sets forth,
 Whose attributes thought cannot comprehend,
 Of Beings Thou the First! — To Him I soar'd,
 Would face to face behold Him who presides
 In judgment, still unreconciled to man, 15
 Encompassed with the gloom of majesty
 Terrific, — God! — I had attained the suns,
 They were obscured; soared to the pole of heav'n, —
 There night contended with nocturnal shade;
 I still advanced tow'rd the eternal Throne, — 20
 Darkness around me still became more dark,
 And still more dark, and now — But I seek names
 And find them not, to represent the gloom,
 That shrouded the Eternal, find no names
 For terrors that were hovering round the Throne. 25
 I stood and heard, amid the silence dread
 Of the creation, from afar, the roar
 Of floods infernal. Slowly I advanc'd,
 Anon, advancing still, the First of th' Angels
 Of death exclaim'd: What Finite Being dares 30
 Approach this place? — I trembled back, was dumb,
 Sunk on my face and, silent, worshipp'd Him
 Who sate in judgment. — So th' Immortal spake,
 Turned, and enveloped his averted face.
 Jesus, his head reclining on his breast, 36

Appeared as though he slumbered. E'en the rage
Of the blaspheming scoffers now abated,
As th' agitated ocean's turbulence
At last beneath the sheltering cliff abates.
Those who revered and loved the Son divine, 40
Disconsolate, roamed round the hill of death,
In it's environs scattered whence, remote,
The Saviour they with weeping eye might see.
Yet all eachother carefully avoid
Lest, by communing, they should still increase 45
Their sorrow and eachother's feelings wound.
The more especially beloved disciple
And the mother of the awful sufferer,
These only near eachother still remain'd.
They stood before the cross. And the disciple 50
Who had deny'd, e'en with an oath, that he
Had knowledge of the Saviour, through the sad
And sleepless night and all the morning roam'd
About alone and, trembling, sought in vain
Alleviation of distress of mind. 55
Thus on the shore of the relentless sea,
Encompassed by the wreck and floating corpses,
A hapless son still strays forlorn and mute,
And unaverted views the fearful rock
On which his father perish'd. Now he lifts 60
His eyes to heaven and, with the bitterness
And anguish keen of self-accusing grief,
Exclaims: My helpless father I forsook!
I rendered him no succour in the hour
Of peril and of dire extremity; 65
I should have rescued him or, in th' attempt,
Have perish'd. — Simon, on an eminence
Near Golgatha now, wholly exhausted, stopp'd,
Too faint to wring his trembling sinking hands.
Ithuriel, his Guardian, sees his grief, 70
And in his heart infuses some degree
Of consolation, — th' utmost of his pow'r,
Though an Immortal. The distressed disciple
Feels the alleviation and, so far
Collects himself, as now his eyes to lift, 75
Looking around, desirous to behold
Some of his friends that he to them might go,
And be rebuked and pitied and consol'd.
But still he stood and viewed Jerusalem.
For, up to Golgatha to look, the mount 80

On which his Lord was bleeding, he was wholly
 Unable.' Still he laboured to discern
 The pompous city. But Jerusalem,
 Though spreading o'er vast fields, though towering high
 With blazing spires; was, in the hovering gloom, 85
 So much obscured that he could scarcely see
 The pinnacle of the temple on Mount Sion.
 Her palaces and domes amid the dire
 Nocturnal shades, terrific, dissappear'd.
 Now tow'rd the sound of voices Simon turn'd, 90
 And saw some strangers who to Salem came,
 To celebrate the festival, and these
 Respecting the Great Prophet's death convers'd,
 Who now was bleeding on the lofty cross.
 Simon the hill descended and approach'd 95
 The strangers, hoping in their company
 Of the dispersed disciples some to find.
 But still he found his hopes not realiz'd.
 And now he was detained by their discourse.
 A man of dark complexion, richly' attir'd 100
 In fereign vest, interrogated one,
 Whose countenance integrity display'd,
 And on whose arm a young affectionate son
 Dejected leaned: Say, what is his offence? —
 They take his life, because he healed the Sick; 105
 Gave feet unto the Lamé, ears to the Deaf,
 Eyes to the Blind, and the Tormented, — I
 Was one of them, — he from their misery free'd!
 They take his life, because he raised the Dead;
 Because he, with his powerful discourses, 110
 Oped to our souls the gates of endless life;
 Because he was in all his deeds divine.
 But (turning, he saw Simon) here behold
 One of the men whom the Great Prophet chose
 His more beloved friends, that they might see 115
 His wondrous deeds and listen to his lore.
 'To them he showed how the Eternal God
 Aright is worshipp'd. — Then addressing Simon,
 He still continued: Be entreated, — teach
 This stranger and myself, — impart to us, 120
 Why barbarously they slay the Holy Prophet.
 I know thou art a minister of God,
 Therefore turn not thy countenance away.
 Thou knowest, art his most especial friend, —
 Ne'er brothers loved with so much tenderness, 125

As thou and pious John e'er loved him. —
Still with averted gaze the sorrowful
Disciple stood, yet — not because the strangers
Had recognized him, for he was prepar'd
To die in the Divine Redeemer's cause; 130
But, what was said of the affectionate John
And of himself, this pierced his bleeding heart.
At last, in broken accents, he reply'd:
Ye Friends, all I am able to impart
Is, that the best of men is now expiring. — 135
With this he 'mong the people disappear'd.
But Samma, Joel, and the Ethiopian,
Candace's trusty Steward, after this,
By Philip on divine command baptiz'd;
Astonished hastened to the mount of death. 140
And Simon, roaming through the doleful gloom,
At once observed Lebbæus who stood leaning,
With rueful gaze; on a solitary tree's
Decaying trunk; and he tow'rd him inclin'd.
He' advanced, still by Lebbæus unobserv'd. 145
Him Simon with a tremulous voice address'd:
Hast thou, Oh, hast thou seen him on the cross?
Thou also art disconsolate, dismay'd, —
Yet thou, without confusion, may'st to him
Uplift thine eye; but I — — Oh, ease mine anguish! 150
Here, here it bleeds — here bleeds the torturing wound!
One word of consolation, O my Friend!
Thou answerest not? — Lebbæus still was mute.
In vain he strove th' emotion to express,
That laboured in his breast; although his tears 155
And countenance were not of speech devoid.
But transient was the comfort which the soul
Of Simon from his friend's concern deriv'd.
With heavy heart he left his tender friend,
And moved again amid th' impelling throng. 160
Now extricating from the concourse which
Tow'rd Golgatha inclined, his brother Andrew
At once appeared before him. Simon would
Avoid his presence; but his loving brother,
Still farther from the tumult to retire, 165
Constrained him, that they might converse alone.
And Simon turned, exclaiming: O my Brother!
And clasped him faintly in his sinking arms,
Weeping on his neck. — My Brother! answer'd Andrew
With soft dolour; I would be silent, but 170

Cannot repress the feelings of my breast.
 My heart, my Brother Simon, weeps with thine,
 The best of men, the most affectionate
 Most kind of friends, the Son of the Most High,
 Thou hast in presence of his foes deny'd. 175

A hallowed sadness, sacred in the sight
 Of Him whom he deny'd; acknowledgment
 Sincere of the fidelity, his brother
 Ingenuously display'd, o'erflowed the eyes
 Of Simon, but his pallid lips were mute. 180

They stood and still embraced, but scarcely' observ'd
 Eachother. They advanced and scarcely' observ'd
 Eachother. Till at last, in silent thought
 Deeply absorb'd, both walked again alone.
 In need of comfort still, and thirsting still 185

For consolation, Simon solitary
 Roamed through the silent gloom. But, suddenly,
 He was alarmed by seeing, just before him,
 Two venerable men whom he rever'd.
 He would avoid them, but they were too near. — 190

Hath the Divine Instructor's dear Disciple
 Not longer any knowledge of his friends?
 Said Joseph, the Aremathean; we
 Are likewise his disciples. We have been
 Such long in secret, but are ready, now, 195
 Before all Judah to acknowledge him.
 And Nicodemus, my much honoured friend, —
 Thou know'st his manly firmness and unshaken
 Integrity; he did already, boldly,
 Avow his faith in Jesus, e'en before 200
 The whole assembly of the priests and elders.
 He spake undaunted and magnanimous
 For the Messiah. But, alas, I only
 My reverence for the Holy Jesus show'd,
 By leaving the assembly, when my Friend 205
 Nobly withdrew to' avoid contamination. —
 Repress, Dear Joseph, do repress thy grief,
 Said Nicodemus, which destroys thy peace.
 Thou didst avow, with leaving the assembly,
 Thy faith in the Messiah. — Joseph lifted 210
 His tearful eyes to heaven: Regard my pray'r,
 Jehovah Jesus, God of Abraham!
 Enable me before the world, undaunted,
 To' acknowledge him, when he is dead, whom I
 So timorously acknowledged while he liv'd. 215

Here Joseph ceased. While his petition soar'd
 To the Eternal's Throne, the gracious answer
 Descending to the suppliant, Nicodemus
 To Peter turned and said: O Simon, thou,
 In th' anguish of thy soul, turn'st from thy friends. 220
 We feel the pain that thus oppresses thee,
 The death that hovers o'er the best of men,
 That now assails him, that perhaps already
 Inflicts the final blow. But, Dear Disciple,
 Impart thy thoughts and to our souls afford 225
 The consolation, that not thy rueful gaze
 Upbraid us with our having, e'en till now,
 Concealed our faith in the Divine Messiah.
 Yet we deserve to be by thee rebuk'd. —
 As the aspiring cedar, still assail'd 230
 By stormy winds, inclines her tufted head;
 So Peter, trembling, stood and still inclin'd
 His drooping head. But now still more assail'd
 With overwhelming grief, he hid his face,
 Fled, and, disconsolate, utterly resign'd 235
 Himself to silent sorrow, and again
 He hastily to Golgatha return'd.
 With heaviness he had attained the mount.
 Fresh palpitation agitates his breast.
 And now he trembling ventures, to the cross 240
 To lift his eyes; but not so high, to see
 The dying Saviour's face. Before the cross
 He sees the Mother of the bleeding Jesus,
 And the affectionate John; beholds how, near
 Each other, both stood motionless and mute, 245
 Void of a tear, with misery overwhelm'd.
 He likewise sees, not far from off the cross,
 Many' of the Faithful who, from Galilee,
 Attended the Messiah. Though obscure
 And humble in their parentage, though not 250
 With earthly goods encumbered, disregarded
 By th' Opulent and Great; yet the most lasting
 And most authentic of historic pages
 Saved, for the faithful of posterity,
 Some few dear names of the Redeemer's Friends. 255
 Their new names by the Angels were pronounc'd,
 Before the Throne, anterior to the Son's
 Humiliation. — Mary Magdalene;
 And Mary, James' and Joses' Mother; Mary,
 The Mother of the Sons of Zebedee; 260

And thou, the sister of the now expiring
 Redeemer's Mother, likewise Mary nam'd;
 These were some of the Faithful who had follow'd
 The holy Jesus, and stood near the cross.

Mary Magdalene, desirous with her Lord 265
 Now to expire, was sunk unto the ground.

Disclaiming every cheerful beam of hope
 And all remembrance of those miracles
 Which the Redeemer wrought; she was o'erwhelm'd,
 And with th' incessant torrent still impell'd, 270
 Of her affliction. And, with sorrow's plaint
 And heavy moans, she filled the silent air.

Inclined her to console, although herself
 Disconsolate, Jose's affectionate
 And tender Mother said: O Magdalene — 275
 But, overpower'd with grief, her utterance fail'd.

Pale stands, amid the hovering gloom of night,
 The Mother of the Sons of Zebedee.
 She wrings her hands to heaven and gazes, wondring
 Why the Eternal's vengeance is delay'd. 280

Stunned with her grief and with th' affliction mute;
 And e'en without the momentary relief
 Of a heaving sigh, the Sister of th' expiring
 Redeemer's mother, on her knees, now deem'd
 The bleeding Jesus hovering on the gloom. 285

None viewed these faithful friends of the divine
 Messiah with more tender sympathy,
 With more sincere, ingenuous concern,
 Than the covert youth who bled with Jesus.
 But neither could their silent grief escape 290
 Th' observance of the Patriarchal souls,
 And of th' Immortals who were hovering near;
 Though every more exalted sentiment,
 And every more sublime emotion rose
 From their beholding Jesus on the cross. 295

The contrite youth's redemption filled the breast
 Of Abraham with such transcendent joy
 And heavenly transports of eternal life,
 That he, with inmost and with tenderest love,
 Continued noting every thing he did, 300
 And of his countenance each gesture mark'd.
 And, much affected with the sympathy
 Which th' ardent youth expressed for those who mourn'd
 Around the cross, the Patriarch now broke
 The reigning silence and addressed himself 305

To Moses who stood near him, likewise mute.
Th' Exalted Father of twelf-tribed Judea
Said to the Founder of the Tabernacle
Which long since was the type of Him that died, —
To the Recorder of God's Statutes said: 310
O Son, what these few fleeting hours devolve
Shall be the subject still of our discourse
Through th' endless ages of eternity.
Now wrested from my mute astonishment,
We will begin, from this unbounded sea 315
Of wonders, for our present cheer to scoop.
On Horeb thou the Saviour's glory saw'st;
And I amid the consecrated haunts
Of Mamre's silent grove. Meek he appear'd,
And from his lips melodious mercies flow'd. 320
Not less transporting was to me his voice
That uttered now salvation to this youth,
A rescued sinner, of my children one,
To Love Divine restored. For evermore
My joyous acclamations shall ascend 325
And mingle with the harmony of heav'n,
For Thou, Messiah, dost pour forth thy life
To ransom sinful man! How this redeem'd
Youth smiles on death! How the Eternal's mercy
Animates his soul! The peace of endless life 330
Is over him diffuzed. Behold, how he,
Though certain of the life of endless bliss,
With tender and benevolent sympathy
Looks on the mourners who surround the cross!
But that my children who, with murderous hands, 335
Slay the Messiah, to remorse enstrang'd, —
That they not, like this dying malefactor,
Flee to his mercy! Ah, what should I feel
On their account, if dwelling still with mortals:
What would be the emotion of their hoary 340
Progenitor, if he still lived on earth!
What Gabriel from my solicitude
Would fain conceal, — But let the gloomy thought,
The doleful truth, O Son, on hasty wing
Pass from thee, to forgetfulness consign'd: 345
He who with these, by them inflicted, wounds
Will sit in judgment; he revealed, prophetic,
Their obdurate revolt. Themselves pronounc'd
Their awful doom. The Pagan Judge refus'd
To take his life, and he disclaimed all part 350

In slaying their Anointed. But they still
 Persisted and pronounced his death, exclaiming:
 His blood on us and on our children come! —
 I fear, some dreadful minister of death
 The words in everlasting rock engrav'd, 355
 To place them near the Throne of th' awful Judge!
 I see the nations from the East and West,
 From all the ends of th' earth assembling round
 Th' ensanguined cross of the divine Redeemer;
 But my descendants are not of the number! — 360
 And Moses thus replied: O Thou, the Sire
 Of Isaac and of Jacob and of all
 The Faithful who, although the multitude
 Paid homage to the Idol, still ador'd
 Jehovah; Sire of David, of the Woman 365
 Who bore the Mediator; Sire of Him
 Who bleeds, the Willing Sacrifice for sin;
 Lift up thine eye and see, what this event,
 O Abraham, to our astonished sight
 Is now unfolding. Thou, indeed, knowest all 370
 The things that I would intimate to thee;
 Yet it is good, a retrospective view
 Of truths to take, that we already saw.
 Lo, thy descendants are a people both
 Of judgment and of mercy. Th' Inscrutable 375
 Jehovah, who still doeth what he did,
 At whose right hand stands mercy, at his left,
 Vindictive Justice; he hath placed them high,
 A striking testimonial, on a rock,
 That all the human race, sons of the dust, 380
 May know, that life and death are set before them,
 And that they are to choose or life or death.
 Now if of th' earthly pilgrims one descry'd
 This warning rock and still, perverse, refus'd
 Instruction from th' example to derive; 385
 He reprobates himself and is the author
 Of his own ruin. His blood be on himself.
 Thus Moses. Abraham, with thankful smiles,
 Regarded his discourse and now rejoind'd:
 Perhaps, O Son, when they have been a long 390
 And signal instance of vindictive justice,
 A striking testimonial to the world;
 When they desist to sin; for lo, the son
 Is not th' unrighteous parent's sin to bear! —
 Then, then, O Moses, they perhaps shall be 395

(I am transported with the gladdening thought,
 I feel the peace of God within my soul!)
 Again received to mercy. Then they shall,
 With grateful joy, return to their Redeemer,
 To Him who, during day amid his cloud, 400
 And during night amid his rising flame,
 Them to the promised land of Canaan led;
 To Him who now bleeds for them on the cross.
 Return, my Children, O return, return
 To Him whom ye have slain! return to life 405
 Eternal. — And to heaven he raised his eyes.
 Him saw his dear and loving son, the joy
 And cheering hope of his declining days,
 When in the dales of Arba still he liv'd.
 The Youth came to his father. Unto him 410
 A body of immortal youth was giv'n,
 That thus he might, in the celestial realms,
 For ever represent Him who was slain.
 And Isaac spake: O Father, from afar
 I read e'en in thy countenance thy thoughts. 415
 Ah, our descendants the Messiah slay,
 Him who devotes himself to death for man! —
 Yet, Dread Judge of the world, thou still hast mercy
 E'en on thy murderers; thou bearest them,
 As thou didst bear them, on the wings of love, 420
 From bondage out of Egypt, and thou e'en
 Dost proffer life to those who shed thy blood!
 This contemplation fills my soul with bliss.
 A sense of transport agitates my breast.
 I feel — I feel bliss I ne'er felt before, 425
 Ah thou rememberest, Father, when on yon
 Aspiring mountain, — Sacred, ever sacred
 Will be to me the spot of sacrifice! —
 Thou ledst me to the altar — — At thy side
 Thy son rejoicing walked, with thee intending 430
 To offer sacrifice to the Most High.
 But when I, bound, lay on the sacred pile,
 When at my side I saw the hallowed flame,
 And looked with weeping eyes to heaven, thou
 The last embrace bestowing and, now turning, 435
 Didst the destructive glittering dudgeon raise
 High over thy beloved, devoted son;
 Then — But I pass that mournful, trying hour,
 In silence; ages of beatitude
 Rewarded it. Transporting thought! Thy son, 440

Thy Isaac was ordained, was worthy found,
 In type to represent the Sacrifice,
 The Sacrifice divine, that now is bleeding
 On Golgatha! A soft dolour and bliss
 Pervade my inmost feelings. — Isaac thus. 445
 With gentlest accents Abraham rejoind':
 Son, let us to the dying Saviour sue. —
 They kneeled together, linked their arms and stretch'd
 Their folded hands toward the mount of death,
 And Abraham raised his imploring voice: 450
 O Thou, but with what name divine shall I
 Address Thee first, Redeemer of the world?
 Or shall I rather name thee, the Delight
 And Glory of the Faithful? Son divine
 Of the Eternal Father! Inexpressive 455
 Have been my feelings since, at Bèthlehem,
 Thou of a mortal mother wert brought forth!
 Thy infant-cries, when thou didst weep in dust,
 Like potent thunder through the heavens resounded!
 Incomprehensive is thine incarnation! 460
 The Angels cannot fathom the profound!
 Yet, Dread Messiah, — the inspiring theme
 Of their celestial songs, — thou didst assume
 The nature of a brother unto man.
 They scarcely could thy greatness still discern, 465
 But thou didst purpose traversing the path
 Lone and sublime; thou didst resolve to die.
 And lo, thou hast approach'd the awful goal,
 Yon goal by thee from everlasting view'd,
 Long, long before existence I deriv'd. 470
 Adorable Redeemer, thou alone
 Couldst form the dread resolve, to die for man,
 To purchase with thy blood the life of all
 That ever will return from sin to Thee!
 Now thou art dying, fallen man to redeem! 475
 We still repress'd dolour and sympathy,
 For Thou art too exalted for concern.
 Nevertheless we feel the awful blow
 That death against thee aims, the universe
 Convulsing; we too feel th' inflicted blow! 480
 O have compassion on us, Thou sublime
 Eternal Mediator, lest, o'erwhelm'd,
 We sink beneath it! and still more I sue
 For those, who stand around thee in the dust,
 Who are yet more allied to dust than we, 485

Thus Abraham to the Redeemer pray'd:
 And both were silent: Isaac turned and said:
 Who are the souls whom yon Celestial now
 Is to the cross conducting? — While he spake,
 Th' effulgent host, like an unfolding morn,
 Came nearer to the cross. They had but newly
 Escaped their mortal mansions. They were souls
 From every nation, scattered o'er the globe.
 From pole to pole their bodies were consign'd
 To the devouring flame or to the grave.
 They, during their terrestrial career,
 Still to the secret impulse had been true,
 In human breast to rectitude inclining,
 And pure had been their lives, as far as such
 Of mortals can be said; but no divine
 Illuming light to them had e'er been sent,
 Conducted by the thoughtful Cherub, they
 Were still advancing, thousands, all absorb'd
 In sweet surprise, of the superior life
 The first sensation; and they all ador'd
 Th' Omnipotent. The Cherub to them turn'd
 His countenance. And Abraham perceiv'd,
 And all the Patriarchs, what, to the souls,
 Now hovering o'er the cross that was involv'd
 In shade nocturnal, the Immortal said,
 What ye behold, with all exploring pow'rs
 That are not by devout astonishment
 Suspended, still revolve it. None that is
 Of woman born, without the Mediator
 Who now bleeds for them on the cross, can see
 Th' Eternal. I unfold to you a truth,
 Which none of the Celestials e'er explor'd,
 Until th' event hath manifested all,
 Jesus, this is the name of the divine
 Redeemer, who doth sacrifice himself
 For sinful man to the Vindictive Judge:
 Behold, he is the Son of the Eternal,
 Born of a mortal mother, — here she stands,
 Disconsolate and mute, before the cross!
 She is the mother of the Son divine.
 His life, of sufferings a continued course;
 To pray, to teach and miracles to work,
 Was his pursuit: and now, — eternal bliss
 Is pending on it! — now he dies for all
 The ruined sons of Adam and for yon.

Had not he purposed, from eternity,
 To step between the human race and God;
 Ye now had been consign'd to th' awful doom,
 That doth await all those who spurn his grace.
 The Prescient God, who saw your earthly life 635
 Anterior to your being; he doth know,
 That ye with grateful joy would have receiv'd
 The bliss of the Redeemed, had to you
 Salvation been proclaimed, — had ye beheld
 The days on which the Gospel will be preach'd 640
 To all the world. In him, Immortal Souls,
 Ye are accepted by th' Omnipotent,
 The Being of all beings, the Creator
 And Righteous Judge of all immortal Spirits.
 Ye now are pure, pure in the sight of Him 645
 Whom ye, with fervent zeal, have sought to know,
 But did not know aright; He saw your tears,
 And heard the supplications that ye breathed,
 To be from sin relieved, though ye knew not:
 The full extent and bane of her destructions: 650
 He in the heavens, Immortal Souls, perceiv'd
 Your sore distress and heard your lamentations,
 That rued your being still by sin intbrall'd.
 And He, who now is bleeding on the cross,
 E'en then was interceding with the Father 655
 On your behalf, entreating that your pray'rs
 Might be regarded and your wounds be heal'd,
 Because ye all were wounded unto death,
 E'en death eternal. Prostrate, then, and worship
 Him who primal innocence restores, 660
 Your Saviour who bestows eternal life,
 The suffering Jesus, Son of the Most High,
 The Son divine of a mortal mother born.
 Affected inexpressibly with soft
 Concern and with a sweet astonishment, 665
 And feelings of immortal bliss; each soul
 Prostrate adored the Son, the merciful
 Redeemer who, before the worlds were made,
 Did cherish them in his eternal love.
 John's Guardian Angel Salem, and Selith, 670
 The Guardian Angel of Mary; when they saw
 The radiant train of souls with grateful fervour
 Adoring the Messiah, thus commun'd:
 How these, received to mercy, O Selith,
 Are with a sense of their felicity 675

Transported! and how the compassionate
 Redeemer's wounds still fill them with the peace
 Of everlasting life. Ah, now they are
 For evermore from toil and pain remov'd,
 Removed for ever from calamity, 580
 Awaiting those that dwell still on the earth.
 But our Beloved, overshadowed once
 With every grace and with celestial smiles
 Of mercy and of peace, so that, although
 They still were mortal pilgrims, they scarce knew 585
 The burthen of mortality: now, Oh, —
 How the afflicted mother's pallid cheeks,
 (Once with the ecstasy of friendship glowing,
 Now overspread with every mark of death!)
 How her depressed and grave-exploring looks 590
 Cloud the transcendent bliss that from these wounds
 Is streaming! O Selith, I feel the sword
 That pierces these lamenting hapless souls.
 I have, O Salem, seen a multitude
 Of suffering mortals, but I never saw 595
 E'en one who was afflicted like to these!
 Yet my concern and sympathy are mix'd
 With wonder. Oh, what object can create
 More wonder, than our seeing those who are
 Of God beloved, to such affliction subject? 600
 Yet my concern, and all my sympathetic
 Emotion, never can molest my peace;
 For oft in the extremity of dire
 Distress and sufferings, when th' afflicted scarce
 A beam of hope beheld, th' Eternal sends 605
 Consoling influence and alleviation.
 And if, O Salem, my desire to see
 These, Our Beloved, with the peace of God
 Again o'ershadowed, now deceived me not;
 I saw that the Divine Redeemer's eye 610
 Reviving consolation on them beam'd. —
 So spake the Seraph. And his thoughts were not
 Erroneous. The Redeemer's commiseration
 Tow'rd his afflicted mother and tow'rd John
 Could be no more repressed. Benign he look'd 615
 Upon them, and revived their drooping souls.
 With blessed import now his sacred head
 Tow'rd them inclining, the afflicted mother,
 With tremulous expectation and with fear
 And gladness, e'en as rising from the grave, 620

Now listening, lifted up her head. Anon
The voice of the Eternal Son descended:

My Mother, look on him as on thy son! —
To the Disciple, then: She henceforth is
Thy mother! — And, with tears of glad surprise 625
And thankfulness, both tow'rd each other turn'd.

But the expiring Saviour, still o'erwhelm'd
With th' awful judgment, suffered what the soul
To' imagine trembles; what no language, nor
Celestial tongues that sing before the Throne, 630
Are able to set forth. Profoundest silence
And pensive musings hover'd, dole, around
The hill of death. Incessantly the earth
In her deep caverns shook; but the convulsion
Was yet remote, confin'd to unexplor'd 635

Obscurities, — around Jerusalem
Not heard and not perceived. Th' earth's agitation
Had only once ascend'd to th' environs
Of the rebellious city. Yet a gloomy
And boding apprehension, still in dark 640
Futurity's uncertainty involv'd,
Yet onward swelling with impetuous ghast;
And silent dread of vengeance now, respecting
The blood that flow'd, impending; overwhelm'd
With terror all around the hill of death. 645

But th' earth's latent astonishment amid
A range of hoar nocturnal mountains trembled,
To which, that he might in the earth's obscure
Recesses mourn from Olivet remote,
The hapless Abbadona had inclin'd 650
His solitary flight. He rested on
A pendent rock and viewed, with vacant gaze,
The stream that near his foot precipitated,
And heard the thunder of the foaming flood
Which dashed, from precipice to precipice, 655
Of mountains hoar into the dun profound.
At once he feels beneath him powerful
Concussions; rocks around him, trembling, fall.
Th' earth's groan alarmed the wretched Abbadona. —
Doth of her echildren th' agitated earth 660
The ruin mourn? now weary to sustain,
In her maternal bosom, the corruption
Of all her sons, — an everlasting grave,
Still swelling with the dust of mouldering bones,
Internally terrific, though her fields 665

Are with the charms of vernal beauty' adorn'd?
Ah, or doth she bemoan yon holy, yon
Divine and awful person, whom I saw,
Amid the horrors of nocturnal gloom,
E'en at the mountain's basis, in the dust 670
Prostrating, writhing there in agony,
And suffering more than finite nature e'er
Was able to sustain? — Oh, what may be
His fate at present? Why do not I go
And see, what still may be awaiting him? 675
Is of the judgment the relentless hand
More near to me on earth than in these drear
Obscurities? Flee from it, I cannot;
And were I e'en the boundaries to' escape
Of the creation, still God's judgment would 680
O'erwhelm me. I will hence and see him; Yea,
I will behold the issue of those dire
And mystic sufferings, — wholly ascertain
The nature of this wonderful event.
But powerful hosts of Seraphim surround 685
Him ever; when, but late, I from him fled,
How me their presence suddenly dismay'd!
And if I were, with boldness, to assume
Of a Celestial the effulgent garb,
Venturing an happy Angel to appear; 690
Would not the vivid lightnings from the dread
Omniscient Judge, at once, destroy the vain
Deception? and the Angels see my Form
And Countenance, so ruined in the fall?
Yet Satan, th' author of th' apostacy, 695
He who with most egregious sins incens'd
The wrath of the Supreme and, of remorse
Devoid, in his rebellion still persists;
He oft assumes an happy Angel's garb!
I harbour not, in my distressful breast, 700
Unwarrantable purpose: but shall I,
Shall Abbadona still the garb assume
Of innocence? Ah, let me hide myself,
An Outcast as I am, in my forlorn
Condition, in my misery conceal'd. — 705
I purpose, then, 'not to' ascertain the end
Of these most wondrous sufferings? — how should I
Of those Celestials e'en abide the looks
And presence? — Such were Abbadona's doubts,
When he, from th' earth's obscure, himself constrain'd. 710

But scarcely had his foot attained th' earth's surface,
 When he with consternation trembled back.
 Because terrific night lower'd allaround. —
 At noon the earth, such were his thoughts, is deck'd
 Thus, with nocturnal and with fearful gloom! 715
 Is she for judgment likewise fully ripe?
 And shall she pass away? Th' Eternal's terrors
 Rest on her, she is smitten by the arm
 Omnipotent! and why? did she receive
 Yon wondrous Sufferer? Doth the Most High 720
 Demand him from her sons? — But, can he die?
 Each object, each idea still devolves
 Perplexity! Much better I attempt
 To see him, thus to' explore the wondrous maze,
 Than longer muse in this obscure rojourn 725
 And solitude, still dwelling on conjecture.
 While thus revolving, he stood on the brow
 Of lofty wood-land mountains and, amid
 The hovering gloom, explored with prying looks
 Surrounding scenes, desirous to discern 730
 Th' aspiring domes of Salem; and, at last,
 He from afar beheld them, much resembling
 Remains of ruin'd grandeur, over which,
 Convolv'd, nocturnal gloom and vapours swim.
 Now, trembling while he made the bold attempt, 735
 He the exterior beauty of an Angel
 Of light assumed, — the juvenile form with which
 He once illumed the blissful dales of peace.
 Yet the disguise bore only semblance faint
 To the transcendent lustre which, adorn'd 740
 His heavenly form anterior to the fall.
 Loose and refulgent tresses flowed, indeed,
 Down to his shoulders, and beneath the bright
 And waving ringlets golden wings resounded;
 From his angelic countenance serene, 745
 Beamed orient light: yet he could scarce repress
 The swelling tear. At last he winged his way,
 With fearful palpitation, tow'rd the fields
 On which terrific night lower'd most terrific.
 The deepest darkness, from the lowering heavens 750
 Descending, hovered o'er the hill of death.
 Now traversing the shores of the dead sea,
 He heard the direful noise of raging surges
 And, with the bellowing of the element, groans
 And lamentation of despair and torture. 755

Thus when an earthquake mighty cities shakes,
 One ripe for judgment, — through th' enormity
 Of guilt accumulated, now become
 Obnoxious to destruction, — with the burst
 Of sullen subterranean vengeance, cries 763
 Of anguish, heaving groans of death ascend:
 Once more the earth is with convulsion shook,
 And once again polluted sanctuaries,
 Temples profaned, and marble palaces
 With ruin fall, and from their too secure 765
 Inhabitants the groans of death ascend.
 Th' affrighted traveller, pale, exclaims and flees.
 Thus Abbadona heard the dead sea's roar,
 And yell of the apostates — judgment-smit;
 He recognized their voices, was amaz'd 770
 And fled the shores of horror. Winging still
 His dubious way, he slowly now approach'd
 The radiant circuit of the Cherubim.
 A sudden irresistible fear assail'd
 His heaving breast, when he descry'd the full 775
 Assemblage of Celestials who maintain'd
 Their falty in purity and love.
 His lucid garb near, in distortion dole
 And dreary gloom, had been dissolving. But
 The Angels, all immersed in contemplation 780
 Respecting the mysterious, awful death
 Of the Redeemer, saw not his approach.
 Eloah only his advance observ'd,
 Him recognized and thought within himself:
 Ah Thou, of God forsaken! — Will the sad, 785
 Lamenting Seraph see the dying Jesus?
 He saw his sufferings in Gethsemany,
 And comes again to see him; how forlorn,
 How hapless his condition, — to tormenting,
 Ceaseless remorse a victim! nearly since 790
 Th' epoch of his existence thus dissolv'd
 In rueful tears! — Jehovah! Righteous Judge!
 Thou dost accomplish what Thou hast decree'd. —
 And I, how can I wonder at his fate?
 Is not e'en Jesus, He, from whom th' Immortals 795
 Derived existence, to the cross transfix'd,
 The pangs of everlasting death to feel,
 To die the death of mortals? — Trembling he
 Sunk prostrate and to th' Awful Sufferer wept.
 Rising, he of th' Immortals beckoned one. 800

The Seraph stood before him: Thus Eloah:
 To th' Angels hasten and to the assembly
 Of Patriarchal souls, and thus impart:
 On tremulous and deviating wing
 Lost Abbadona hither tends his course. 805
 Should he to enter your assembly venture,
 Then suffer him. He comes with rueful tears,
 Th' expiring Mediator to behold.
 Command him not to flee, — allow him this
 Short lapse of torture. Sinners, more obnoxious 810
 Than he is, are collected round the cross.
 Still Abbadona round the bright' assembly
 Of Souls and Angels trembled, doubted, hover'd,
 Stood, soared aloft, was gliding on the ground,
 Would flee, and now again stood irresolv'd; 815
 At last he was confirmed and animated
 In the conclusion, that no Being less
 Than the Messiah could th' occasion be
 Of such solemnity as was display'd
 In this august assemblage of Celestials. 820
 And now he ventured to advance, and mix'd
 With the effulgent terrifying host.
 The Angels, turning and observing him,
 Beheld a fearful garb, a thin disguise,
 Dead smiles and an effulgence which beamed no 825
 Beatitude, deep long-established grief,
 An insurmountable sadness, Abbadona.
 With silent pity and commiseration
 They suffered his advancing. He approach'd
 The hill on which most sable darkness sunk; 830
 He saw them who were crucified, — he turn'd. —
 No, I will not behold them, will not see
 The agony of their expiring looks.
 Too deeply I am afflicted by their fate;
 Too sad are th' images they represent; 835
 Too loudly they accuse me to the Judge.
 A transient view of their inflicted wounds
 Already fires my breast with raging torture.
 Ah, wretched sons of Adam, hapless too,
 And guilty, so, that with egregious crime 840
 Your brethren still compel you, thus with dire
 Solemnity, before the face of day,
 In presence of assembled multitudes,
 Ye slay them! No, mine eye shall not behold
 How ye, inhumanly or justly, these 845

Consign to dire corruption. Doleful thought!
 Distressful contemplation of corruption,
 No, I will not the gloomy thought explore. —
 He whom I seek, ah, where shall I find him?
 Yea, this assemblage did not from the heav'ns 850
 In vain descend; they are encircling him;
 This is the sacred place of his dread presence.
 But where concealed? — Within Gethsemany
 The deepest gloom lower'd on the awful spot
 Where he lay prostrate: the most sable gloom 855
 Decks here the hill of death; and that is not
 A place that can be hallowed by his presence.
 Ah, that some one of th' Angels would point out,
 Where I might find him, — intimate to me,
 Where now he dwells! — Most hapless that I am! 860
 If this my consternation and dismay
 They should discover, and command my flight?
 No, they observe me not; in thought profound
 Respecting yon divine and awful person
 Immersed, to whom the Judge commissioned them, 865
 They note me not. Ah where, where may he be?
 Where shall I find him? Is he in the temple,
 Retired into the Holiest of Holies?
 Again prostrate in prayer? and shall no finite
 Intelligence his sufferings all behold? 870
 No finite Being see the blood that stains
 His countenance? — And yet the Angels gaze,
 If I indeed yet ascertain aright
 The object of their looks, they tow'rd this hill
 Gaze more intently than the temple's hight! 875
 Wretch that I am! yea, I am fallen so far
 That I may not mine eye, with shame depress'd,
 To these — Jehovah's faithful servants lift,
 Though in their splendour I to them appear. —
 He on the hill of death? Perhaps he there, 880
 Where malefactors, loudest testimonials
 Of man's degenerate state, bleed for their crimes;
 Perhaps he there completes what he resolv'd
 On earth to suffer, 'mong the mouldering bones
 Sunk prostrate, suing mercy from the Judge? — 885
 I must, then, turn my countenance again
 Toward the hill of death! — He turned, yet mov'd
 With fear on tardy wing, and sideward gaz'd,
 And searched with prying looks beneath the crosses.
 He there saw John. His looks accompany'd 890

The looks of the affectionate disciple,

The Saviour hung, amid the hovering gloom

His sacred head inclining; and his eye

Now, for a grave to rest in, seemed to search.

And Abbadona, from his first amaze 895

Recovering, he thought: It cannot be!

It is impossible! On the cross transfix'd,

To die? it cannot be! yet, O ye heav'ns,

I err not! I am not deceived! Yes, yes, 900

Him I behold who, in Gethsemany,

Did suffer more than finite Being e'er

Sustained! Judge inexorable, he bleeds,

A sacrifice to thee! — Abbadona sunk

Whith mute amazement lower in the gloom.

He now these thoughts indulg'd: Low in the dust 905

I will await the issue of this most

Mysterious, most inscrutable of judgments;

And, if a finite being may abide

The awful scene, abide to see him die,

The Sufferer divine, — What is this new, 910

This strange emotion kindled in my breast?

Is it the torpor of despondency,

Or can it be a glimmering beam of hope? —

Most cheering solace, hope to be destroy'd,

Annihilated! O deceive me not, 915

Sole consolation in my hapless state,

Prospect of being utterly destroy'd,

Deceive me not! I feel as though I dar'd

Sue to the Judge to be annihilated,

As though he would vouchsafe what long I crav'd! — 920

O Thou, Vindictive Judge, when on the cross

The Sufferer divine has howed his head,

And Thou, to' avenge our having been of sin

The authors and of having ruined man,

Inciting him to trespass thy commands; 925

If it be, then, thy purpose to devote

Some victims to the shade of him who died,

To be annihilated at his grave!

Ah, then select me also, me, who am

Of abject sinners the most guilty far; 930

Me Abbadona to be sacrific'd,

A victim at the grave of the divine

Messiah! Ah, then I shall be no more!

Shall feel no more the torture of nocturnal

Unquenchable flame! then I existed once 935

CANTO IX. *Klopstock's Messiah.*

259

And passed away for ever, utterly
 Extinct, not longer in the chain of beings,
 Forgotten by the Angels, by all Creatures,
 Forgotten by Jehovah! — Lo, I bow
 Submissive, God, to thine omnipotence! 940
 Judge of the world! with thine almighty pow'r
 Exterminate one who destruction sues!
 Or let me slumber into nonentity,
 Or extirpate me with thy living flame.

Such were his wishes, such his consolation,
 And such the hope he ventured to indulge;
 He joyed in prospect of such liberation,
 And was amazed at what he wish'd and sued.
 Now gliding o'er the dust, he to the cross
 And to th' expiring Saviour raised his eyes, 950
 And thought with every fleeting moment: Now,
 Now the Divine Redeemer breathes his last!
 And, with each thought, more gloomy terrors — now
 To be annihilated, him o'erwhelm'd.

He stood, with radiance visibly obscur'd,
 And strove th' effulgent vest still to retain. 955
 Thus agitated and with fear oppress'd,
 He turned his face and, near to him, observ'd,
 At one side of the cross which, in the midst
 Of th' other twain stood loftiest — most terrific,
 The splendour of the loved and dreaded Abdiel, 960
 Who was with him created. Swimming gloom
 Hid from him the Celestials whose effulgence
 Encircled him; the whole creation seem'd
 A limit for his being too confin'd;

965
 So he with sudden anguish was o'erwhelm'd
 And fearful apprehension, that the Seraph,
 His brother — once his friend, would recognize him.
 What in the ruinous fall he still retain'd,
 Of immortality and heavenly state, 970
 He all collected, to remain unknown.

And like some one, on sovereign heat dispatch'd,
 On mission to some sphere remote in scope's
 Immensitude, not able' on earth to stay;
 He turn'd to Abdiel, with winged accent saying: 975

Tell me, Beloved Seraph, thou perhaps
 Art more informed and dost the secret know:
 Which, is the awful hour, for the Divine
 Messiah's death appointed? I am hence
 To hasten; yet I also wish, with humble 980

Devotion, wheresoever I may be,
To solemnize th' eventful, sacred, most
Tremendous hour in which the Son expires.

Abdiel, in thought profound, averted stood.

But now he tow'rd the hapless Seraph turn'd 985

His countenance and said, with solemn fervour

By mild compassion softened: Abbadona! —

As instant paleness overspreads the face

Of blooming youth, by' a flash of lightening struck;

So black tartarean night o'erspread the fall'n 990

Abbadona's countenance. The Angels saw,

The Saints all witnessed how he stood obscur'd.

With speed he from their fearful presence fled.

When now beneath the distant heaven he sunk

Into a grove of palm, a human soul, 995

Amid the silent umbrage, more deform'd

And black than Abbadona, trembling rose.

The Seraphim and Souls beheld the coming

Deformity. Of the Celestials one

Said to another: Yon rejected soul, 1000

Who can it be, advancing hitherward?

How by the judgment branded! by the hand

Of everlasting death distorted! lo,

Of God forsaken! Yet she hither tends,

To our assembly! but, Beloved, I cease 1005

To wonder: seest thou not sublime Obaddon

Constraining her? It is the Traitor's Ghost! —

Th' Angel of death constrained the Outcast now

Still nearer to the cross; th' Immortals all 1010

Beheld him, — black, a spot in the dun night

That deck'd the earth, in anguish writhing e'en

As though, which way soever he inclin'd,

Swift lightning kindled over him, and th' earth

Beneath were opening, — one on him to hurl 1015

Th' avenging flame, and this into her depths

With equal rage indignant him to' ingulph:

Thus moved the Traitor's Ghost on tow'rd the cross.

Constrained, his eye was on th' Angel of death

Obaddon fix'd. As the Seraph's right hand

And, in his dreadful right, the flaming sword 2020

Injoining moved; so moved the sinner judg'd.

-And now Obaddon with the trembling wretch

On a pendent cloud stood and pronounced with stern

Commanding voice: Ingrate accursed, here see

Bethania! there the hut of Caiaphas! 1025

Yonder the house in which thou also didst
 Partake of the memorial of the Bless'd
 Redeemer's death! this is Gethsemany!
 And that, thy corse! — Thou tremblest? Vain is all
 Attempt to flee! — The Seraph now stretch'd forth 1030
 The flaming sword, tow'rd Calvary inclining:
 He, on that cross, enveloped most with night,
 Is Jesus Christ! He bleeds, he dies, and yields
 Himself th' atoning sacrifice to God,
 Man's life and death to sweeten, — from this death 1035
 Eternal, which thou dost experience now,
 Fallen man to wrest and, to beatitude,
 To raise him! Once these wounds, from which now flows
 The blood of the redemption, when he comes
 With all his saints to judge the world, will shine 1040
 With glorious effulgence. — Wretch accurs'd,
 Turn! — With despair oppress'd, the soul of Judas,
 Constrained, turned. Obaddon soon reliev'd
 The circle of the Blessed from the presence
 Of Judas. They already passed stars. 1045
 Th' inkenable expansion of the silent
 Creation terrified the Traitor, — fleet
 But painful thoughts of Omnipresent God
 Assailed and smote him. Long he trembled ere
 He ventured to address th' Angel of death: 1050
 Most terrifying of heavenly ministers,
 Destroy me with that lightning-darting sword,
 Nor force me to the presence of the Judge, —
 Conduct me not to his eternal throne! —
 Be silent and obey! — Th' Angel of death 1055
 Commanded and, more sternly, forced him on,
 At last on one of the refulgent suns,
 To which the flaming sword directed, stood
 Iscariot, Obaddon at his side.
 From far the Seraph pointed out the heav'n 1060
 Of the Most High, and the most manifest
 Of everlasting glories, and the place
 Where his dread presence the Most High reveals.
 Although the Judge supreme was now enthron'd
 In majesty appalling; although now 1065
 The hallelujahs of eternal life,
 Festive solemnity of all the Just
 Around the throne of heaven, were not heard;
 Heaven was not less the worthy residence
 Of Deity; and to the Blessed who 1070

Are habitants of the celestial realms,
That glory, inconceivable to man,
Was not diminished, nor their bliss impeded.

This is, Obaddon to the Traitor said,
This is the heaven of majesty divine, 1075
Where the Eternal manifests his glory,
Which he in mercy doth to all reveal,
That love him in the spirit and in truth!
God doth at present hide his countenance
From finite beings. On that throne of night, — 1080
Fall down, despair and tremble! — On that throne,
Which now with hallowed night is shrouded, such
As thy new sight hath ne'er descri'd, terrific;
At other times we there behold his glory.
Yon hill which thou discern'st afar, — it is 1085
Named Sion. It is the celestial hill
On which the Son — who was, before the world
Existed, slain for man, — will often deign
In mercy to appear to all the Saints
That were through sufferings in their earthly course 1090
Perfected. Twelv of yonder golden thrones,
That blaze on Sion like the radiant suns,
The Great Awarder for the Saviour's Twelv
Disciples hath reserved. Traitor, on them
They are to judge the world. Thou hast been one 1095
Of the Messiah's followers — his disciple! —
Wail not, do not annihilation sue;
Vain are thy lamentations, vain thy suings,
Behold, as many glories as from hence
Thou see'st of heaven, so many are the tortures 1100
Laid on thee from the Judge. In vain thou striv'st,
Wretch, to withdraw, or to avert thine eye!
Learn thou to know th' omnipotence of God.
Immovable like a rock, not by the storm,
Nor by the agitated ocean shook; 1105
Thou shalt stand here to view eternal glories! —
To' exalt his faithful followers to this bliss,
The Saviour dies on the ensanguined cross.
With this the Seraph left the outcast soul,
Advancing nearer to the heavenly realms, 1110
And he on one of th' ambient suns prostrates,
To worship. He returns from the profound
Devotion to the Traitor who, transfix'd,
Stood and beheld, and felt eternal death.

Wretch, turn! To the infernal regions now. 1115

I lead thee, thine eternal dwelling-place. —
Thus thunders speak, — so spake th' Angel of death,
And hastened. They approached th' infernal gulph,
And heard from far sounds of confusion dire,
Redounding still from the precincts of God's 1120
Benign creation, 'mid the outmost stars
Diminishing until they die away.
Th' infernal gulph rolls in the space which God
In scope's immensitude for it assign'd,
Not subject to the order of progressive, 1125
Swift, or retarded motion: now it bounds
At once aloft, then, with precipitance
Sinks: Such are the commands of the Supreme,
Thus to inflict, with flames more vehement,
On the inhabitants of the abyss 1130
Fresh death and torment when they still provoke
Vindictive wrath with piling guilt on guilt.
When they approached, hell just was bounding upward.
The Outcast now and his Constraining Guide
The bounds of God's benign creation left, 1135
Descending to the gate of the abyss.
Th' Angel of death who guards th' infernal gulph,
Knows great Obaddon and sees, at his side,
The Perpetrator striving to escape.
But onward him the flaming sword impels. 1140
The Ruling Seraph, stationed at th' abyss,
With grating thunder and with harsh recoil,
Opes wide the gate of hell. Were mountains pil'd
Upon eachother in the hideous gap,
They would not stop the passage, would but render 1145
It rugged. Th' Angel of death Obaddon here
With th' Outcast stood. No tract leads to the dire
Infernal depths. Rocks, cleft by liquid flame,
Roll craggy far and wide. Amazement stands
Appall'd, pale, dumb and dizzy and, with far 1150
Projecting eyes, the dire nocturnal deep
Aghast surveys. At this tremendous grave,
Where death ne'er sleeps, the Minister of vengeance
Divine, with Thee, Judas Iscariot
A Traitor, stood! — The Seraph said, averted, 1155
The flaming sword was downward pointing: This
Is the abode of all the Damn'd, and thine!
That earth-born sinners may not suffer this
Eternal death, Jesus dies on the cross.
So saying, he precipitates the Outcast 1160

Into th' abyss, — speeds, soars at once aloft
 From the infernal regions, passes worlds,
 Again approaches Golgatha, the altar
 Of th' Awful Sacrifice and stands, awaiting
 New mandate from Omnipotence incens'd.

1165

Klopstock's Messiah.

CANTO X.

I am advancing still on th' awful path,
 Approaching nearer still the Saviour's death,
 Ah, were not it the death of wondrous love, —
 Which love divine embraced before the world
 Existed; with the subject overwhelm'd 5
 Of th' awful contemplation, I should sink.
 On each side I a precipice behold!
 This, on my left: I shall not sing the great
 Messiah with presumption! — on my right:
 I shall attune, with due solemnity, 10
 My song! and I am dust! — O Thou, whose blood
 Was flowing on the hight of Golgatha,
 Whose omnipresence still encompassed me, —
 Thou art informed of my most latent thought!
 Thou knowest my thoughts ere forming in the mind, 15
 No word dwells on the tongue, unknown to Thee.
 My God, my Saviour! lead me farther on,
 And when I with unsteady pace advance,
 Vouchsafe thy pardon! Of thy heavenly light
 A gleaming beam, — an atom of thy grace, 20
 Unto thy servant who for knowledge thirsts
 And for instruction, is exuberance.

Down from the Throne of heaven, that ever beam'd
 Visible glory, but stood shrouded now
 With night appalling, lone, none worshipping 25
 Around it, save that on it's lowest step,
 That trembled, of th' Angels of death the First
 Who, in expectance fearful, wrung his hands
 And, kneeling, upward looked with rueful gaze:
 Down from the Throne, with stedfast countenance, 30

Jehovah on the bleeding Saviour look'd.
 Through the with radiance vested dust, the suns,
 And through the more obscure parts of the mute
 Creation, light-reflecting globes; with looks
 Not understood, not felt, except by him, 35
 On whom they streamed, th' Eternal Eye was fix'd
 On Jesus. He the awful import feels,
 Knows that the Father, that Vindictive Justice
 Is not yet reconciled, not yet pleas'd;
 Knows, feels it, feels it with th' approach of death 40
 Beyond the power of utterance and of thought.
 Each sphere with every latent prowess shook.
 More rueful, still with more solemnity,
 More silent the Immortals stand around;
 Beholding all how, with more deadly hue, 45
 Increase of anguish still oppressed the Son.
 His languid eye, that now began to break,
 Threw faint extinguishing looks on his grave
 Which, facing Golgatha, in lonely rock,
 Beneath the shade of hoary trees, was hewn. 50
 There shall my body soon repose in death! —
 Such were the thoughts of Jesus, while his looks
 Were cast on the sepulchre: E'en for this
 I did a body of mortal mould assume.
 It shall not be subjected to corruption, 55
 Yet it shall in the shade of death repose.
 My Father, wipe the tears of those that weep
 Around me then, and, reconciled to man,
 Have Thou compassion on them; lo, they mourn
 And weep for Thine Only-begotten Son! — 60
 And do extend thy mercy unto them
 When, by divine decree, their last hour comes.
 And have compassion, Holy Father, e'en
 On all that shall believe in thine eternal,
 Thine only Son who bleeds and dies for man; 65
 Commiserate their distress when, in this faith,
 They also feel the potent hand of death.
 I feel it, ah, I feel the hand of death!
 With terrors from th' Eternal it assails me!
 Yea, in the hand of the Omnipotent 70
 It is a sword! terrific! — They, indeed,
 Will not experience terros I have felt,
 For they are finite; yet, a single drop
 From th' ocean into which I now immerse,
 Can with death's terrors overwhelm their souls. 75

Some of them, such is thy divino decree,
 Some of them, Heavenly Father, will recline
 Their heads in gentle slumber; but, O Father,
 Some, even some of thy Beloved, will
 See death in all his terrors. Father, Father! 80
 Have mercy on them when in th' anguish, they,
 Of dissolution, when in the last conflict
 They sue to Thee for succour and relief.
 On those who, through abundant tribulation,
 The goal of their terrene career attain'd; 85
 Who great adversity experienced, yet
 Deny'd not Thee; and who, devoid of guilt,
 Were slandered by the wanton and the base;
 Who, faithful to their friends, did bless their foes;
 Who, in their actions, constantly display'd 90
 Humility, fidelity fraternal,
 Truth, philanthropy; those who still remain'd
 Unblinded by distinctions, honours, greatness
 And affluence, and constantly employ'd
 To purposes benign and good their means, 95
 Not ostentatious with the good they did;
 All who, according to their various gifts
 By Thee bestowed, each opportunity
 Embraced, which providence afforded them,
 Thy honour to display and, with unfeign'd 100
 Affection and with singleness of heart,
 Served Thee on earth: O Father, have compassion
 And mercy on them when their last hour comes!
 When they approach the verge of th' earthly life,
 Their eye also begining now to break, 105
 Corruption th' earth-formed body, — the Creator
 Th' immortal soul now claiming; then vouchsafe
 Thy consolation to them, and endue
 Them with the Spirit that ejaculates
 Unutterable prayer till, infinitely 110
 Above what they did sue or comprehend,
 Thou hearest them, — until Thou dost exalt
 And introduce them to thine endless bliss.
 God of compassion, God of love, my Father!
 Look on these swelling wounds, this blood-stained wreath 115
 Of piercing thorn, my temples compassing;
 Look on my dying anguish; look on all
 I suffered, suffer, and shall farther suffer;
 Look on my love to Adam's ruined race,
 Which prompted me to this humiliation, 120

To die, to die on the ensanguined cross,
 Thus to complete what, by inviolable
 Decree was purposed, — mortal man's salvation:
 And hear me, and let those, for whom I die,
 E'en to the end be faithful unto me! 125
 Grant hope to them in their expiring hour,
 And then bestow the victor's great reward. —
 Such were the supplicating thoughts of Him,
 Who died for th' expiation of man's guilt
 Anterior to th' existence of the worlds, — 130
 The Lord, allgracious, merciful, long-suffering,
 Benign, full of compassion; — the eternal
 Hightpriest prayed thus to his Eternal Father,
 When he entered the Holiest of Holies.
 But now the dying Saviour turned his eye, 135
 Of love to man expressive, to the lake
 Of dealy waters, where Adramelech
 And Satan, with amazement dire, lay crush'd.
 O'erwhelming terrors, on impetuous wing
 To the nocturnal depths of the dead sea 140
 His looks attended. The Apostates both
 To th' utmost verge of utter misery sunk,
 And the denunciation, once pronounc'd
 In Eden: Christ should bruise the serpent's head,
 Was now accomplish'd. Since high on the cross 145
 The Saviour bled, the Spirits of the deep
 Were with the Victor's judgments overwhelm'd,
 Especially Satan and Adramelech.
 The Archapostate, in his torment crushing
 One of the subterranean rocks, scarce able 150
 With low and stammering yell to utter words,
 At last began: Hah, feelst Thou what I feel?
 These quenchless torments inexorable,
 Which still pour death on death, eternal death,
 With e'er increasing fury and alarm, 155
 Into the deep'ts recesses of my vitals?
 Behold, thou blasphemous, most execrable
 Eternal sinner judg'd, — I, like thyself,
 A blasphemous, an execrable, eternal
 Judg'd sinner; thou shalt see their hideous shapes. 160
 Although the images of lowest hell
 Are insufficient wholly to display
 The torments that assail me; yet I will,
 As far as I am able, Fiend accurs'd,
 Show them to thee. Perhaps, if thou art not 165

So wholly miserable as myself:
 Detail of what I feel shall thee o'erwhelm
 With more amaze 'than thou hast ever seen!
 And boding fears and gloomy apprehension
 Of torments yet reserved, shall bow thee down. 170
 See: misery has cast me down so low,
 That I no longer can derive malignant
 Delight, from seeing that thou also art
 Tormented! Never have I been abas'd
 As now I am! See, I am e'en constrain'd, 175
 With all my rage, to' acknowledge that he is
 Omnipotent! he is omnipotent!
 He is! And I, what, what am I? The black'st,
 Most hideous monster of th' infernal deep!
 Below them all I am cast down, and hell 180
 Lies on me! all his judgments light on me!
 And, did he into this nocturnal grave
 E'en deign to dash me with his thunders down? —
 A Seraph did our instant flight injoin!
 Precipitant we fled! And in whose name 185
 Did the Celestial herald bid us flee? —
 Ah, what is this! this trepidation which
 Assails me, threatening still to overwhelm
 Me with more judgment? No, I may not utter
 His awful name! and now perhaps he dies! 190
 Perhaps he now expires, he, in whose name
 We fled, and whom on earth we persecuted!
 Increasing darkness, still more night o'erwhelms me!
 Not e'en a faint and transient gleam of light
 Beams forth from this mysterious event! 195
 O misery! and I it's victim doom'd!
 E'en of the hope, to be annihilated, —
 E'en of this dire, tormenting, feeble hope
 I, an eternal outcast, am depriv'd!
 Ye worlds, and thou, O heaven, to chaos turn, — 200
 To night, to hell! Fall on me, from the ire
 Vindictive hide me of omnipotence! —
 Adramelech, th' imperious, now crush'd,
 With gasping anguish and with looks of blank
 Despondence, scarce could answer: Help, assist, 205
 Assist me, Satan! See, I am constrain'd
 Thine aid to sue! I worship thee, if thou
 Desir'st it, Hideous Monster! (while he roar'd,
 With iron grasp he th' Archapostate seiz'd)
 Assist me, execrable black revolter. 210

I feel the vengeance of eternal death!
 I once, with fervid and infuriate hatred,
 Could hate thee, but I cannot hate thee now!
 This also is oppressive torment! Oh,
 How I am crush'd! I fain would on thee heap 215
 Infernal maledictions, and I cannot, —

Would load thee with my curses, for entreating
 Thee to assist me; I perhaps should find.
 Some small alleviation in my venting
 My vengeful and inflamed malevolence 220
 On thee in curses! But I strive — I strive! —
 He roar'd, stamp'd, ceas'd, fell back, lay prone and mute.

So these lay vanquished by the Awful Victor's
 Omnipotence which smote, with far-stretch'd arm,
 All the infuriate Demons of the deep. 225
 And lowest hell resounded with the yell
 And lamentation of despair and torment.

But, O donot develope any more,
 Fond Visitant of Sion! the infernal
 Depths of despair and misery. Scenes benign 230
 Of holy sadness, — of the awful death,
 Which to the christian, in th' expiring hour,
 Consoling influence yield, ope to thy view.

The Saviour turned his eye from the dead sea,
 And looked upon the hosts which, on all sides, 235
 Surrounded him, stood, wrapp'd in thought profound,
 Gazed, kneeled, adored and wept. And Jesus felt
 A powerful emotion of divine
 And never-dying love. His gracious looks
 Were fix'd especially on the host of souls 240
 Who never yet inhabited the dust,

Ne'er rendered yet a tabernacle of earth
 A holy mansion. For, a grand and festal
 Epoch was now approaching, which would bless
 The earth at once with many noble souls, 245
 Who would bestow their powers to ductilize
 And luminate revolving centuries.

Fame of their noble actions did, indeed,
 Not always flow with passing ages down
 The stream of time; yet powerful influence 250
 Of their example, which th' observing friend
 Stored in the memory and imparted, glad,
 To his descendants; intervolved their deeds
 With those of late posterity, — although
 Their progress latent, their effect was sure. 255

A pebble thus, whirled from the verdant bank,
 Sinks in the silent lake but, edding, spreads
 Small waves in long succession on the surface.
 But priorly unto the festal hour
 In which the Angels led them to their birth 260
 Into the mortal life, one of the noblest
 Among them, to unfold her thoughts began.
 A beam of heavenly light, that was design'd
 To be a lamp unto her path on earth,
 Descended gently on th' immortal mind. 265
 These were the thoughts she ventured to indulge:
 I feel it more and more, he is the Son
 Of the Eternal! Powerful and countless
 And radiant as the sons of starry fields
 From which we come, and yet their influence 270
 Benign and mild, are th' inscrutable thoughts
 That from his countenance divine beam forth.
 But from th' appearance of our friends, the Angels,
 How different his appearance, — ah, his form
 Bears great resemblance to the form of those, 275
 Collected round him, nominated men!
 Yet they donot resemble him, except
 In person. In their countenance I read
 A lowering gloom, something ignoble', averse
 To the Creator! ah, who can they be, 280
 Who bear the name of men? We also shall
 Be men, and shall be vested, as they are,
 With bodies that expire and turn to dust, —
 Which live a transient interlapse on earth,
 Thence to approach more near to the Most High! 285
 Doth there exist an other human race,
 For which we by our great Creator are
 Appointed? Or are these the sons of Adam?
 If these be Adam's progeny, then they
 Are all our kindred, and will be our brethren. 290
 And yet I think this cannot be the earth
 Which I beheld when Adam was created.
 More beauteous was the earth which then I saw,
 And more with light invested. — Thy decrees,
 O Father, be accomplished! God and Father 295
 Of Angels and of men, Thy Will divine
 Be evermore accomplished! Thy Will also,
 Son of the Father! — Of all things abstruse,
 This is most inconceivable to me:
 Thou, Son of the Eternal, Thou dost suffer! 300

Mysterious! and where Thou art transfix'd,
There, higher than that hill, a passing life
From thine expanded body seems to flow.
And ye, ye Angels, ever wont to answer
And solve my questions, ye are silent now! 305
Yet I perceive within me, that thy life,
Thy streaming life and drooping of thy head,
Thou Sufferer divine, concern me much,
And are perhaps important more to me
Than to the Angels. Inexpressibly 310
I love him! Yea, I love him with more fervour
Than I have ever loved. Ah, if he could
Regard me with that fervour of affection,
With which I am constrained to look on him;
He would perhaps conceal that blemish, fall'n 315
Upon me, when I too participated
Th' aspiring pride of Adam and of Eve;
Perhaps would deign, for me to intercede
To his Eternal Father, pardon me,
And raise me to the presence of our God! — 320
Complete thine every purpose, God, with me
Thy creature! These most fervid, ever-felt
And pious cravings after ultimate
Felicity, Thou wilt replenish! Thou
God, to thy creature art felicity! 325
Approach to Thee is everlasting bliss.
Such were th' effusions of th' immortal mind,
Nor was the pious contemplation vain.
Jehovah who, oft from afar, prepares
His distant purposes, he deign'd to form 330
Th' immortal soul thus for the life of short
Probation, and for the eternal state.
Time now on joyful wing his course pursued.
Th' appointed hour, the hour whose swift revolve
None save the Angels craved, none solemniz'd 335
Save Angels; now approach'd. Around the cross,
With fervid expectation, silent stood
The future Guardians of the souls who now
Were to commence their mortal course on earth.
The Guardians, trembling with solicitude 340
And fearful gladness, stand. From the divine
Redeemer's eye, in the mean time, proceeds
The great injunction and, with the command,
A benediction from their dying friend:
Go, live, believe, prevail! I loved you 345

Anterior to th' existence of the world.

The Angels led them forth. Fond Visitant
Of Sion, state how, in their pilgrimage
On earth, according to their various gifts,
They did devote themselves to the divine } 350
Redeemer. And reveal the grand effect
Of those new feelings that pervaded them,
When they beheld the Saviour on the cross;
Not deviating from the path of truth
But, growing still in grace, unfolded how 355
The christian should his mortal life employ,
Th' exalted life of mercy to ensure,
Of mercy from the Saviour's death deriv'd.

One of the most distinguished souls among
The blessed host, Timotheus, noble youth, 360
Was thine. Thou hadst not seen the years of manhood
When thou, with fervid faithfulness, with zeal
And piety, didst a congregation guard. —
With gladness he received the blessed doctrine
Of the Messiah's death and resurrection. 365
The Saviour's chosen servant who appos'd,
Undaunted, all the lofty heights that rose
Against the lore of Jesus — Conqueror
Of death and hell, — the Great Apostle Paul
Brought the glad tidings out of th' awful blaze 370
Of light which terrified him from on high.
The amiable soul of th' ardent youth,
Trembling with joy, received eternal life;
Taught it to thousands; thousands in his death
Instructed when, beneath the murderer's sword, 375
He fell, firm to the end, a lamp amid
The congregation and, like Paul and Cephas,
A testimonial signal, powerful.

Jesus will once, in presence of the whole
Assembly of the dead, pronounce the names 380
Of all his faithful followers and, therewith,
Bestow on them the most exalted honour.
Antipas did receive this great reward
Of Jesus' followers early. For the Judge
Vindictive of the world, when, from the Isle 385
Of Patmos, he pronounced the judgment stern
On straying congregations, uttered thine
Immortal name, Antipas! For thou didst
Inflexibly, with pure and ardent zeal,
Love the Redeemer even unto death. 390

With tears of holy transport Hermas sung
 In psalms the Mediator who expir'd,
 Rose, and to heaven ascended; e'en the Son
 Of the Most High, who looks with tenderness
 On frail and mortal man; the Son divine 396
 Who raised the dead and, once, will judge the world.

His psalms were sung, in solitary caves,
 By christians who, by influence divine
 Invoked, separated from the holy brethren,
 And to the higher company of saints 400
 Perfected, soon by death were introduc'd,

Phebe forsook the limits which her sex
 Prescribes and, e'er desirous good to do,
 And Souls for God to win, with fervid zeal
 She sought, the congregation how to serve: 406
 To alleviate the affliction of the poor;

To aid the sick; the dying to instruct,
 And comfort them with solace from on high, --
 Announcing, with prophetic accent, you
 Exalted song which 'at the Throne resound 410
 Of the Eternal Son, and (for she was
 Already happy in her present life)

Pointing unto th' inheritance of the Just,
 She showed to them the palms reserved for all
 Who conquer. Jesus' love constrained her thus. 416
 She was not known to many of the Pious,
 But she was known to th' Angels of the Lord,
 And to the souls of all the righteous dead.

At last Herodion, from all doubts and vain
 Philosophy himself to extricate, 420

Succeeded; to the most sublime of all
 Instuctors came and saw, he was not less
 Distinguished by unprecedented deeds
 Of wonder than by truth, in his revealing 425
 To mortal man the Will of the Most High:
 Saw that, to know and do the Will divine,
 Leads to the source of all substantial bliss.

Darksome and drear and thorny were the paths
 Of his abstruse inquiries ere the light,
 Which from on high beamed round him, he attain'd; 430
 How sad and how distressful to the soul
 Were all his contemplations till he saw
 How human knowledge in the scale is light,
 And heavenly wisdom how preponderate.

The fervent prayers of Epaphras prevail'd. 435

Found worthy to experience, with Paul,
 For the Redeemer's sake, in heavy bonds
 Th' infuriate tyrant's rage; his supplications,
 Without remission, for the church ascended.
 The blessings of his prayers, especially, 440
 Streamed on the congregation of Colosse, —
 His dear and loving brethren. While he was
 Among them, he' indefatigably watch'd,
 And laboured and contended for their weal.
 Nor were his great exertions not rewarded. 445
 The congregation flourished and bore fruits
 Of sanctity, of faithfulness and truth.
 The fervent zeal and prayers of Epapbras
 In Laodicea likewise long maintain'd
 Some few ingenuous souls who still adher'd, 450
 Faithfully, to the Crucified Redeemer.
 At last, however, Laodicea sunk
 Into a torpid laxness. Thus it lay
 When Jesus' prophet, forth from Patmos, sent
 Their sentence, uttered by the awful Judge. 455
 Yet this still with inviting mercy teem'd.
 They still might flee from death! they still might live!
 White garments still to them were pointed out,
 With which they might be vested, and the crowns
 Of victory were still to be obtain'd. 460
 The gentle Persis, God, through unreveal'd
 Affliction, led to everlasting rest.
 But with her tears of sorrow, tears of high
 Condolence intermingled, when in pray'r
 She, silent, lifted up her hands to God. 465
 Not by the love of praise or fame impell'd,
 The partial and lukewarm reward of great
 And noble actions, (often too, alas,
 E'en persecution, basking serpent-tongued
 Base calumny!) Apelles walk'd the path 470
 Of virtue. Neither did he strive to gain
 The honour of the Sage's approbation.
 For oft he pondered how the noble Sage,
 With views expanded, deep in his research
 And scrutinizing, in experience 475
 Profound, — was insufficient, still, to see
 The motive of his actions, — could discern
 The action only, like th' exterior frame, —
 Th' incitement, like the soul, remaining hid.
 The consciousness that God his actions saw, 480

And contemplation of the great reward
Reserved for all the Just, determined him,
When he to act, or not to act, resolv'd.

The merit by which Flavius Clement was
Distinguished, rose not from his resolutely
Withdrawing from the pageantry and pomp,
Which kinsmanship to Cesar round him threw;
The tyrant's power was easily despis'd:

But when more sage and estimable men
Laid to his charge that he to honour's call,
To fame and to his country was estrang'd;
And he persisted, though his noble soul
Acutely felt the vehement reproof,

The more exalted duties to discharge
Devolving on the christian, duties which
He still considered of preponderant
Importance; he, as far as mortals can,
Rendered himself worthy of the martyr's crown.
He gladly had display'd those noble deeds,
Which taught the pious, nearer to the throne.

But knowing that they were not understood
By sycophants and lordly dominators,
And that his labours for the weal of men
Would prove abortive there: he, manfully,
From courtly state absented, exercis'd
Benevolence where he could and, thus, devoted
Himself to contemplation of the hour
Of dissolution and th' immortal life.

Lucius, although in multiplicity
Of various and momentous cares involv'd,
Yet not perplex'd; discharged with fervent zeal
All christian obligations: neither vain
Of what he did, nor with despondence sad
Depressed, when he experienced no benign
Result from his exertions. Wisely frugal,
And studious to allot his time, he ne'er
Lack'd hours for meditation and for pray'r.
And thus he passed into eternal life.

Ye Damsels, may the virtues of Tryphena
Excite your emulation. Likewise ye
Among Unbelievers live. Tryphena lov'd
With that exalted passion which is virtue.
Whate'er is comely and of high esteem
Deserving, did characterize the youth;
But he remained a pagan, and resolv'd

As such to die. She apprehended much
 From eloquent persuasion, — more from his
 Affection, — all from her regard for him.
 She conquered this! and tranquil joys rewarded
 Her pious resolution, not to plunge 530
 Into such jeopardy th' immortal soul.

Not dazzled with the splendour of this world,
 Not captivated by those trifling things
 Which often e'en entangle pious souls,
 And from which without difficulty none 535
 Can extricate when once they are allur'd;
 Linus or with the Searcher of all hearts,
 Or with his friends communing, ever strove
 Mankind to judge according to that wisdom
 With which, Inspired Volume, Source of all 540
 Exalted contemplation and of every
 Sublime emotion, thou dost judge each action.
 In prospects of the glorious resurrection
 Absorbed, he saw no terrors in the grave.

By Trajanus' commands, who therewith stain'd 545
 His nobler heart, Ignatius was led forth,
 A victim of the persecutor's rage.
 Condemn'd to die, Ignatius joyous bore
 Th' ignominy of his crucified Redeemer.
 Let no illiberal and ungenerous 550
 Reproach presume to charge his noble soul,
 With having sought too ardently those honours,
 That crown the Martyr's brows! None, save the sons
 Of phrensy and iniquity can strive
 With too much ardour for the martyr's wreath. 555
 Ignatius, as in life so in his death,
 Shone luminant. He by example taught,
 How christians should their latest hour employ, —
 How those who have attained the final goal,
 Though weary and exhausted, should exhort 560
 To vigilance and perseverance all
 Who are contending for the great reward.
 Those of the brethren who, once more to see
 And bless him, mournfully attended him,
 He fortified for everlasting life. 565
 Those whom his swimming eyes, that wept for joy,
 Not longer saw, them by his messages
 He still exhorted and consoled and rous'd
 To the Redeemer's love, until he enter'd
 The scene of death, where he by beasts was torn. 570

The youthful Claudia's parents, pagans both,
Remained such, and her kindred were the same.
A man of true integrity, her father;
Her mother gentle, amiable all
Her brothers and her sisters. Claudia lov'd
Them tenderly, and with affectionate
Regard by all was cherished; yet she liv'd
A christian, and retained her faith in death.

575

Amplias, wholly from the world retir'd,
(Retirement from the tumult of the world
Is not at all times misanthropic mood;)
United with an humble consciousness

580

Of human frailty, persevering zeal
To live, as man is able, after yon
Amazing and profound commandment: Be
Ye perfect even as your God is perfect. —
From amid the blaze of mansions glorious
In heavenly realms, in which the victors dwell,
This heavenly light beams on the sons of earth.
Amplias gazed, with ne'er-averted eye,
Up to the narrow gate, through which it beams.
He climbed and persevered and finally,
With doubtful steps, the narrow pass attain'd.

585

590

The dazzling circle of Grecian wisdom Phlegon
Had measured, and he was the Lord of large
Possessions: but nor could abundant wealth
Depress him to voluptuousness, nor yet
His learning ostentation vain excite.

595

The balm of his benevolence latent flow'd
Where-e'er he walk'd. He succoured the Sick,
The Naked he apparelled, and bestow'd
Moreover faithful counsel and advice
To the in mind afflicted, — bounty more
Essential and important, to the more
Afflicted than the naked and the sick:
Consolance and instruction to the mind,
With error and perplexity involv'd.

600

605

And many wavering christians he brought back
To the Redeemer, back into the path
That leads to everlasting bliss — to heav'n,
Nor from mere modesty, but from a real
Humility, of earthly wisdom he

610

Seemed nought to know. Jesus, Jesus alone
He seemed to know, Jesus the Lord, the Saviour,
The Friend and true support in life and death.

615

But when into the gloomy maze of doubt
 And musings dole, a feeble brother stray'd;
 Then the exhaustless fount of knowledge flow'd
 In streams, until the thirsting wanderer
 Again looked up, abundantly refresh'd.

620

By nature gentle, more so still from duty,
 Tryphosa was the tenderest of mothers.
 Her numerous children she, with diligence,
 Instructed in the faith of the divine
 Redeemer: And unwearied, with the arts
 Of wisdom, she performed the work assign'd,
 And was a pillar in the congregation,
 Unconscious of her being so distinguish'd.
 Her last son scarce was born when she expir'd.
 She supplicated; Ah, to rear him too! —
 And wept, and died. — A blessing from on high
 Descended on her children. Th' elder one
 Became th' instructor of the youngest brother.
 He died a martyr. Seraphim conducted
 Him from the arms of death to her embrace,
 The tender and affectionate mother wept,
 But not such tears as at the open grave.

625

630

635

Not to avenge our wrongs, nor when revenge
 Were justice, this is noble; e'en to love
 Th' Offender, is sublime; to cherish him, —
 To render him the object of conceal'd
 Benevolence, is divine, 'Tis what thou didst, —
 I utter thy great name, with reverence I
 Repeat thy name, Erastus! — Unto her,
 Celestials rose on their effulgent thrones,
 When the exalted soul was brought to God.

640

645

These were the souls whom now their Guardians hence
 Conducted, from the dying Saviour's cross,
 Into the short probationary life,
 Descending from the Mount of Olives, they
 Came to Gethsemany. When they attain'd
 The palms beneath whose umbrage Jesus first
 The judgment entered, all felt tremulous awe,
 Those of the patriarchal souls who stood
 Beneath the silent shade, with inmost love
 And heavenly emotion blessed them.
 Simeon and he who had been worthy found
 The Saviour to baptize and see the Spirit
 On him from heaven descend, and hear the voice
 Of God, that spake from blazing clouds of God;

650

655

660

The Son of Amos, of the Sacrifice
 Th' exalted prophet, e'en Ezekiel,
 Seer of the resurrection, — he exclaim'd:
 Ye mouldering bones, give ear! — A sudden noise
 Spread over all the fields, — the dead awoke; 665
 Noah, whom the Eternal righteous found;
 Lot, Samuel, Aaron and Melchisedeck,
 God's prophet priest and king; the loving brothers,
 Joseph and Benjamin; and with their mother
 The seven sons, all martyrs; Jonathan 670
 With David, but these from each other stood
 Averted, lest the sadness of the one
 Should kindle sadness in the other's breast;
 Miriam, and thou, Deborah who, in strain
 Celestial, sung the Son of the Most High. 675
 Simeon now turning unto John sublime:
 Bless'd Souls, into the covenant receiv'd
 Of mercy, go: The Lord of hosts is with you!
 His fostering care attends you evermore.
 And may ye many to salvation bring. 680
 May gentleness and true benevolence,
 By your example be among the sons
 Of Adam ever more and more diffus'd, —
 Benevolence exalted more and purer,
 Than such, mere wisdom of the world inculcates. 685
 O John, how charming is their destiny!
 And their reward, how great and how sublime!
 Did not thy soul, the righteous train beholding,
 Within thee burn? doth not the blessed object
 Alleviate the dejection, from the hill 690
 Of death down on us streaming? — Ending thus,
 He still beheld the countenance of John,
 Who answered. — Had I words to tell my thoughts,
 Or to depict the feelings of my breast;
 Could tears of dole, or tears of bliss express them: 695
 Then, O beloved Simeon, I would tell
 What I have felt, since on the torturing tree
 The Saviour bled and, in the anguish dire
 Of judgment and excruciating death,
 Thus manifests compassion unto all! 700
 But I refrain, I will be silent still!
 With adoration I will lay my hand
 Upon my lips, and will be silent still. —
 Simeon proceeded: Ah, Beloved, thou
 Dost roll all the depressive weight of grief 705

On me afresh! hadst thou not named his death!
 Thine every word, to which thou utterance gav'st,
 Became to me a bursting peal of thunder!
 Because I saw, because I see him die.
 My soul, O John, already soared aloft 710
 Unto the glorious recompense divine,
 Which the accomplishing of his dire sufferings crowns!
 Already shone, effulgent to my view,
 The wounds of the deceased! but I relapse!
 Ah, whom with tears of transport I embrac'd, 715
 Whom void of speech I lifted up to God,
 Until at last I utterance found for words
 And adoration; he is bleeding now!
 Yea, from afar, to my astonished view,
 God did reveal his sufferings and his death; 720
 But as I now behold them, so tremendous
 And so appalling, God revealed them not:
 He bleeds! he is disown'd! forsaken by
 His heavenly Father! on the cross transfix'd!
 With malefactors suffers! — Simeon ceas'd, 725
 With th' awful contemplation overwhelm'd.

Do likewise sympathize with me, said John;
 Donot to my remembrance now recall
 The life that we have seen him live on earth,
 Which even with our mortal eyes we saw! 730
 The recollection penetrates my soul!
 It wounds me, O Beloved, too acutely.
 Where'er I saw him, — and, O Simeon, oft
 I saw him who bore, like a lamb, the sin
 Of the degenerate world; so oft the joys 735
 Of heaven, luminant, around me shone.
 The bleeding contest I scarce testify'd;
 I only saw the victor. But I will
 Be silent, till he has accomplish'd all. —
 So these endeavoured, from a sense of dole 740
 And from dejection, to extricate themselves.

It now descended gently from the heav'ns,
 Like fanning passing breezes; and divine
 Consolance to the Sufferer wafted down.

Miriam's and thy dolour, Deborah, after 745
 A long and mournful silence, now became
 A weeping lay that breathed gentle plaint,
 Because the voice of an Immortal flows
 In song spontaneously, when it expresses
 Sensations, Miriam and Deborah felt, 750

D. O Thou, the fairest of the human race!

He was the fairest of the human race;

But death, sanguinary death, disfigured Thee!

M. Mine heart, indeed, is weeping, — clouds of grief

Involve me; yet he is to me most lovely, 755

More beauteous than created beings far!

More beauteous far than all the sons of light,

When, radiant with devotion, they adore

The Infinite, — more beauteous in his blood.

D. Ye Cedars, mourn! she stood on Lebanon, 760

A shade unto the weary; but she was

Hewn down, — the sighing cedar formed the cross.

M. Flowers of the valley, mourn! It bloomed along

The silver brook; but now it forms the crown,

The crown that doth entwine his sacred head. 765

D. Unwearied he did lift his folded hands

Up to his Heavenly Father, on behalf

Of sinners; void of weariness his feet

Th' abode of woe and of affliction sought;

But now his hands and feet are pierced with wounds! 770

With iron wounds his feet and hands are pierc'd!

M. His sacred temples, and his brow divine,

Which at the basis of the mountain here

He bowed into the dust, — from which the dew

Of anguish ran, already mix'd with blood; 775

How they are pierced with the ensanguined wreath! —

D. His mother's soul is wounded with a sword!

O have compassion on thy mother, Son!

Yield solace to her, that she may not die.

M. Were I his mother, though the life of bliss 780

I had attained, — a sword would pierce my soul!

D. Miriam, his eye is breaking, and his life

Breathes more depressed! Soon now, ah, very soon

He will the last time raise his eyes to heav'n!

M. Paleness of death, Deborah, decks his cheek, — 785

Is o'er his languid countenance diffuz'd!

Soon now, ah, very soon his drooping head

The last time will sink down upon his breast! —

D. Thou who, on the celestial host, dost beam

Beatitude, Jerusalem on high; 790

Weep tears of transport, and rejoice aloud!

The hour of sacrifice will soon be past.

M. Thou who hast sinned, and who art sinking in

Iniquity, Jerusalem on earth;

Bewail thy sad condition! Soon the Judge 795

Will, at thine hand, require his sacred blood.

D. The stars in their convolving orbits stand!

All nature mourns the sufferings of her God!

For, Jesus Christ, Highpriest for evermore,

Conciliating, entered the Sanctuary,

800

The Holiest of Holies, hallelujah! —

M. The earth, with consternation, likewise stands:

And ye who dwell on earth, dust on the dust;

Extinguished is to you the blazing sun!

For, Jesus Christ, Highpriest for evermore,

805

Conciliating, entered the Sanctuary,

The Holiest of Holies, hallelujah! —

Such was the song of Miriam and Deborah.

 Eve could not from those feelings extricate,

That suddenly' and at once upon her rush'd.

810

She hastened, stood at once before the cross

At Mary's side, — her eye accompany'd

The Mother's looks, — she could not longer view

Th' appalling object, — to th' ensanguined dust

Low at the cross' foot she lower'd her brow,

815

Fled hence from Golgatha, fled to the grave

Of him who suffered on behalf of man,

Long tarried, with astonishment transfix'd,

Mute at the silent grave: at last she thence

Retired; her heavenly splendour was extinct.

820

 The Mediator visibly approach'd

Now nearer unto death. Most of the Saints

Disperse, unable longer to behold

The looks of their expiring Lord and Friend.

With gazing eye and with unsteady foot,

825

Lebbæus from the awful scene withdrew.

Not so with grief o'erwhelm'd, yet penetrated

With sadness, Lazarus his steps pursued.

When at the basis of Mount Olivet

Lebbæus gained the ruins of a tomb,

830

He entered silent the forlorn recess.

He tarried near the fragment of a rock.

At last he sunk, clasp'd with his arms the stone,

And on it laid his brows, but still was mute.

And thus he kneeled in still more gloomy night,

835

Than now involved the surface of the earth.

At th' opening of the tomb stood Lazarus,

Who thus with soft and gentle voice began, —

With voice to which languishing grief e'en listens:

 Beloved, donot sink thus in dolour!

840

Regard my words, look up from this sepulchre!
Hast thou no recollection of my voice?
'Tis me, whom thou didst ever dearly love!
Who loves thee so sincerely! Lazarus,
On whose account thou recently didst weep, 845
Whom the now crucified, our gracious Lord,
Into this life recalled. With nameless joy,
With rapturous trembling astonishment,
Thou didst to him thy gratitude express!
Reflect on the event! Moments ere we 850
Did utter unto him our fervid thanks,
This body still lay in the silent grave,
A prey to sad corruption! — Often we
Respecting this conversed; but the belief
Of the disciples hurried thee away; 855
His kingdom must an earthly kingdom be,
Before it can an heavenly one become!
Yet thou didst never wholly solve to me
Those powerful doubts that still held back my soul,
From searching with intentness to discover 860
Things earthly in those words, through which our Lord
And heavenly Benefactor, far more clearly,
Celestial things unto our view unfolds.
From this despondence extricate thyself.
Donot, Beloved, donot misconceive 865
My heart's intention. Thou shalt weep and mourn
O'er the divine and awful Sufferer,
For, nameless is the anguish and the torture
With which so long already on the cross
He is expiring. Yet thou must not, thus, 870
Be wholly with thy sorrow overwhelm'd.
He can, if such should be his sacred Will, —
He can still from th' ensanguined cross descend!
Or, if he slumber hence, ah, can it be,
That He should see corruption? He, the Son 875
Of the Most High! Jesus, from heaven sent!
Who was before our Father Abraham!
Can it be possible, He should corruption see? —
So Lazarus concludes. Lebbæus still,
With hands unmoved, holds fast the rugged rock; 880
Yet turns tow'rd Lazarus his countenance.
Indeed, he only viewed with gazing eye,
Yet, tow'rd his friend, his countenance he turn'd.
Then Lazarus with haste descended, clasp'd
Him in his arms, constrained him from the place, 885

Seized his right hand and at his side remain'd.
 They stood and saw, beneath impending night,
 The proud Jerusalem; they saw the temple
 Of splendour void, Sion with shadow deck'd,
 And Golgatha they saw. — Lift up thine eye, 890
 Thus Lazarus unto his trembling friend;
 Lift up thine eye, Disciple, and behold!
 I see in the nocturnal, direful scene,
 The presence of Jehovah! Even now
 He passeth o'er the earth, the grave of men! 895
 Sawest thou, Lebbæus, e'er a day like this?
 Did e'er thy father, or thy father's sire,
 A day like this describe? how with a dire
 Solemnity Jehovah vested it!
 How he involved the heavens and the earth 900
 In terrors! how with death-like silence all,
 That see, are fettered! If th' Eternal now
 Were, through the death of Jesus, to effect
 Some purpose, the profundity of which
 Were beyond the scan of our capacity? — 905
 To Thee, Belov'd Lebbæus, thus afflicted,
 I will develope all; it may perhaps,
 In some degree, diminish thy dolour;
 Else I should still retain it to myself.
 Since on the cross the holy Jesus bleeds, 910
 I feel within my breast, — I know not how
 To' express it all in apt and worthy terms, —
 I feel within me something so benign,
 So full of peace, that it doth e'en assuage
 The grief with which his sufferings I behold. 915
 Sacred is every object in my view!
 Wither-soe'er my countenance I turn,
 I trace the vestiges of the Most High,
 And testify the Omnipresent near!
 Yea, of a truth, it is something divine, 920
 That such a sacred peace on me bestows.
 When the Exalted Sufferer the mount
 Of death ascended, I perceived not this.
 But since he 's bleeding on the torturing tree,
 It seems to me, as though immortal hosts 925
 Of Seraphim were hovering allaround!
 I heard them thus, when I was slumbering hence
 In dissolution. Also round mine eye,
 Celestial splendour doth itself unfold,
 And suddenly doth disappear again. 930

Such leaves within my soul a tranquil joy,
A high felicity, the peace of God.

The moment Lazarus concluded so,
Lebbæus raised his voice: Thou art amaz'd!
Thou standest with astonishment transfix'd! 935
Ah, who is this? say, after whom dost thou
With transport and felicity thus gaze? —

When Lazarus, aron, recovered speech,
He answered: An Immortal, even now,
Before me passed! I ne'er at once, till now, 940
So much of an Immortal's glory saw,
Such beaming splendour from celestial realms!
And he, perhaps, brought heavenly mandate down;
Because he hastened onward. Like a fervid
And instantaneous feeling, so he flam'd, 945
And hastened hence. Ah no, (with streaming joy
He thus continued, and with tearful eye
And transport clasp'd Lebbæus in his arms;)
He, at whose birth these heavenly hosts rejoic'd,
The Son of God will not corruption see. 950

It was Uriel, the averted beams
Of whose effulgence Lazarus had seen.
Th' Immortal's rapid course was from the sun;
Now, while his countenance still from the speed
Of his descent was flaming, he among 955
The Patriarchal Souls stepp'd and began:
I must to you reveal what I have seen!
From heaven he descended, and his course
Tends tow'rd the earth, e'en tow'rd the earth direct.
Sometimes, while fleeting moments pass, he stands 960
And seems to rest. But, nature standing all
Devoid of motion; no revolving sphere
A fanning breeze, refreshing, on him wafts.
Shall I to you his awful port describe, —
Ah, shall I represent to you th' appalling 965
Appearance which he doth unfold this day, —
Shall I the First Angel of death describe?
God ne'er till now with such amaze did vest him!
Since the creation he was never seen
With such dismaying terror and alarm! 970
O God! Judge of the world! Eternal Judge!
Ah, who art Thou, when throning in thy judgments!
Flames from the Lord before the Messenger
Of judgment blaze afar. And when he waves
His striking wings, — like hurricanes they sound. 975

The silence of the heavens before him flees.
 Were of the worlds one with his flaming sword
 But touch'd; the dust swiftly of the kindled sphere
 Would, in immeasurable space, disperse.
 Terrific is his look, far more terrific 980
 Than when he o'er the earth poured forth the judgment
 Of waters, — when he in the floods of heav'n
 Sublime advanced, death and destruction scattering!
 Ye will behold him; and, when ye shall see
 His coming, terrors from the Infinite 985
 Jehovah will assail you, e'en as me
 They did assail! — What terrified me most,
 Was that involving gloom, that solemn fervour,
 And inexpressive sadness, which at once
 Are on his awful countenance display'd. 990
 Ah, if he should be sent, to the Divine
 Redeemer death to' announce! — Uriel turn'd
 And, trembling, mingled with the heavenly hosts.
 First speechless, gazing, motionless Amaze,
 Dejection then, still less expressed by words, — 995
 Oppressive, terror-roused, drooping with fear
 And apprehension, weeping, tearless Grief
 And ne'er-experienced sadness overwhelm'd
 The patriarchal souls. — The Saviour Jesus Christ,
 Whose nature none of Angels, though they e'er 1000
 Be striving, — though above the human soul
 They stand in far superior degree;
 Can comprehend: 'The Son of the Most High,
 As man to' expire! 'The souls for whom he, thus,
 To death submitted, all relapsed, as far 1005
 As they were able, to the life in dust,
 And powerful sensibility of sin.
 Remembrance still endowed her with each terror.
 They had from sin been wrested, and they felt
 Their being to the Love of God restor'd: 1010
 Yet, now the Saviour was for them to die.
 Pervaded with these feelings, Henoch laid
 His left hand on a tomb, and raised his right
 Tow'rd heaven. Henoch, though his earthly course
 Had been most holy; though the blow of death 1015
 Was not on him inflicted, and corruption
 Had not reduced his body unto dust;
 Still, in the sight of the Allsovereign Judge,
 His life had not been pure, — not free from sin.
 Faith, Acting Faith in the Divine Messiah; 1020

Who now drew near to death, advanced the son
Of Adam into the eternal life.
Had every earthly sphere, and every sun
Around him disappeared: Henoah, with calm
Composure, would have testified th' event. 1025

But with th' approach of the Messiah's death,
Dolour pervaded all his inmost pow'rs.
The Angels, all the Patriarchal Souls
And the assembled throng of mortals, all
Around him disappeared; he scarcely still 1030
Was able Him so see, who bled high on the cross.

Near him stood Abel, on a mossy rock
Inclining for support. Although from Adam
Descending, yet so innocent as one
Who is not yet perfected e'er can be; 1035

He had devoted unto God that life
Of which he was, by murderous hand, depriv'd.
He, unto whom his dying accents rose,
To whom he sued while wheltering in his blood,
Who was of all the Just most innocent; 1040

He should now die e'en as himself had died!
Ah, not like him, — he should not slumber hence
So gently! Laden with the sins of all
The progeny of Adam, — overwhelm'd
With the Almighty's anger, he should die. 1045

Seth, Abel's worthy brother, and who soon
Became a preacher of the sacrifice
That was the sins of man to expiate;
Howsoever he had pondered the death
Of Him who was to suffer, and how oft, 1050
During the centuries of his existence,
He had contemplated the grand result
Of the Divine Messiah's vast achievement;
It still was only an obscure and faint
Resemblance of what now he saw and felt. — 1055
O Thou, the Righteous Judge of all that live,
That lived in time elapsed, and will yet live! —
Such were the faltering accents, from his heart
Ascending, uttered by his trembling lips.

And while he uttered this, his countenance 1060
To heaven was raised, anon unto the cross,
Now on the souls redeem'd, then down upon the tombs.

Long since a heavy gloom involved the sight
Of David; long he trembled to and fro.
He ceased to tremble since Uriel came. 1065

As though transfix'd, he stood and looked on him,
 Who was approaching death. His heart was wholly
 Absorbed in contemplation of the view
 Of the Messiah's death, which the Most High
 In th' earthly life vouchsafed unto his soul. 1070
 This all his thoughts engrossed, and this alone
 At present he was able to contemplate.
 When words returned, he broken accents dropp'd.
 His tears flow'd and he thus lamented: God,
 His God, Thou hast forsaken him! To Thee, 1075
 To Thee he sighs! But, Oh, he sighs in vain, —
 He doth receive no succour, none from Thee! —
 O Son, thou sufferest like a writhing worm,
 More than fell ever to the lot of man!
 Most abject sinners round Thee throng, enrag'd, 1080
 And scoff Thee in thy sufferings! Reprobates
 Deride thy steady confidence in God! —
 He is poured forth like water, — all his bones
 Are severed, and his heart dissolved within him!
 His power, e'en like a potsherd, is despoil'd! 1085
 His tongue cleaves to his roof! and soon, O Death,
 Soon thou wilt lay him low, low in the dust!
 Yea, they are not of human kin, who thus
 Torment and murder him! Oh, how they pierc'd,
 Thou Wounded Sufferer, thy hands and feet! 1090
 They have extended Thee upon the cross!
 Thy bones might all be counted. But they stand
 And look on Thee with the delight of hell.
 When he is dead, O Judge of all the world,
 God, pardoning sin! how full of dire amaze, 1095
 How full of mystery is the awful thought,
 That he will soon expire! — When he is dead;
 Reveal it to the ends of all the earth,
 That she may turn repentant unto God!
 That every generation, and that all 1100
 The human race may know and worship him.
 E'en like a Forest-torrent, here from rocks
 Precipitating, while another stream
 Flows yonder softly through the clefts along;
 As from afar, in solitary night, 1105
 These to the straying wanderer resound,
 He deeming such the loud voice of distress
 And weeping plaint of solitary dole:
 So it resounded now around the cross,
 Among the hosts of Jesus' Witnesses. 1110

Job who, preserved such by adversity,
 Remained a man after the heart of Him
 Who those afflictions in succession sent,
 A Just Man, such as mortal can remain
 Whom the Alsovereign Inscrutable Judge, 1115
 Probationary, casts into the dust, —
 Job who knows, from experience, what it is:
 With every terror of Omnipotence
 Encompassed, dissolution to approach! —
 No longer can support the thought of Jesus' death, 1120
 Soars from these depths profound and fortifies
 His trembling heart that for composure thirsts. —
 Yea, he will live! will from the grave revive!
 Will rise, the Vanquisher of death and hell,
 And stand above the dust! ah, then mine eye 1125
 Shall see Thee, shall behold Thee in thy glory,
 God, Mediator, Sovereign Lord of all.
 Such feelings still th' assembled hosts of saints
 Pervaded, while th' Angel of death's approach
 They still awaited. But of all none felt 1130
 The nearness of the Saviour's dissolution
 With such acuteness as the general Sire,
 And general Mother of the human race.
 Uriel turning, 'mong the Seraphim
 His countenance with lessen'd radiance 1135
 Now disappearing; Eve and Adam stood
 Close to eachother, — stood with gazing eye
 Immovable and, in their inmost life
 Anew the terrors dire experienc'd,
 That on them streamed with the Celestial's words. 1140
 At last they saw eachother. Even so,
 On the last day, the friend will recognize
 The chosen friend, brother the brother ken,
 Whom just before, wrapp'd in astonishment,
 He scarcely had observed. Because the Trump's 1145
 Commanding summons, tumult of the fields
 That trembled with the resurrection-throes,
 And the eternal feelings of the life
 Transmuted, still obstructed to the heart
 Th' access of all emotion, not inspir'd 1150
 By th' awful splendour of the general scene.
 Eve stretch'd her hand to Adam and, with words
 That scarce became articulate, began:
 What shall we do? what shall we not do? Say,
 Shall we retire to where the deep is deep't? 1155

There prostrate in the dust and, to th' Almighty,
 Our faltering voice in supplication raise?
 Sue unto Him who doth inflict this death,
 That he alleviate the Messiah's sufferings? —
 With tenderness and weeping, Adam held 1160
 The hand of Eve: We are too finite, O
 Thou Mother of the human race, to lift
 For Him our voice to the Almighty Judge.
 If e'en with mourning inexpressible,
 And inmost fervour, Noah, Daniel, Job, — 1165
 If e'en the First of all created beings,
 If Great Eloah were with us to join
 In supplication; vain would be our pray'r!
 What farther sufferings may have been ordain'd
 Unto the bleeding Sacrifice divine; 1170
 All such he yet will suffer! No relief
 And no alleviation to his anguish
 Will be vouchsafed; my whole existence trembles
 And is appalled! but no consolance will
 Alleviate th' anguish of his dissolution: 1175
 If such be the inscrutable resolve
 Of Him, to whom a sacrifice he bleeds! —
 Come, an idea doth impel me hence,
 With influence divine originating:
 Come with me hence. Do, what thou seest me do. 1180
 With mournful flight they from the mount of olives
 Descended, tending tow'rd the mount of death.
 With wondering eye the Patriarchal souls
 And Seraphim their lonely flight observ'd.
 So much as their more powerful sensations 1185
 And fearful feelings of astonishment
 Respecting the Divine Redeemer's death
 Permitted them, so much their looks with doubt
 And expectation still pursued the flight
 Of Adam and of Eve. And these approach'd 1190
 Still nearer unto Golgatha, and still
 Lost their effulgence more and more with sadness.
 Anon they stood. There, where the Slain Messiah
 Would slumber, where he with his brethren soon,
 After the consummation of the most 1195
 Splendid and vast achievement, in the dust
 Would be interred and, with his human brethren,
 Would sleep in death, there Eve and Adam stood.
 On th' opening of the tomb a rock was roll'd.
 At one side of the rock the Father stood, 1200

At th' other side the Mother of mankind.
 She instantly sunk down. Thoughts of the grave,
 The grave so near her of the deadly-wounded
 Redeemer, pierced her soul too powerfully.
 It was an arrow from th' Omnipotent. 1205
 The Sire of men some firmness still maintain'd;
 He raised his arms tow'rd heaven. In himself
 He thrice repeated the Redeemer's name,
 And viewed so long, with unaverted eye,
 His countenance, — the awful name of Him, 1210
 Who was exhausted now, was languishing
 And grew more wan than mortal e'er was seen.
 But Adam also now th' appalling sight
 Not longer could support. Into the dust
 He sunk, above his brows his folded hands 1215
 Uplifted, gazed stedfastly to the earth,
 Of which he by omnipotence was form'd,
 But which had likewise his remains receiv'd, —
 Th' accursed earth that had received the bones
 Of him who to corruption was adjudg'd; 1220
 In which, from century to century,
 Successive generations unto dust
 Mouldering returned! — But now he raised his voice
 In supplication loud, that all the Souls
 And Seraphim around perceived his voice. 1225
 O Lord, Lord God, compassionate and gracious,
 And faithful and long-suffering! God, who dost
 Forgive transgression and iniquity,
 Thou who, from the beginning of the world,
 For us wert slain, — Highpriest, Prophet and King! 1230
 Thou Son of man! on th' expiating altar,
 On which Thou diest, the sacrifice divine;
 O hear my prayer that from thy tomb ascends!
 Our sin God hath forgiven. Some thousand years
 Already we behold, e'en face to face, 1235
 The Deity! With a beatitude
 Which, in the earthly life, e'en though we soar'd
 On purest thoughts respecting the Most High,
 We strove in vain to' imagine, — we behold
 The Deity! because our sin hath been forgiv'n! 1240
 E'en on account, Thou Bleeding Sacrifice
 For the offender, — on account of thine
 Excruciating death, Compassionate
 Redeemer, e'en this death that now on Thee
 The fatal blow inflicts, — our sin hath been forgiv'n! 1245

But on this day, on which Thou dost renew
 The vast work of creation, — on which Thou,
 Redeemer, dost restore the human race
 To the Eternal's presence, even all
 Who donot still thy grace divine resist! 1250
 On which Thou dost exterminate all sin,
 And from the punishment which sin devolves, —
 Yon dire eternal death, omnipotent
 Dost wrest them! on this day on which Thou dost
 Likewise for me, God Mediator, die 1255
 Th' atoning sacrifice: I may indulge,
 With silent grief, remembrance of my sin!
 Not that I can imagine, Thou once more
 Wouldst into judgment enter, God, with me;
 How could I momentary imagine such, 1260
 Who have experienced thy compassion, Lord,
 And dwelled in presence of the Deity!
 For whom the Holiest of Holies now
 Thou enterest! Yet, my Redeemer, let me
 Once more repeat before Thee what I was! 1265
 Ah, Thou art humbled even unto death, —
 E'en to the death of the ensanguined cross,
 Alsovereign Judge, Thou hast humbled thyself!
 This day, with deep contrition and with grief,
 I may remember my forgiven offence. 1270
 His heart with sacred sadness and with bliss
 O'erflowing, he was silent. Eve with fervour
 His prayer accompanied, — not with her voice,
 But the expression of her countenance
 The high emotion of her heart display'd. 1275
 Our general mother now from silence ceas'd. —
 Yea, Thou Devoted Sufferer, on this day,
 This solemn day of blood, on which they will
 Inter Thee; Eve, with weeping gratitude
 And rueful feelings, still may her forgiv'n 1280
 Offence remember and once more confess. —
 Such was her prayer, and Adam now resum'd:
 Yea, in ourselves th' offence originates;
 We cherish'd the temptation, and we made
 The crime complete, — transgressed the interdiction! 1285
 Ah, and who was it, who had given this,
 The least of all commandments? 'Twas Jehovah!
 The First and the most loving, most sublime
 And best, — the Being of all beings, — our
 Creator, who did fashion us of dust 1290

And gave us life! Not unto us unknown!
 Whose infinite benignity our souls,
 Astonished, so ineffably perceiv'd!
 Who, every prayer and every new resolve:
 Not of the interdicted fruit to eat! — 1295
 Who our obedience, prior to the fall,
 With ecstasy, with transport high rewarded!
 Who ever of Himself reminded us
 With thousand thousand creatures, all replete
 With beauty most profound, that evermore 1300
 Each contemplation with new transport crown'd! —
 Who gave to me the mother of mankind,
 And me unto the mother of mankind!
 Whose manifested glory more than all,
 Still nearer to himself exalted us! 1305
 E'en our Benign Creator! — Yet, presumptuous,
 We still to higher excellence aspir'd
 Than unto finite beings is ordain'd, —
 We, O Thou Being of all beings, we
 Would fain become like Thee, would be divine! — 1310
 Thou hast, Our Father, pardoned our offence.
 Praise, adoration, endless gratitude,
 And most unfeigned obedience full of love,
 To the Divine Messiah, upon whom
 The Judge hath laid our burthen, and the burthen 1315
 Of all the progeny of mortal sinners.
 Thus Adam, and the Mother of mankind, —
 He with loud voice; she in her inmost soul.
 And from the countenance of the expiring
 Divine Redeemer, mild compassion beam'd, 1320
 Vigour divine, composure heavenly, —
 The peace of God that doth transcend the range
 Of comprehension, down upon them beam'd.
 They felt within them the Redeemer's love.
 Adam with fervour new stretch'd tow'rd the cross his arms: 1325
 O Thou my Lord, my God! How can I e'er
 Sufficiently my gratitude express?
 Eternity would be too circumscrib'd
 A limit, to admit my thanking Thee
 Sufficiently. Here I will prostrate lie, 1330
 And supplicate to Thee, till in the sleep
 Of death Thou dost thy sacred head incline.
 Before the voice of the most terrifying
 Angel of death, before his voice alone
 My own shall cease; when he approaches, bringing 1335

The tidings from the Father, who hath now
 Forsaken Thee! O hear, e'en by thy death
 Which thou dost die for sinners, I implore;
 O Thou, of God forsaken, hear my pray'r!
 For thy Redeemed, my children, e'en for all 1340
 That slumber in the wide — the direful grave,
 Th' earth which, indeed, thou hast in mercy' adorn'd
 With vernal charms: also for those who yet
 Will live on earth and, on the day of grand
 Decision rise with them who, during each 1345
 Revolving century — unto the day
 Of the redemption prior, slumbered hence;
 My countless progeny, — for these, O Lord,
 I breathe my supplication unto Thee.
 With tears, with needy bodies, and with much 1350
 More needy souls, they come into the world.
 Thou, their Redeemer, dost to them display,
 Already then, thy mercy, — yea, and dost
 Receive them in thy covenant divine.
 When scarcely they are able, thoughts to lisp, — 1355
 O let them even then the solemn truth
 Reiterate, how, through a miracle,
 Thou didst into thy love so soon receive them;
 And thine they are, O Lord, for evermore.
 Who in the sacred water do receive 1360
 The Spirit of the Father and the Son;
 And whom thou otherwise unto the life
 Eternal dost conduct, — whom with thy blood
 Thou hast so dearly bought, and consecrated,
 The Countenance of the Most High to see; 1365
 O grant them thy support and be their Guide,
 When now their blooming faculties unfold; —
 Cherish and nurse the tender tractive branch,
 That all may ripen and bring forth the fruit,
 The seed of which they have from Thee imbib'd. 1370
 Sin never in them do so much obscure
 Th' early-illuming mercy, — never quench
 The kindled flame that fires them, Thee to love!
 Especially, Mediator, not in them
 Who are, in years of sage maturity, 1375
 To luminate the world and, on the earth,
 Revive remembrance of the Lord of all;
 And not in them who, from an eminence
 Superior, on which they stand through Thee,
 Are to diffuse on men — their brethren, peace, 1380

Protection, justice and benevolence.

And all them that are conscious, what it is,

That the Most High, the holiest and best

Of beings, the adorable Creator,

With so much mercy and commiseration

1385

From them requires; may these their *fleeting* life,

The short hour of probation in the dust

To their eternal happiness devote.

Let not the traveller slumber in the shade,

Or on the bank of laving rivulet,

1390

Thus losing the resplendent crown which God

From far to him display'd; or, which would be

More heinous, chain'd by trifling joys, despise it.

Those, whose affections donot wholly cleave

To the Eternal, who too much depend

1395

On th' arm of frail and insufficient man, —

To whom renown and honour is too dear,

Who especially to man's applause aspire,

Regarding such as the supreme reward

Of their exertions, heeding not the eye

1400

Of th' Omnipresent God, which sees, recounts,

And doth adjudge, — with whom th' applause of man

Becomes more light than bubbles in the air;

Who in sensuality themselves involve, —

They resolutely broke the bonds of lust,

1405

But more refined luxuriousness, deceptive,

From th' eminence of better joys incites them;

Who donot wholly, with unfeigned and pure

Cordiality, their mortal brethren love;

Who do diffuse benevolence around,

1410

But secretly desire to be observ'd,

Requiring honour as a recompense

For deeds, incumbent on humanity;

Who only' in part forgive an adversary,

Reluctant to resign vengeance to Him,

1415

Who doth avenge every oppressive wrong; —

Much less sufficient, those who curses vent

Against them, from their inmost soul to bless;

All who too transiently behold the grave,

Too lightly immortality contemplate,

1420

For which thou hast, their God, created them:

If they donot regard the voice of love,

The gentle, the benign, paternal call:

Lord God, then bring them through affliction back,

Back through affliction from their direful error.

1425

But those who, utterly, desert the ways
 Of righteousness, who love their vicious course
 And render vice their idol, with a slavish
 Submission serving the deceptive, scoffing
 Tormenter: Rouse them from their woeful death, — 1430
 Rouse them, Great Lord, through misery and pain. —
 My Children, O my Children, inexpressive
 And inconceivable is the love of Him,
 Who on th' ensanguined cross resigns his life,
 A sacrifice for you to the Eternal! 1435
 Can it, Immortal Souls, ah, can it be,
 Ye should disown your Saviour, and deny
 Th' object of your existence, in the paths
 Of light and in the tract of heaven to walk? —
 Lord, with thy love omnipotent, affect 1440
 Those hearts of stone, transmute and bring them back
 To the Eternal! — May your hearts, appall'd,
 Perceive the voice of blood that now is streaming
 From Golgatha, for you imploring mercy!
 With sacred awe your souls perceive the voice, — 1445
 With adoration, with yon ecstasy,
 Th' anticipation of eternal life,
 Which fortifies the grave's inheritor
 At death's approach far more invincibly
 Than the profoundest wisdom of the earth! — 1450
 Not the expiring look nor corse extended,
 Not th' open grave of dire corruption full,
 Not the devouring flame, not th' ashes of the dead,
 Dispersed in the profundity of nature,
 Nought that can arm thy dire avenger — death, 1455
 With terrors; will appal them, for Thou dost
 Regard my supplication, Dying Saviour!
 Dost rouse their souls unto eternal life,
 Before their bodies slumber hence in death, —
 Dost rouse them that, with trembling and with fear, 1460
 They seek that high salvation which none saw,
 Which none perceived and which the heart of man
 Ne'er felt and ne'er imagined. God and Man,
 May nought remove them from thy love divine!
 The body' is fashioned of the dust, in which 1465
 Th' immortal soul, by Thee redeemed, is lodg'd.
 Let not the burthen of the body press
 Th' immortal soul, which Thou dost love, to th' earth!
 The soul with whom the Father of all beings
 Not into judgment enters, — whom the Spirit, 1470

The Spirit of the Father and the Son,
Hath consecrated for himself a temple, —
May she with fervour and with tears and great
Exertion, worthy of the great reward, —
Worthy as aught can be, by mortal, frail 1475
And sinful man effected; e'en with effort
Unintermitted unto heaven aspire.
Felicity unutterable streams
On my' inmost feelings when I, momentary,
Imagine, what unbounded mercies are 1480
For the victorious combatants reserv'd:
Beholding the Most High, this until death
From them concealed salvation, and the knowledge
Of Him who is eternal! — God, Divine
Accomplisher of all! When to the last, 1485
The most tremendous judgment Thou descend'st,
When from the curse Thou dost relieve the earth,
Transmuting it unto a blissful Eden:
Then let the host be countless like the sand
Of ocean-shore, the host of the redeem'd, 1490
Who are into thy glory introduc'd.
Clouds often will, — Thou hast revealed it, Lord,
To my beholding! — O'er th' invisible
Communion of thy chosen children lower:
The gloomy clouds of superstition drear, 1495
Fanaticism and infidelity! —
E'en Rulers of the earth, whom to this hight
Thou hast exalted, that thy great command:
Their brethren even as themselves to love, —
More unembarrassed by distress their own, 1500
They should more universally observe.
Those who should prostrate humbly in the dust,
To glorify that God who unto them
The spacious field unfolded, where they might
The efforts of humanity display; 1505
Those do debase themselves, to be the slaves
Of murderous superstition, or of bale
And cheerless infidelity, — to torture
Their brethren or, through powerful precedent,
Conduct them through the dreary wilderness 1510
Where thy regaling rivulets donot flow, —
Where no consolance of a better world
E'er cheers th' ill-fated hapless wanderer.
Oft as these times of night involve the earth,
Diminish their duration, lest, O Lord, 1515

Thy children — with the sinner led astray,
 Should of the crown deprive themselves, which Thou
 Dost purchase for them with thy precious blood,
 With this appalling death! Yea, let the host
 Of victors, Lord, be countless like the gems 1520
 Of th' early field, like stars that luminate
 The wide creation; when Thou hast completed
 The final judgment and dost introduce
 Thy children into thine eternal glory.
 Thou who hast loved us, loved us with a love 1525
 That doth remain a mystery in heav'n,
 The song of heavenly astonishment, —
 Eternal Light from the Eternal Light,
 Divine Redeemer, Son of God, Salvation,
 Allpowerful Intercessor, Friend and Brother 1530
 To mortal man! In mercy do regard
 The supplication of thy First-created,
 Who fell, — Regard, regard the prayer profound
 Of thy redeemed, the parents of mankind.
 While he still prayed, Eloah turned his face 1535
 From the assembled patriarchal souls,
 And from the temple's pinnacle exclaim'd,
 That with the solid basis of Moriah
 The courts were trembling of the Sanctuary;
 Exclaimed down to the Fathers with the voice 1540
 Of sadness and amaze, as none Immortal
 Had ever heard: He comes! — The Messenger
 From the Vindictive Deity to th' earth
 Descended, lighting on the eminence
 Of Sinai. There, in astonishment 1545
 Absorbed, he stood. Lone, with the awful mandate
 Divine oppressed, on Sinai he stood.
 Heaven and earth, it seemed to him, would flee,
 Would sink and would dissolve. Th' Eternal God
 Who, by his word, all Finity upholds, 1550
 Supported him, lest he should pass away.
 The iron hand appalling of amaze
 Desisted from him now, yet still he stood
 With sadness and astonishment o'erwhelm'd.
 His right arm, sinking, laboured to uphold 1555
 His flaming sword, and into' effulgence mild
 His blood-red radiance passed, which, every ray
 A blaze of lightning, darts and scatters death,
 When th' Awful Judge commissions him to slay,
 Affected thus with seeing the expiring 1560

Redeemer, he sunk prostrate on his face
 Tow'rd Golgatha, to worship ere he should
 Accomplish the commands of the Most High.
 His voice, transmuted to the gentle sound
 Of sadness, burst not now in thunders forth; 1565
 Yet the assembled saints his utterance heard.

Such was his prayer: Son, Judge of all the world!
 A Finite Spirit, I am sent by Him,
 Whom nought but thine atonement can appease!
 Support my drooping powers, — enable me, 1570
 Lord Increase, to' accomplish the command!
 Ah, the oppressive burthens of the high
 Injunction on me rest like sinking worlds,
 Since Thou dost bear this judgment on the cross,
 This judgment inexorable, unexplor'd! 1575
 God, Judge of all the world! ah, who am I,
 Who am I, that th' Eternal missions me,
 The most terrific of all deaths to' announce?
 A Spirit who, since yesterday called forth,
 Am vested with a body, finiteness 1580
 Demonstrating, a body which Thou didst
 Of nightly clouds and livid flame create!
 Almighty Mediator, sadness lowers
 Around me, and dejection and dismay,
 As I ne'er felt before! But the high mandate 1585
 I must complete. Jehovah doth enjoin.

So spake the Seraph and he rose, with awe,
 On Sinai. Jehovah, as he stood,
 With every terror vested him again.
 He stands appalling, his far-flaming sword 1590
 He stretches forth unto the mount of death,
 And in his rear an hurricane arose.
 Amid the flapping storm th' Immortal's voice
 Resounded. Groves of palm, Genesareth,
 And Jordan with the bursting tempest roar'd; 1595
 The flame of th' evening-sacrifice, convolv'd,
 Streamed earth-ward, scattering far the blaze around.
 Th' Immortal Seraph spake from Sinai:

He, unto whom a sacrifice Thou bleed'st,
 Jehovah hath accepted thy divine 1600
 Atonement! Th' anger of the Righteous Judge
 Is infinite! To th' anger infinite
 Thou, Mediator, hast thyself subjected,
 E'en Thou alone! of created beings none
 Is with Thee! lo, thy blood's ascending cry 1605

For mercy, for the mercy of the Judge,
He did perceive. Nevertheless he hath
Forsaken Thee, and will forsake Thee still,
Till Thou dost die the reconciling death.

Few fleeting moments only will elapse, 1610
Then Thou, Devine Redeemer, wilt expire. —
So spake th' Angel of death and turned his face.

Jesus his breaking eyes to heaven rais'd,
And with loud voice exclaimed, not with the voice
Of an expiring mortal, — with the voice 1615
Of the Almighty who, th' astonishment
Of finite comprehension, self-ordain'd,
To the atoning death submitted; cry'd:

Why, O my God, hast Thou forsaken me? —
The heavens before the mystery veiled their face. 1620
Swiftly' all the feelings of his manhood, now
For the last time, assailed him once again.

He cry'd with parched tongue: I thirst! — cry'd so,
Drank, thirsted, trembled, grew more wan, bled, cry'd:
Into thine hands, O Father, I commend 1625
My Spirit! Then (God Mediator, have
Compassion on us!) he exclaimed: It is
Accomplished! And he bowed his head, and died.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



